

PRO FOOTBALL 1966

Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 12, 1966 40 CENTS

CHICAGO'S CHALLENGING BEARS
BUKICH HANDS OFF TO SAYERS





The Ecuadorians told me it wasn't a real bullfight. But they forgot to tell the bull.

1 "Don't ever mess with a bull that doesn't know the rules," writes Presley Norton, an American friend of Canadian Club. "This was not a Hemingway-type *corrida*—just an

annual ranch *fiesta* affair in a courtyard where the *toros* had blunt horns. And besides, the heads mutally acted bored—or so my friends told me.



2 "To that blanket on the bull's back were fastened fruit, vegetables and money which local aficionados tried to snatch without getting trampled or tossed. Not I, señor—I wanted to play *matador*."



3 "I waved a red cloth at a young bull, who charged it with vigor. I awarded myself *olé's* for graceful cape-work the first two times. But then he charged me, not the cloth. I was lucky to get off with just torn pants.

4 "That's when I retired as a *torero* and went off with my friends to a local cantina for a drink of their favorite whisky and mine: Canadian Club. Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch and the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like it. You can stay with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after. Enjoy Canadian Club—the world's highest whisky—tonight.



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PHOTO BY STEVEN KATZ

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Next week

COLLEGE FOOTBALL opens its 1966 season with more critical early games than ever before. Dan Jenkins looks at the year ahead and picks the No. 1 team. For the first time Paul Dietzel, now coach at South Carolina, describes the circumstances under which he left LSU and Army. There are candid studies of other leading coaches, as well as detailed scouting reports on all 116 major and 136 small-college teams.

PACKERS MEET COLTS before our color cameras in a lively week that also brings Cassius Clay's fight with Karl Milderberger and the U.S. tennis championships at Forest Hills.

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You will note in Tex Maule's introduction to the pro football season on page 52 that Tex is looking forward to the NFL's Green Bay-Baltimore opening game with keen anticipation. I am, too. I must confess to a feeling of relief that the architects of merger, who have hogged the pro news all summer, have been evicted by the players and the game. This pro football issue (the latest issue in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's history, by the way) is primarily a salute to, and an analysis of, the individuals who are the game's bone and blood.

The scouting reports for the National

or amateur. Rules of the game forbid Maule and Strake to gloat over good picks or to swing at hecklers who rub their nerve endings over bad ones.

The game begins again with the picks on this page. You will see that Maule's choice for No. 1 in the NFL Eastern race is Dallas. Regular readers will remember that Maule became the most famous pro picker of all time after ranking those same Cowboys first at the beginning of the 1963 season. Reader reaction was mild. Old acquaintances of Tex's, some of whom had learned their prevent defenses and influence blocks at his knee, chided him gleefully. As the season progressed and Dallas dropped to fifth place in the East, the pickers had a ball. The braying has not entirely subsided even now. "Hey, aren't you the guy who picked Dallas?" is a not uncommon question put to Tex by people meeting him for the first time.

Having made that selection for what he considered good and sufficient reason, Maule took his lumps and went about his business. He was then, and is now, the best known and most provocative of pro writers. Maule's normal high batting average for preseason picks was fattened last year, I hasten to say, when his predictions of the first two finishers in each NFL conference were right on the nose. The reaction confirmed another axiom of our game: excellence is its own reward. Pickers don't write when pickers are proficient.

Well, our writers have never been content just to go along with the herd. Take a look at Strake's picks. Houston in the East? Kansas City in the West? Read the reports for the reasons why before choosing your weapons.

Gary Vuk

MAULE'S NFL PICKS

EAST	WEST
COWBOYS	PACKERS
BROWNS	COLTS
GIANTS	BEARS
CARDINALS	RAIRS
EAGLES	49ERS
PISTONS	VIKINGS
STELLERS	BRONS
FALCONS	

SHRAKE'S AFL PICKS

EAST	WEST
OLDS	CHIEFS
BILLS	HARDERS
JETS	CHARGERS
PATRIOTS	BRONCOS
DOE PHINS	

League, beginning on page 57, were prepared by Maule, with the assistance of Merton H. Sharnik and Michael Quinn. Those for the American League are the work of Edwin Strake, who was aided by Curry Kirkpatrick. Interspersed among the reports are color photographs of stars in action.

Every year here we play a game called pick and peck. Our pro experts pick the order of finish in each conference of each major league, and then the readers, all equipped with strong convictions of their own, peck at the rankings they consider unjust, outlandish



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SHOPWALK

Safaris by plane to South America and
Africa are booked by Lindblad Travel

Lars Erik Lindblad really wanted to be an explorer but settled for the more practical tourist business instead. In 1948 he drifted into a summer job at his native Stockholm with Thomas Cook and Son, the first travel agency of them all. He liked it well enough, but the disappointed adventurer in him found organized tourism a little tame. In 1951, with no prospects whatever except those an adventurous spirit supplies, he arrived in New York, and on his first day there picked up a job with American Express. The job was to prepare itineraries for travelers, and again he found it a little tame. Seven years later he formed his own organization: Lindblad Travel Inc., 11 and 53rd Street, New York City 10022. He had an idea that he could get around the tedium.

He wanted to arrange tours especially set up for the adventurers, and his agency became known for the balance it struck between organization and excitement. Lindblad will take anybody anywhere. In his time he has set up tours for groups of ornithologists, archaeologists, anthropologists, frog breeders, music lovers, botanists and big-game hunters. He has taken specialists into many odd corners of the world.

Of special appeal to sportsmen out for a rugged time are the "wing safaris" to East Africa and South America. For one thing, a wing safari is less expensive than an overland one. For another, it is less time-consuming. Overland one humps around the bush and through the jungle in cobra-striped station wagons or four-wheel-drive Land-Rovers. A month-long camping safari out of Nairobi, for instance, costs \$4,200 for one person and \$2,400 apiece for two. It is, of course, complete with white hunter and a troop of African attendants. Land-Rover supply, truck, five-course dinners and hot baths in canvas tubs.

Lindblad's air safaris cover more territory in three weeks than a land safari can cover in six months—and at less than half the cost. The minimum rate is \$2,241 round trip from New York, and groups of 10 leave weekly throughout the year for Nairobi, except in April and May, Kenya's rainy season.

The first stop the Piper Aztec makes after leaving Nairobi is Lake Rudolf, where the group fishes for the legendary Nile perch. (The world-record fish weighed 238 pounds and measured 7 feet 11 inches, with a 60-inch girth.) The group then flies to Samburu Game Lodge for elephant. Next stop is Kilifi, a beach resort on the Indian Ocean, for deep-sea fishing, sailing and water skiing. The tour also stops twice (leaving and going) at the Mount Kenya Safari Club, the luxurious resort that Asafo Bill Holden and his partner Ray Ryan built in the foot-

Continued

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means more when you follow it in
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

SNOWWALK

hills facing Mount Kenya. Altogether there
are 12 wing-safari flights totaling only about
12 hours in the air. Sometimes a 30-minute
flight takes the expedition to places that
would require two or three days of hard
driving to reach overland.

The tour is intended both for hunters and
nonhunters, and although the price includes
the cost of the bush game license and the
rental of firearms, it does not cover accommo-
dation at the controlled area (see the money
paid against any animal shot). A zebra or
buffalo will cost the hunter a mere \$28, but
a rhinoceros is 10 times as expensive. Limb-
lad Travel has made arrangements with a
leading firm of gunsmiths for the use of
high-quality guns on the spot, but if you
bring your own, the game departments in-
sist that the maximum caliber for lion,
buffalo and rhino should be .375 magnum,
and they prefer something bigger for ele-
phant. As for clothes, basic safari clothes
can be bought from any big sportswear store.
New York City's Abercrombie & Fitch car-
ries a complete selection for men and women.
Safari has excellent safari clothing and
gear of all kinds. Both Esquire's and Altimet
Brothers sell bush jackets and khaki trousers
for as little as \$2 each, crepe-soled suede
bush boots for \$6, and khaki shirts for a
couple of dollars.

In addition, by the success of wing safaris
to Africa, Limb-lad has started them in
South America this year. The Brazil safari
uses small airplanes and special safari "bush-
cabs," extremely comfortable flying taxis.
The first stop is Belém, at the mouth of the
Amazon. After visiting Manaus and Bana-
na Island, the expedition transfers for 14
days to a boat traveling up the Araguaia
River, a tributary of the Amazon. Sports-
men can fish for giant piranhas, shoot 12-
pound ducks and hunt vicuñas at night.
Another night-hunting expedition is sched-
uled for Mato Verde, a small town on the
edge of the vast Mato Grosso grasslands.
The chief hunting here is for capybara, agouti
and deer. The cost is \$1,600, to which is
added the 30-day excursion air fare from
Miami or New York either tourist or first-
class. A maximum number of 12 will leave
once a month for Brazil during the dry
season (April to November), accompanied
by guides who have worked with profes-
sional explorers.

Limb-lad's newest tour for explorers is
in the Antarctic. Last January he organized
and conducted the first tour there with 50
passengers on a boat provided by the Argen-
tine navy. There will be two tours next year.
The expedition studies the habits of seals,
whales and penguins, and in the interests of
popular science the ever-curious Limb-lad
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—PAMELA KNIGHT

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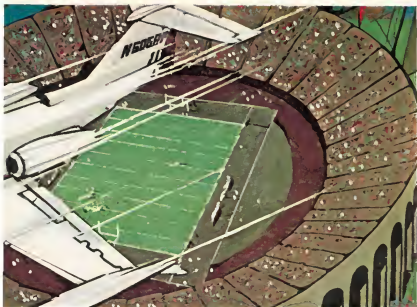


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Most of it (Over 65%) **7** Much of it (30-65%) **5** Little of it (Under 30%) **3** None of it **1**

How often do you drive on unpaved, rough or potholed roads?

Frequently (Over 65%) **5** Often (30-65%) **3** Seldom (Under 30%) **2** Never **1**

How much turnpike or freeway driving do you do?

A great deal (Over 65%) **5** A lot (30-65%) **3** Not too much (Under 30%) **2** None **1**

**How much of your driving do you do with heavy loads
(3 or more adult passengers, a full trunk or both)?**

Most of it (Over 65%) **7** Much of it (30-65%) **5** Little of it (Under 30%) **3** None of it **1**

How many miles do you drive in this car per year?

20,000 **5** 15,000 **7** 10,000 **5** 5,000 or less **3**

How long do you expect to keep this car?

2 years or more **7** 18 months **5** 12 months **4** 6 months or less **3**

How do you normally stop, start and corner?

Faster than average **7** Average **5** Slower than average **3**

TOTAL

Time's up!

Get your total score? Now find your BFG tire on the next page.

B.F. Goodrich

Only one of these B.F. Goodrich Tires is your best buy.

(To find out which one, match your total point score from the test on preceding page with the BFG tires shown here.)

**13-20
POINTS**

We recommend the BFG COMMANDER or the BFG LONG MILER. Either is ideal for around town driving moderate speeds, light loads. Both give excellent mileage under such conditions. The BFG Commander starts as low as \$11.95* for tubeless blackwalls size 7.00/6.50 13 plus \$1.75 federal excise tax and your old tire. Long Miler prices slightly higher.

\$11.95



**21-32
POINTS**

We recommend the BFG CUSTOM LONG MILER. A good all around tire for normal driving. At reasonable speeds and loads it gives excellent performance. Mileage is well above that delivered by the COMMANDER, but not the equivalent of the SILVERTOWN 650. Tubeless blackwalls size 6.50 13 start at \$18.45* plus \$1.50 federal excise tax and your old tire.

\$18.45



**33-43
POINTS**

We recommend the SILVERTOWN 650. This is the tire that comes on new cars and is accepted as the standard of quality for today's speeds and loads. Mileage is above average under almost all driving conditions. Tubeless blackwall Silvertown 650 prices start at \$21.95* size 6.50 13 plus \$1.56 federal excise tax and your old tire.

\$21.95



**44-50
POINTS**

We recommend the SILVERTOWN 770. Built with greater strength and extra rubber this tire is ideal where roads, high speeds and distances call for extra performance. It delivers more mileage, too, than any regular priced BFG tire! Silvertown 770 is priced as low as \$23.95* for tubeless blackwalls size 6.50 13 plus \$1.50 federal excise tax and your old tire.

\$23.95



*See chart on page 100 for complete details.

Now that you know which BFG tire is best for you,
tear out this page and take it to your B.F. Goodrich dealer.
Show him the tire you picked out...
and let him put a set on your car.
Ready? Go!



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tire people.

B.F. Goodrich

cotton/wool. Tapered fit. "Sanitized." With that flap pocket as standard equipment. Why not put yourself behind it? Arrow Cur. Lauder. \$5.00.

-ARROW-



If Green Bay's Bart Starr ever misses a kickoff, it won't be because his car froze up.



Quarterback Bart Starr plays pro football up in the cold part of the country. Snows, sleet, sub-zero temperatures that never seems to let up.

The anti-freeze in Bart's car? Du Pont ZEREX® Reason? ZEREX gives you the surest protection you can get against freeze-ups—in any kind of cold.

And against the rust and cor-

rosion that can hang you up with a clogged radiator.

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QANTAS

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FOOTLOOSE

Downtown Pittsburgh is slow, but the culling sections are jumping

Trac-Masters are handled only by your nearby Brunswick Pro Dealer.

In Illinois See...

Ace Bowling Alley, Alton • Argos Bowl, Argo • Belleville Bowling & Sport Shop, Belleville • Air Sporting Goods, Bensenville • Wayne Sport Store, Bensenville • Carle Lanes, Bloomington • Pro Pines, Blue Island • Brookview Bowl, Brookview • Brookfield Lakes, Chicago • Boulder Sporting Goods, Bensenville • Lincoln Lanes, Danville • The Escorial Bowl, Decatur • Regal Lanes, East Moline • Schneider's Inc., Elgin • Ruff's Sport Shop, Franklin Park • Northgate Lanes, Glenview • Community Discount Center, Glenview • Community Discount Center, Harvey • Sports Equipment by Super, Inc., Naperville • Kew's Sporting Goods, Wilmette • Sunbeam Cycle Co., Joliet • Danville Lanes, Danville • Gold Lanes, Danville • Pro Max Bowling Alley, La Salle • Lender's Sport Shop, Lincolnwood • Lott's Park Lanes, Lott's Park • Bonny Bowling Lanes, Macomb • Maple Sport Shop, Melrose Park • Ruck's, Melrose Park • Ruck's Sporting Goods, Melrose Park • North Chicago • Harquette Sporting Goods, Oakbrook • Earl's Johnson Sporting Goods, Oakbrook • Pro Sport Shop, Palatine • Walp's Park Ridge Park • Pro Sport Lanes, Peoria • Bowl Mar, Peoria • Kennan Sporting Goods, Peoria • Plaza Lanes, Peoria • Linden Lanes, Princeton • MetLife Bowl, Naperville, Quincy • Central Bowl, Rock Island • Team & Country Bowl, Rock Island • Bowl Star, Rockford • East Carol Lanes, Rockford • Strike at Reister's, Rockford • St. Charles Bowl, St. Charles • Blackhawk Lanes, Sterling • The Golf Bowl, Sterling • Van Loo & Sons, Streamwood • Community Discount Center, Villa Park • Garland Bowling Lanes, Waukegan • Maple Sport Shop, Waukegan • Sunset Lawn Bowl, Waukegan • Kew's Bowling Lanes, Wheatridge • Suburban Bowl, Wheatridge • Wheatridge Bowl, Wheatridge • Keweenaw Recreation, Wood Dale

In Chicago See...

Bowling Coalition Pro Shop • Community Discount Centers, Inc. • Kew's Sporting Goods • Maple Sport Shop • Marquette Sporting Goods • Jack Marquette Sport Shop • Classic Bowling Shop • Pro Bowl • Pro Bowl • San Siro Sport Shop • Simmons Sport Shop • Red Wings Sports • The Sportsman • Sportsman's Center, Inc.

In Iowa See...

Quad City Bowling Supply, Davenport • Park Fair Sports Center, Des Moines • Bowlers Pro Shop, Dubuque • Silver Bowling Supply, Burlington • Classic Bowling Shop, Mason City • Casino Bowling Supply, Sioux City • Sportsman's Inc., Sioux City

In Kansas See...

Duffy's Green Acres, Abilene • Edgewood Lanes, Coffeyville • Blue Star Bowl, Inc., Emporia • Starline Lanes, Emporia • The Bowling Shop, Emporia • The Bowling Shop, Emporia • Lanes, Hutchinson • R & R Pro Shop, Hutchinson • Big Bowl, Inc., Junction City • Bob Chas's Brunswick Pro Shop, Kansas City • Le Mer Bowling Shop, Lawrence • Bowling Supply, Shawnee Mission • Boulevard Bowl, Inc., Wichita • Seneca Bowl, Inc., Wichita

In Minnesota See...

Goldman Jewels, St. Paul • Hi Score Bowling Supply, St. Paul

In Missouri See...

Scotch Wagon Sport, O'Fallon • Anthony Bowling Supply, Florissant • Lee Sher • Gateway Bowling Supply, Independence • Bailey Bowling Supply, Kansas City • The Bowling Shop, St. Ann • Plaza Bowl Pro Shop, Springfield

In St. Louis See...

Arise Bowl • Century Bowling Center • Chick Collins Pro Shop • Fun Bowling • Lammie Bowling and Sport Shop • Bob Russell Sporting Goods • Scraps Vanderfoot Sports • 510 Beer & Falter Stores • Carl Midman's Broadway Pro Shop

In Nebraska See...

Henry's Bowl, Beatrice • Pastime Bowl, Hastings

In South Dakota See...

Gold Crown, Sioux Falls • John Tordson-Sold Crown, Sioux Falls

In Wisconsin See...

Maple Lanes, Beaver Dam • Bowl Alre Lanes, Beloit • R & R Bowl, Beloit • Gimbel's Sports, Beloit • Arcade Bowling, Fond du Lac • Bettendorf Sport Shop, Green Bay • Green Bay Trophy & Bowling Services, Green Bay • H. C. Fremont Co., Green Bay • E. K. Fries, Janesville • Community Discount Center, Kenosha • Golfmarts, Kenosha • Copper Schweigert, Racine • Gimbel's Sports, Racine • Valeried Lanes, Neenah • Buckham Tuller Sporting Goods, Oshkosh • Jones Sport Shop, Oshkosh • Ames Bowling Service, Port Washington • Barker Bros. Bowling • Chicago Sports Center, Inc., Neenah • Gimbel's Sports, Wauwatosa • Al Kops Bowling Supplies, West Allis

In Wisconsin See...

Chapman Sports Centers, Inc. • Deluxe Pro Shop • Echo Bowl • Gimbel's Sports • Midway's Bowling & Sports • Pinky Bowl

Now save 4 Shillings (51¢ American) on unshrinkable woolly Britishers

Listen up, chaps. You're familiar with Jockey Throbbled® hosiery, with the Red Tree Stripes®? Totally machine washable, machine dryable. Made in England of the finest imported wool. Won't shrink... guaranteed not to. Truly the hose of the well dressed Yankee gentleman.

Now then, for a limited time, this special offer to the colonies! The regular price of Throbbleds® is \$2. (14/34), but, under the special terms of the Trade Expansion Program, both over-the-cuff and ankle styles are a mere \$1.49 (10/44)! Do buy at least one pair, if only to find out what you've been missing.



Special Trade Expansion Offer to the colonies. Very Ltd.

(Sept. 15-Oct. 15)



Although Pittsburgh is a well-heeled city with a metropolitan population of close to two and a half million, a good many traveling men these days equate the town with a week spent in church. Setting off from their hotels with a will to live it up, they fall victim within the hour to Duggan's Decade, a pull that began to enshroud the downtown Golden Triangle two years ago when Robert W. Duggan, a reform D.A., took office and banished ladies of the evening from the bedrms. Deprived of this staple, clubs withered. The Golden Triangle's modern skyscrapers spill borders into the narrow streets at 3 p.m., but they become eerie canyons of chrome and glass by nightfall. The Bluebird jazz in the Penn-Sheraton's Riverboat Room and the tall yarns spun over the bar at Benny's New Diamond Cafe are enticing, but downtown is largely Dulville.

When in Pittsburgh, the trick is to get off the dime. With a competent native guide one discovers surprise upon surprise.

Actually, Pittsburghers seem to have laid out their city with a mischievous eye to hiding those pleasures from those who will not get out and forage. Visitors routinely gravitate to the Oakland section, which is swamped with culture. One inspects Carnegie Museum and tours the campuses of Carnegie Tech and Pitt and then takes in a Pittsburgh Symphony concert at the Syria Mosque or does the supper-and-theater bit at the Pittsburgh Playhouse. As it happens, all this culture makes a perfect hiding place for some of America's best Irish saloons life.

Along the banks of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers, which converge at the apex of the Golden Triangle to spill into the Ohio, black mills waft ugly smoke into the Steel City's sky, creating a scene of industrial scar. Surprise again. A trip into the hills that roll away from the riverbanks reveals a golfer's paradise. The Western Pennsylvania Golf Association includes 64 country clubs, and the region is dotted by seven municipal courses and 64 "public" courses operated by private entrepreneurs who charge \$2 and up for 18 holes of challenging, hill-studded links. But true to form, Pittsburgh does not advertise its golf.

When golf was solely a rich man's game, there was no shortage of Pittsburghers to play it. The steel and coal barons and their descendants, able to buy most Texas oil-lanes without strain, have lived quietly, lunching in tight security at the exclusive Duquesne Club.

Except for H. J. Heinz II, whose surname players jure of pickles and catsup, Pittsburgh's multimillionaires are as unknown as they are formidable. Their names ring no

continued

There's still only one bowling ball that gives you a choice of three hooks

After all the claims have been made, after all the bowler-talk has died down . . . this one fact remains. Only the Brunswick Trac Master gives you a choice of three hooking potentials to match the hook you want to your present style of play. T-1 to minimize your hook; T-2 for standard hook, T-3 for maximum hook. Overnight the Trac Master became the hottest selling ball in Brunswick history. This distinctive ball is quietly changing the ball-buying habits



of better bowlers everywhere. Sure, it has a tracer. Sure, the core is blue, so you know the holes are drilled in the right place. But the real reason why the Trac Master has become so popular is simply this. It really comes through with something that will help you improve your game. Only the Trac Master gives you a choice of three hooks. Only Brunswick

makes it. Only Brunswick Pro Dealers handle it. If you need a new ball, now you know what ball. Which hook you want will be strictly up to you.

Brunswick
1 2 3
Trac-master
005

bells in American households. The city's richest man, Richard King Mellon (Gulf Oil, Koppers Co., Mellon National Bank), has his picture in the newspapers only slightly more often than the Steelers have won an NFL championship—and that happens to have been never.

Pittsburgh's rich have been getting since 1893, when an iron-and-steel mogul named John Moorhead Jr. inserted six pea cans into the center of a race course. But today's construction of new golf courses is attributable to the demand posed by millworkers. The mills run in three shifts: midnight to 8, 8 to 4, and 4 to midnight—and all lend themselves to a round of golf before or after.

Two middle classes exist in Pittsburgh. One consists of corporatist transients: management men who have been fetched to the headquarters of Alcoa, Gulf, the steel companies and other assorted firms and who do not know when their next transfer will fall. Their knowledge of the city usually is limited to a trip to the elegant Colony Restaurant or to the LeMoine Restaurant atop Mt. Washington, where the bird's-eye view of the glowering (but silent) Golden Triangle rivals anything this side of San Francisco. Sometimes they find Will Shiner's jazz-stomping *Freddie* in Shadyside, a hip neighborhood for single swingers and people who shun a shave and a haircut.

The other middle class is native bedrock: an ethnic chowder of a dozen or so strains that have melted into a warm and unpretentious citizenry. For example, the East Europeans (identifiable when they say, "Where yune goin'") refer to themselves good-humoredly as Hunkies and are never happier than when they are stuffing a neighbor.

Even one of the frosty transients from the eastern seaboard—with huge kolbasa sausage and beer.

A favorite restaurant of the big eaters is Dante's in Brentwood. If it is Thursday night, Dante's inner circle, known as the Aggregation, is sitting down to its weekly *Neve-to-the-Last-Supper*: the chairman, funny Sam Billanti, has brought loaves of hot Russian rye on his way from work. Hilda and Mary and Dorothy are serving heaping platters of *zampironi*, *lasagna*, fried chicken and cabbage-wrapped *zolaubler* (sometimes known as Polish hand grenades). The wine flows. Louisa is at her piano. The joint, as Dante's patrons affectionately call their home away from home, is filling up. "Only high-class broads admitted," says Dante Sarcinora, proprietor. Also, no "junks" admitted: no one who stares at celebrities or travels with a partner in order to split a beer. It is going to be a good night here and at many another out-of-the-way spot, while the traveling men down town check the timetables to see how soon they can get out of Pittsburgh.

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(What else would you call pure luxury?)



His F. F. Ultimate Vee pullover is full-fashioned of rich, colorful Orlon[®] acrylic. Boasts saddle shoulders. \$12¹. Our San Casa full-fashioned pullover sweater shirt of "Orlon" has short sleeves. \$9¹.

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¹Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.

Steel. Cold hard steel right in the middle. That's what makes our ball fly 15 yards past all the rest.*

Sounds peculiar at first doesn't it? Using something like steel to keep a golf ball up in the air longer.

But the truth is, a golf ball with a light, unbalanced center (like liquid) can do a lot of crazy things unless hit perfect. It can't hold its line as well. But it can slice faster, or hook easier. (Whichever is your nemesis.) Sometimes it just rises up into the air. And falls flat.

A First Flight won't do that. Our steel center is $4\frac{1}{2}$ times heavier than the liquid center used in other balls. Yet our ball legally meets all

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is reduced. So is wind and air resistance. Which

is why First Flight gives you straighter, truer shots.

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Now there's one important factor

so many golfers overlook in buying a ball. Compression. Hitting a ball with the wrong compression is like hitting a rock or a mushroom. (Which

the feeling?) We make First Flight steel center balls in three different compressions, 77, 88, 101. The 101 is for the strong belters. The 88 is for the sweet swinging slappers, and the 77 is made to take all the pounding and hacking you can give it, and

then some. But we didn't stop just by giving our balls new fancy numbers. Inside we've changed the rubber winding and the adhesion to the winding. Outside we've covered each steel center with a lasting new finish.

Whatever you do, be honest with yourself about how hard you hit a ball. Real honest.

As your pro which First Flight he thinks is best for your game. But remember when you play it, let the course in front of you get out an extra 15 yards before you tee off.

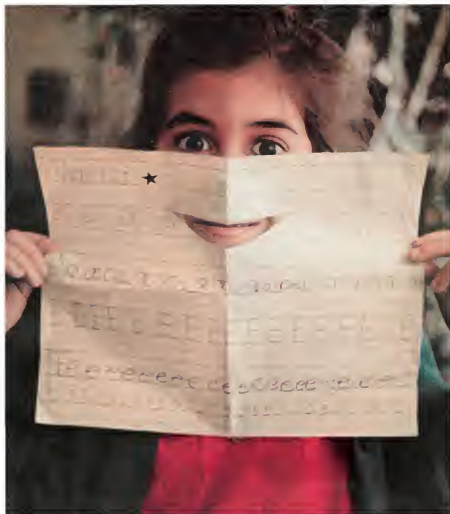
*Tested by Gene Littler, Chattanooga Country Club.



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KORATRON

BOOKTALK

The gallant life of Princeton's Hobey Baker poses enigmas for the literary

The tragedy of Hobey Baker was almost too complex to be credible. One of the great natural athletes of American history, Baker was a kindred spirit to Jim Thorpe and Ty Cobb, and in *The Legend of Hobey Baker* (Little, Brown, \$10) John Davies makes the most of the dramatic and melodramatic facts. In this handsome and well-illustrated book he tells briefly (116 pages in all) and without heroics how Baker, born in Philadelphia in 1892, became a famous hockey player by the time he was 16 and hero of Princeton sports in pre-World War I days.

Baker went to St. Paul's School in New Hampshire from the age of 10 to 18. In those days St. Paul's schoolboys on a good day could beat such Ivy League hockey champions as Harvard and Princeton. Baker, a handsome and aristocratic young man, was so spectacular a performer—and so much a pet of society—that when he appeared in a college or amateur game in New York the limousines packed the streets around St. Nicholas Rink.

He was also a star halfback at Princeton, a fine tennis player, golfer, polo player, rifle shot, swimmer and, incidentally, a good man at singing *Moonlight Bec and Home-lye Tombs*. "With his almost incredible grace and skill," says Arthur Muerter in his introduction, "Hobey Baker was the nearly flawless realization of the ideal of his age." It is not surprising that he was the original of Allenby in Scott Fitzgerald's *This Side of Paradise* and figured in various other Fitzgerald novels.

Professor Davies, a historian, pictures Baker as essentially simple and untroubled, undoubtedly an oversimplification in itself. "As a student, Hobey was determined rather than talented," Davies says. Of his private life: "He was extremely attractive to women but did not trifle with their affections." Professors and literary critics of Muerter's generation rarely credit athletes with subtlety, and their view of Baker as a gallant (but unthinking) embodiment of the leisure-class virtues makes him somehow socially passive. In World War I, when the life expectancy of an unseasoned pilot was two weeks, Hobey became a heroic flyer. A month after the armistice, on the day he was discharged, he took aloft somebody else's badly repaired Spad and crashed. Newspapers carried the story of his death and the marriage of his former fiancée in the same issue. Stories of a suicide, which Davies rejects, have persisted ever since. Baker nowhere seems suicidal, but he does seem too complex and high-spirited a figure to be explained in terms of the leisure-class mores of his time.

—ROBERT CANTWELL

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YOU COULD LOSE:

- a few evenings of TV, bridge or fly-tying
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- any doubts you may have about your own adequacy to face the pressures of modern living

YOU COULD ALSO LOSE:

- the habit of complacency about

your personal goals and their attainment

- the doubtful privilege of being a good conformist and group-member-follower instead of gaining recognition as an independent, tough-minded individual
- any reluctance you have about making decisions, moving up, taking considered risks and facing the consequences

AND YOU'LL CERTAINLY WANT TO LOSE:

- the prospect of becoming mired in your present income bracket
- the opportunity to stay safe and snug in your present job level.

Our advice, sir? Get with it.

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SCORECARD

IN DEFENSE OF WOMANHOOD

There was a time when any athlete who entered a women's event in an international track meet was accepted as being a woman and no indecent questions were asked. But as the importance of the competition has grown, so have the suspicions that men are sneaking into the female ranks. At the European championships in Budapest last week, three doctors were on hand to inspect each competitor and certify her femininity. The doctors did not uncover a single male, but this did little to allay suspicions, because some of the best European ladies did not show up for the meet. Notably, Yolanda Balas, the matchless Rumanian high jumper, did not enter the competition, and neither did Soviet hurdler Irina Press or her weight-tossing sister, Tamara. In the face of rumors that Yolanda Balas was abstaining to conceal her manhood, Rumanians explained that she was having a baby. According to the Russians, the Press girls were home with a sick mother. These explanations, given in an atmosphere already supercharged with distrust, brought snickers from newspapermen and assorted cynics.

In this modern day, perhaps it is necessary to inspect and certify athletes as one would a herd of dairy cows. Regardless, we deplore the fact that suspicions can run so loose that performers like Yolanda Balas and the Press snarers are challenged and implicated in absentia. As we see it, any lady, American, Rumanian, Russian—even a bearded lady—should be able to stay home with a sick mother, or a sick head ache, or with any other excuse, however valid or limp. When we reach the point where absence from the arena is considered evidence of fraud, it is time to close the show.

ENCHANTED CORNER

Over Africa way, in the emergent and sometimes seething nation of Ghana, the Accra Turf Club has been having a time. In the current meeting there have been 11 accidents on one turn of the

Accra course. One jockey has died and two mounts have had to be destroyed. Fifty-five of the jockeys at Accra have asked that a cow be slaughtered ritually to purify the accursed corner and appease any evil spirits that might still be hanging around. The jockeys have offered to pay for the cow, but the Turf Club management has turned them down. The jockeys have refused to ride and have been fined £25 each (about \$70, which in Accra is a bundle). There the matter stands, unsettled.

We decide in favor of the jockeys on two counts. First, they are the ones who are literally being trampled. Second, any management in the business of slowly and gracefully bleeding its clientele at the betting windows cannot logically object to cutting the throat of a single cow.

THE PITT PENGUINS

Although none of them will be in action for a year yet, five of the new franchises in the National Hockey League have already picked names for their teams. Some of them could have done better pulling names from a hat. The San Francisco entry will be the Seals, perpetuating the name of the present minor league team. Minneapolis has decided to call its team the North Stars, which is apt enough. Los Angeles is calling its team the Kings, and they deserve thanks for being willing to settle for a platitudinous name that franchises in all major sports have avoided for years. The St. Louis team will be called the Blues—its player uniform will bear a musical note of some sort to drive the pun home. Philadelphia, after sorting through a muddle of uninspiring choices, decided on the Flyers, and—perish the thought—may actually spell it "Phlyers."

Pittsburgh is still looking for a name, and I well it might. Six years ago, when Pittsburghers were renaming the sooty heart of their town, someone who deserves anonymity called Pittsburgh's team in the now-defunct American Basketball League the Renaissance. That

sort of thing could happen again. Right now the name with the inside track around Pittsburgh is Penguins. There has never been a penguin in either the Allegheny or Monongahela rivers, but the team will play in the Civic Arena that has already been nicknamed the "Igloo" and will wear black and white, so there you have it. Penguins it may very well be—but over the dead body of Pittsburgh Coach George Sullivan. "Penguins," Sullivan snorts. "So when we come up with a bad game, the press will say we skated like a bunch of *mms*."


SUICIDE PACK

Early on a recent morning, Mr. E. P. Wilcox of Grassy Key in southwest Florida awoke to find six two-ton whales lying on the beach behind his house. Being a Floridian and naturally charitable to all transients, Mr. Wilcox did what he could for his uninvited guests. For seven hours he poured water on the whales to keep the sun from blistering them until the state conservation department could drag them back out into the deep water of the Gulf. Before the day was out, 60 whales had swum ashore on



Grassy Key, Milton Santini of Grassy Key carted two of the stranded luminous off to an enclosed bay. Intercepting another before it hit the beach, Santini led it by the flipper into captivity. (Santini is a porpoise trainer who supplies specimens to aquariums, so for him the whale invasion was a windfall.) Twelve whales died on the beach, but the conservation department, working its head off, managed to get 45 of them back into deep water. When released, a dozen of these straightway swim back

continued



Tonight mix your daiquiris
with Ronrico, the light
tasteful rum from Puerto Rico.
You might really stir up something.



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Rum in a new light



Wool is the fabric of the good life.

Campus Sportswear scores with a parka for his good life: Skull practice, scrimmages and Sundays at the stadium. In the sports world wool rolls up points. Only wool is so warm, rugged, with-it. On the first crisp fall day, he adds color to the game wearing this bold wool plaid parka, 32" long. Side vents give a casual "shirt" look and the convertible collar can turn into a hood, zip-off, or tuck under. Young, man-sized plaid was loomed by Homestead Woolen Mills. Under \$25.

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WOOL

to shore and had to be towed out again.

Just about every year, like a pack of derelict lemmings in reverse, whales commit mass suicide on some Florida beach, and no one knows exactly why. The best theory comes from a Dutch whaleologist, Dr. W. H. Dudok-Van Heel, who suggests that when deep-water whales move over a shallow, gently sloping bottom, the sonic signals they emit ricochet on ahead instead of bouncing back to them. As Dr. Dudok-Van Heel sees it, betrayed by their own signals, the whales panic and swim on, subsequently dying and putting up quite a smell. Whatever the explanation, some Floridians are resigned to living with it. When the whale invasion strikes near Crescent Beach, Fla., as it often does, residents simply pull out and take motel rooms inland until the air clears.

APARTHEID

Just about everywhere on the beaches and beside the swimming pools of the world, puritanism is fast dying and the bikini is the order of the day. While the rest of the world has charged forward, exposing its navel and shedding its inhibitions at the water's edge, the city of Bloemfontein, deep in the stodgy heart of South Africa, has been stumbling around a modest step or two behind the times. Appalled by the behavior of local bathers, the city fathers of Bloemfontein passed regulations to keep couples from smooching or otherwise displaying their affection around municipal pools. At one pool the supervisory staff, enforcing the rules with extraordinary zeal, blew the whistle on any couple caught holding hands and further insisted that every man and woman on the premises stay at least 12 inches apart. When hoots and jeers of protest arose, the Bloemfontein officials realized their sober intentions had gone too far and blew the whistle on the overzealous pool attendants. Although hands off is still the rule, at any Bloemfontein pool today a bather is permitted to touch a member of the opposite sex when applying suntan lotion or performing any equally useful service.

JUICY FRUIT

The coyote, sly scamp of the Old West, is having a harder time now that his home grounds are getting crowded, but do not worry about him on that count, for he is an adaptable cuss and a gypsy at heart. Suddenly, Lord only knows

by Carl Hovland

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AND THE SPIRIT OF '66 TO BOOT



Dexter kicks off the season with a couple of great boots. Dexter's hardy burnt almond waxhide leather demi-boot with genuine handsewn vamp, buckles you up for the best of everything casual, while a revolutionary deep-pile lined, back-zipper stadium boot warms up the outdoor scene in spirited character. Get a kick out of Dexter at department, shoe and men's wear stores. That's the spirit!

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SCORECARD

how, or why, the coyote has turned up in the heart of the Old South and has developed a taste for watermelons. Tennessee biologists estimate that there are now two or three dozen coyotes raiding the melon patches in Lincoln County, just north of the Alabama border. While inspecting the damage in one patch, Biologist F-d Penrod noticed that the coyotes had left muddy paw prints on a great many melons but had only opened ones that were juicy ripe. Knowing that the way to tell a ripe melon is to thump it, out of curiosity Penrod opened some of the melons that the coyotes had pawed and passed up. Every one of the unopened melons was green.

SAFE WITH SAFEWAY

For the benefit of anyone still unaware that the U.S. is in the middle of a fierce pleasure-boating boom, we submit the latest shred of evidence from Foster City, Calif. The Safeway chain store in Foster City now wraps groceries in waterproof bags because so many women are capsizing in their boats while racing neighbors home from market.

A DAMNING PROPOSAL

Prompted by the droughts that have plagued the U.S. East Coast, Dr. Robert D. Gerard, an oceanographer of Columbia University, has seriously proposed that Long Island Sound, one of the country's busiest playgrounds, should be dammed at both ends to keep out the sea. If dammed, in about a decade it would become a freshwater reservoir that could supply a dozen New York Cities. In his proposal, Dr. Gerard cites three secondary benefits that would be derived. The dams, he suggests, would also serve as highways connecting Long Island and the mainland. The salt-water fish of the Sound, he feels, could be replaced by a freshwater culture in a better, pollution-free environment. Yachtsmen no longer would have to contend with tides or salt corrosion.

The best thing to do with these so-called secondary benefits, in our opinion, is to use them to punch holes in the dams that Dr. Gerard wants to build. The last thing that the overcrowded shores of Long Island Sound need is a connecting bridge that will make it easier for the motorists on either side to add to the congestion that already exists on the other. In touting the future fishing in the Sound, Dr. Gerard ignores the fact

continued

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SCORECARD

that, with the coming of the fresh water, the game wardens will also come, followed by hatchery biologists, conservationists, ecologists, limnologists and statisticians with clipboards—all bent on making the angler's carefree day more rewarding. When the salt goes out of the Sound, so will the angler's freedom. As for the yachtsman, when the tides are taken from him and the salt no longer corrodes his fittings and rots his underwear, he will be a yachtsman no more. He will become a Sunday sailor.

Damming proposals such as Dr. Gerard has made seem fanciful at first, but as the human population explodes, each such scheme gets more realistic, and in time becomes a necessary plan of action. Man, the superengineer, has never been able to regulate his own numbers. Instead, in desperation, he keeps tinkering with the natural plumbing, spoiling more and more of a world that was once altogether beautiful.

THE GUTTERLESS GAME

The Brunswick Corporation has added a new twist to the old bowling game. On the sides of a regulation alley Brunswick has placed elevated, cushioned gutters with guide spots painted on them. On the new alley the bowler has three options. He can play his shot straight to score 10 for a strike, as before. He can try a career shot off one side for 15 points, or off both sides for 20, with 600, of course, being the perfect score for an unbroken run of double careers. Brunswick has already set up career alleys experimentally in Riverside, Calif., Glenwood, Ill., Garland, Texas, Yonkers, N.Y., East Detroit, Mich. and in Brentwood and Kansas City, Mo. It is too early to say how popular the new game will be. In any case, the new alleys are convertible. The bowler who does not care for the new game simply pushes a button to make the career sides sink back to the level of old-fashioned gutters.

THEY SAID IT

- Joe Paterno, Penn State football coach, discussing one of his players of Italian ancestry. "It isn't that I like the boy because he's Italian. I like him because I'm Italian."
- Sandy Koufax, Dodger pitcher, on Casey Stengel: "When I was young and smart, I couldn't understand him. Now that I'm older and dumber, he makes sense to me."

END



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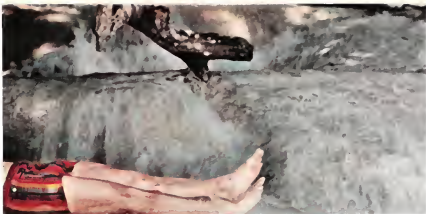
You can have San Juan or Kingston or Port au Prince. Or you can have Turtle Crawl, Mount Sinai or Ding a Dong Nook. You can eat steak, or you can savor breadfruit, ackee, sweetsop or naseberry. You can celebrate Guy Fawkes Day, New Year's Day, Boxing Day or your own birthday.

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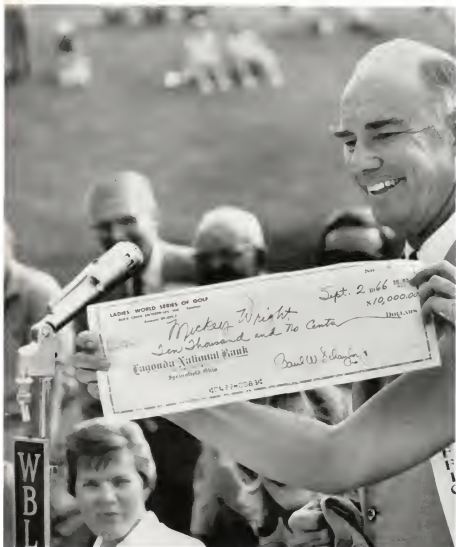
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Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 12, 1966

MONEY IS A GIRL'S BEST



FRIEND

A group of Springfield, Ohio businessmen decided to put up the biggest prize in the history of women's golf, and suddenly the best ladies in the game found they could play better than they had dreamed

by PAT RYAN



Late last Friday afternoon on the back lawn of a country club in Springfield, Ohio, Mickey Wright was handed the largest check in the history of women's golf. It was two feet long, the numbers on it said \$10,000 and for the two days preceding the check's presentation its probable existence shook the best players on the LPGA tour right down to the soles of their putters. For a moment or so Mickey Wright just stared at the check—the first prize in a new tournament called the Ladies World Series of Golf—as if it could not possibly be good. Then she stuffed it into her pocket, and with that motion the small-time realm of women's golf may have taken a significant step toward becoming a bigger, tougher and more interesting business.

Playing at the rate of \$70 a swing, Mickey, who has won more championships than any other woman, needed about the best golf of her distinguished career to win the 36-hole two-day event at Springfield Country Club. She shot an eight-under-par 69-67—136. During her second-day 67 she had seven one-putt greens and sank a 25-foot chip shot. One of her primary challengers, Carol Mann, summed it up when she said, "Purse money like this pushes you beyond your capabilities."

It is hard sometimes to remember that, while the men play professional golf for almost \$4 million in prize money each year, the women play for only \$480,000. Arnold Palmer makes more in one 18-hole exhibition than the winner of the U.S. Women's Open. No woman professional golfer has earned in one year what Bruce Devlin received last Saturday for winning the Carling World Championship (\$35,000). In short, the men's tour is far different than the women's. But now the women were also learning that the size of a check can grab at your throat.

Even before play in the Ladies World Series started last week, Lennie Wirtz, the LPGA tournament director, was pre-

continued

Mickey Wright showed off her oversize winner's check, while Dr. Paul Schanber, one of the event's investors, risked a loser's laugh.

dicting that more money would make the women better golfers. "They played for \$3,750 first money at Toledo in August. That was the biggest purse we had until now," he said, "and you could see a change in the girls there. They became cautious, more concerned with their games. Why, I even noticed a difference in them last May when I put the World Series on the schedule. They began to work harder."

A big-money tournament for the six best women pros might never have materialized if a group of 13 Springfield business and professional men had not been looking for some action. In 1959 they formed an investment club called Buck Creek Enterprises, Inc. and by 1966 had parlayed their \$50-a-month contributions into more than \$80,000. In a conservative, early-to-bed, early-to-rise city, they took secret pride in their success as stock market speculators, as they traded in such volatile issues as uranium, oil wells and The Pill. Staging the richest women's golf tournament of all time could hardly have been more adventuresome.

What the investors did not fully appreciate was that there had been little adventure in Springfield since 1780, when the Shawnees moved on. Springfield is an odd town "older than the state of Ohio," the Chamber of Commerce points out, and it is settled in its ways. "We could be hosting the World Series of baseball," the sports editor wrote last week in the morning newspaper, "and the people wouldn't care."

Up to the day before the tournament began, only 900 tickets had been sold. By then the sponsors were estimating their losses at \$20,000 and they had good-naturedly begun to refer to themselves as the Trembling Thirteen. Nonetheless, they were optimistic about a 1967 World Series, and some were even talking about how much money they will have made by the time of the 1976 World Series. There was considerable drooping of speculator's sentences: "This is like betting on Joe Louis when he was in the crib"; "You have to crawl before you walk." They figured the TV rights to next year's World Series could be sold for a quarter of a million dollars, and they said more than one large corporation was considering underwriting the purse. Hadn't Pepsi-Cola suggested that their board member, Joan Crawford, come to Springfield to make this year's World

Series come alive? Joan came, and the Pepsi people got the soft-drink concession and practically everything else they wanted free. They even tried, unsuccessfully, to unhook the Coca-Cola machine in the pro shop.

The golfers who participated in the World Series qualified for it by winning one of the four major women's championships—the U.S. Open, the LPGA, the Titleholders or the Western—or by their standing on the season's money-winning list. A good measure of their ability is that they had won 19 of 22 tournaments on the 1966 women's tour. The field of six was the elite of the profession, and the players often seemed more conscious of the prestige attached to competing in the tournament than the fact that even the last-place finisher would take home \$2,500, more than the winner of most tour tournaments gets.

Some of them had worked themselves into a frazzle over the event. "Three months ago," Carol Mann said, "I felt I was a good enough player to be in the World Series. I felt I was adequate and I could make it. I worked as hard as I could and I didn't skip a tournament. Now I'm exhausted. The difference between winning and losing is restraining your emotions, but now I am so tired I don't think I can handle them."

"You know, I'm glad about this tournament, but if we always played for a lot of purse money it could change people. It could make us colder and harder. You've got to get the chokes playing for that much or you have to be awfully cool. One or the other. I don't know if I want to become *that* controlled. I like to feel myself participating in things. I wouldn't like it if I couldn't sense myself. It would be like the death of a person, inside."

Another pro who made it to the World Series but was worn out by the effort was 102-pound Clifford Ann Creed. For four weeks she had dueted with Judy Torrance for the last available invitation, one which was to be offered to the girl who finished highest on the money list.

Going into the last tournament prior to the World Series, Clifford Ann had a \$1,693 edge over Judy in the money standings, but she was five shots back of Judy as the crucial tournament reached the final round. If Judy finished first or second that day and Clifford Ann was no better than seventh, Judy would get

the World Series invitation. The two girls got into such a nervous state that Judy made a quadruple bogey 8 on the first hole of the final round, and Clifford Ann, who teed off later, took a 7 on the same par-4. When Judy shot a 78, Clifford Ann's invitation was assured. Meanwhile, Sandra Spuzich qualified for the World Series by winning the U.S. Women's Open, a victory which apparently surprised her as much as it did the equipment manufacturer who had terminated her contract two days before the event.

Kathy Whitworth, the Texan who is the LPGA's current leading money winner, said, "It scares me to think that there is that much money to be spent on sports purses. I certainly wouldn't have the nerve to ask for it. I think you ought to earn what you make. We try to put on a show and give people their money's worth, but I wonder about our being worth that much." Can you picture an Arnold Palmer fretting over such a question?

Even Mickey Wright felt there was "an unreal quality" to such a large purse. The women professionals, she said, seldom capitalize on their ability. "There is a drive missing in us that the men seem to have," she said. "Take, for instance, endorsements. I make about a thousand dollars a year from them. I

Illustration by MARTIN ROSS JR.



As the tension rose Sandra Haynes grew

may play one exhibition match a year. If any leading woman golfer had the desire, she could get someone to help her and make \$20,000 or \$30,000 extra a year." In keeping with her rather romantic and female approach to finance, Mickey spoke of using money she might win at Springfield to buy some California coastline that resembled Liz Taylor's retreat in *The Sandpiper*.

The other qualifier for the World Series, Sandra Haynie, said she wanted to invest in property, too. Her dream place is a ranch with horses near Lake Arrowhead. "But I guess \$10,000 will make us all think more clearly," she said.

Carol Mann's thinking about the potential value of the top prize was, to say the least, muddled. "I'll pay some bills with it," she said. "No, maybe I will buy myself a present, a diamond ring. But I don't like diamonds. I'll put it in my savings account. But maybe the most sensible thing would be to buy A.T.&T. It's so low now that it must be a good buy. I hope it stays down for another week."

All of the golfers knew that the self-doubting and dreaming and analyzing had to stop by the time of the tournament if they were going to play championship golf. Carol sat under a dryer in a beauty parlor on Thursday morning, and it was there that she built a brave new world for the tournament. Sandra Hay-

nie slept. Kathy Whitworth swung her five-iron in her motel room, and next door to her Mickey Wright was playing solitaire.

The tournament was going to mean a lot to Mickey, even if she was making occasional protestations to the contrary. She had given up golf last year at 30 to return to college, but when that did not satisfy her (SI, April 11) she tried to work out a system of playing in a limited number of tournaments. She decided last March to compete in two tour events, then take two weeks off, then play in two more. She stubbornly stuck to the schedule until the World Series, even though she found her golf and concentration just would be getting sharp at the end of the second playing week. She led at some stage in 13 of the 14 tournaments she entered, but won only four of them. Invariably her concentration gave out before the final 18. "Mickey, that schedule is crazy," Wirtz told her. "You are making yourself go home to Dallas after two tournaments and you know you really don't want to leave." (After her World Series win Mickey announced she would play in the 11 remaining tournaments on the 1966 LPGA tour, and her schedule be damned.)

Before the World Series began, Mickey was out on the Springfield Country Club course at dawn, practicing while

the other five golfers were still in bed. On Wednesday she hit 150 golf balls—more, she said, than she had hit in one session in a year. When she came to the 18th tee at the end of one practice round she emptied the balls out of her golf bag and stroked 30 drives down the fairway.

By the time the girls teed up for the tournament at 1:30 p.m. on Thursday, what they could win or lose in the next 36 holes had really hit them. "You all had funny looks on your faces," Lennie Wirtz told them later. "You mean we have silver dollars in our eyes," Sandra Haynie said.

It was good someone was seeing silver, because the sponsors certainly weren't. The crowd at tee-off time was hardly 1,000. By then the investors were being called the Thrifty Thirteen.

The gallery was made up largely of men, and you could hear them whispering. "My drives go up by that tree," and, "I use a five-iron from there, too." Men come to see the women professionals because most of them believe they could beat the girls and they enjoy comparing themselves with professionals, something they judiciously resist while watching Palmer or Nicklaus. It seems, however, that most women golfers are jealous of the finesse that is the trademark of the successful woman professional. Golfing housewives would rather stay

continued on page 127



Right-tipped and Carol Mann sat in morose silence. Later Carol recovered at the thought of her \$5,000 for third and kissed all 12 sponsors



Brian's Lynn Davies, gold-medal winner in the rain at the Tokyo Olympics, soars toward broad-jump pit and a duplicate triumph in Budapest.

GREAT LEAP FORWARD—AND BACK

A Welsh brood jumper, a slew of East Germans and some swift Poles were the bright surprises in the rain-splattered European Championships that saw track and field and the Russians take a reactionary nose dive **by JOHN LOVESEY**

In Budapest today something approaching traffic jams is beginning to gum up the streets. Buildings still wear a faded yellow air in most places, but there is a brightness here and there among the shops and along the boulevards that not even a recent hardening of the left—or, for that matter, the European Athletic Championships—can dim, although the games made a dispirited try.

"We wish the championships to remain an experience to be remembered by friends of track and field athletics throughout their lives," said the games' chairman, Arpad Csánádi, to a few hardy souls scattered around the huge, mausoleum-like People's Stadium. The championships held every four years,

were the vision some 40 years ago of a Hungarian, Szilard Sankovits. This was the first time that they would be seen in the country where they were conceived. But if Chairman Csánádi had hopes of wild, enthusiastic crowds rooting it up for the home forces, he has only rain to ruminate on despite a record entry of 30 nations. As one Hungarian remarked, the championships needed a soccer game to bring the people in or a track coach, like the defunct Mihály Iglos, who knew how to make Hungarians win.

The games seemed fossilized. Their atmosphere was set on the warmup field behind the stadium stands. Along both sides of the field were arranged groups of idealized statuary—soldiers, sports-

men, workers and dancers. The depressing effect of all this gincerackery was the sort of thing that friends of track and field might want to spend the rest of their lives trying to forget.

The weather, fickle and usually cool, was no help either. Wainers brought around brandy to warm the chilly, and on the second day it rained from late morning on, making a lake of the track and causing the press section to sprout a patch of umbrellas. When a commentator announced that "at 6 o'clock the temperature was 59°, the humidity 90°," no one was prepared to doubt his word, although one spectator was goaded to explode into the damp air, "All we're getting is weather reports!"

About the only person who didn't complain about the weather was the Olympic broad-jump champion, Lynn Davies, who comes from Wales, where they are used to the rain. Davies won in Tokyo in the wet and did the same in Budapest, but his victory (following one also in the Commonwealth Games) underlined his quality as a champion among competitors. The Soviet jumper, Igor Ter-Ovanesyan, led from the start and, until Davies' last leap, seemed assured of first place. The jumpers were leaving deep footprints in the runway which had been used the day before as part of the landing area for the women's shotput. As Davies got ready to go for his final try, he was signaled to stop because a victory ceremony was about to begin. Disregarding the sign, he ran down and leaped 26 feet 2½ inches, four inches ahead of Ter-Ovanesyan's best jump. "I had the nervous energy, and I was ready," said Davies. "I knew the official would have been glad to put the flag down if I went."

Despite their lack of drama, the championships mirrored some intriguing changes in the pattern of European athletics. Not only was Ter-Ovanesyan down, but most members of the Soviet team seemed in the doldrums. One observer thought they had suffered a "spiritual collapse." In four days, and 19 events, the U.S.S.R. won only three gold medals, two in the women's events.

Many had concluded that the Russians, after withdrawing from the dual meet with the U.S. in Los Angeles (for which the Russians have now agreed to pay \$100,000), would use the European championships as a showcase for this year's talent. To prepare and acclimatize their athletes, the Russians even established a training camp at Uzhgorod in former Hungarian territory on Hungary's northeast border. But that, as results were to show, proved of little help. Instead, two other Communist nations, East Germany and Poland, showed the boss how to do the job.

The U.S.S.R., it appears, is beginning to suffer from the effects of decentralization. The republics of the Soviet Union have more say in the running of their own sports, and the top competitors are no longer obliged, as they once were, to live and train in Moscow. By strict contrast, the East Germans are, according to a leading Eastern European sportswriter, "now the most centralized

and severely disciplined of all the teams."

According to this same reporter, the result has been a distinct psychological difference between the East and West German athletes. The East Germans have taken so well to systematized training that while they are proficient in events requiring technique and strength, they cannot improvise the way the West Germans do.

In Budapest, methodical East and imaginative West German athletes were competing for the first time as separate national teams. While walking may not be everybody's idea of an athletic event, it wins gold medals. East Germany's Dieter Lindner won the 20-kilometer walk, started after the opening ceremony, by forcing two Russians into second and third places. East Germany also won the 10,000 meters on the same day, causing *Neues Deutschland* to crow that what had begun in Utrecht, where the East Germans came away second with four gold medals in the European swimming championships, was being continued in Budapest.

On the second day of the track championships, three East Germans took all the medals in the men's discus, while the world-record holder, Czechoslovakia's Ludvik Danek, could manage only fifth place. The East German gold medalist, Detlef Thorth, dutifully credited his triumph to the socialist system. "With our victories," he remarked, "we help in the creation of our new society."

If the East Germans could win events like the discus as a result of their methods—they purposely go out in bad weather to work out—and their endurance, they did not show the same aptitude for events like the decathlon, in which all three medals went to West Germany, or the sprints. The 100 meters, for instance, was won by Wieslaw Maniak of Poland, a strongly built 28-year-old who did not take up running until six years ago. A small, buoyant man, Maniak proved that adaptability, not system, is what sometimes counts most. He won on a track so heavy with rain that the racing felt like "ploughing through mud."

Poland went on to win other events and set red-and-white national flags waving in the stadium, but the outstanding figures of its team, perhaps of the whole meet, were its two girl sprinters, Irena Kirszenstein and Ewa Klobukowska. While Miss Kirszenstein is 20, Miss Klobukowska is only 19, and the two may

very well dominate women's sprinting for years to come. Lithe and lanky, Miss Klobukowska and Miss Kirszenstein came first and second in the 100 meters and switched the order in the 200 meters. They are joint holders with the United States' Wyomia Tyus of the world 100-meter record, and Miss Kirszenstein holds the world 200-meter record.

The eagerly awaited 1,500-meter race, not won, as anticipated, by Defending Champion Michel Jazy of France, came as an anticlimax. It was taken by West Germany's Rodo Tümmeler, a master tactician whom a British reporter named "the champion of slow races."

A tall, ungainly athlete of 22 and a student in Berlin, Tümmeler proved he had something of Jazy's measure when he beat him in the France-West Germany meet this summer. It was the first time in the last six years that anybody had taken Jazy at 1,500 meters, but Tümmeler's time, 3:42.3, was dawdling by today's fast standards. It had been thought that Tümmeler could not possibly stay with the pace if Jazy and East Germany's Jürgen May, who many thought would duel the Frenchman for the title, ran the distance in 3:36.0. After what only can be regarded as an astonishingly stupid race in Budapest, it is still not known whether Tümmeler can stay up or not. Jazy, discouraged perhaps by a high wind or encouraged by the two countrymen he had with him in the final, allowed the race to plug along through the first three laps.

At the bell Tümmeler came shoulder to shoulder with teammate Harald Norpoth, but Norpoth held on down the backstretch. As Jazy started to come up on both, Tümmeler switched into high gear for his kick. He overtook Norpoth in the homestretch and finished two yards ahead of Jazy in 3:41.9. Norpoth was third and May fifth behind Britain's Alan Simpson. Jazy's fatal error was in waiting for his teammate, Claude Nicolas, to make a dash out of the pack. Nicolas never sprinted because, Jazy explained, "the merciless wind spoiled everything."

But not all was lost or ominously forgettable. The athletes were housed in a hostel built next to the 18th century castle where Admiral Horthy, the fascist ruler of Hungary from 1920-1944, lived. Still considered reactionary until its upgrading for the championships, the site will become a home for students. Everything is possible in time.

END

FRANK'S WAY WITH A FILLY

All of his special skill in training young female trotters, plus a daring decision in the paddock between the mule heels, brought Frank Ervin and Kerry Way victory and a record in The Hambletonian **by PETE AXTHELM**

John R. Gaines wants to win every prize in horse racing. Frank Ervin has already won just about everything he has sought. Last week, Owner Gaines and Trainer Ervin got together in Du Quoin, Ill. and scored the biggest victory of their respective careers. They won The Hambletonian, most prestigious of all trotting races, with a game filly named Kerry Way.

For Gaines, the victory was a major milestone—the first of what he envisions as a series of classic triumphs for his horses. For Ervin, it was neither the first nor the richest of his many successes, but he worked hard for it and when it was over he was willing to call it, “my best win of all.”

Kerry Way's victory was a tribute to the skill or daring or luck that has made Gaines an important figure in racing. He is the only man to win the biggest prize in trotting while concentrating on Thoroughbred racing. During the last four years Gaines has sold much of his harness-racing stock, at the same time building a small financial empire of syndicated Thoroughbred stallions and high-priced mares. His most remarkable feat was the \$1 million syndication of a 2-year-old colt—*Fathers Image*—that had never won a stakes race.

Gaines's efforts with trotters have been more modest. “But that may only be temporary,” he said last week. “I’m concentrating on Thoroughbreds now to get a strong start in the business. But my family has been in trotting for 75 years. Soon I may get back into it on a large scale. It can be done. I can follow the pattern of a John E. Madden.” Madden's pattern is a racing legend. He bred five Kentucky Derby winners as well as the winners of many trotting classics. Comparison to Madden might seem almost sacrilegious to some horsemen, but to Gaines, who is 37 and figures he has time to catch up with any legend, it is just being realistic.

Kerry Way got to The Hambletonian by a circuitous route of Gaines deals. Gaines bought a mare named Beloved

for \$5,000, bred her to Star's Pride and got Kerry Way. He sold Kerry Way to Thomas Eaton, then took another look at her and bought her back at a sale after Eaton died. But the deal that helped Gaines most took place 10 years earlier, when he and his father, Clarence F. Gaines, put their trust in Frank Ervin.

In 46 years of training and driving, the 62-year-old Ervin helped develop Adios and Good Time and is solely responsible for the brilliant career of Beet Hanover, probably the best harness horse that has ever raced. He has also acquired a special reputation for handling fillies. In the trying days before this year's Hambletonian, Kerry Way tested that reputation to the utmost. After defeating all the best colts last year, Kerry Way ran into trouble this season. There was an ankle infection, then a toothache and finally a bruised knee. Ervin pulled the tooth a few days before the race and kept a water hose trained on the right knee until shortly before post time.

Kerry Way made it to the post, but many observers questioned her soundness. They gave her fairly equal consideration with three colts—*Polaris*, *Carlisle* and *Governor Armbr*. Gaines disagreed. “We’ll send her right to the front,” he said, “and I don’t think they’ll ever catch her. If she’s all right, she’ll win in straight heats.”

Kerry Way did go right to the front, nobody ever caught her and she did win in straight heats to become the first filly to capture the race since 1958. But it wasn't quite as easy as it seemed. Kerry Way, it turned out, was not “all right.” She needed a daring move by Ervin and some very good luck to win.

There was little doubt about the first heat as Kerry Way took the lead at the start, fought off several challengers, and beat *Polaris* by three-quarters of a length. The time of 1:58½ set a Hambletonian record for fillies and also made Ervin the first harness driver ever to record 100 two-minute miles.

As Kerry Way jogged back to the pad-

dock, however, Ervin forgot all about his new record. There was a spot of blood on the inside of the filly's right knee. “She brushed it in the race,” Frank said. “If she does it again she might break. I’ll have to try something.”

Ervin and Dr. Tom Duncan, his veterinarian, stood for a long time in front of Kerry Way's stall, talking quietly. Ervin finally decided to use protective knee boots for the second heat. “And I disagreed,” Duncan said later. “The filly had never worn knee boots in her life. Often when a trotter feels the boots the first time, he’ll go off stride and



Beating *Polaris* (No. 6) by three-quarters of a

into a pace, I didn't think it was worth taking that risk."

Dunkin was right by any standard but Ervin's. The trainer had everything to lose. If Kerry Way raced badly without the boots, no one would fault Ervin for staying with the equipment that won the first heat. But if she failed with the boots, he would have all the responsibility. "I must admit," Gaines said later, "that my father and I were pretty shocked when we saw her come out with knee boots. It took a lot of confidence for Frank to try them."

Ervin himself wasn't thinking about responsibility or confidence. He was worrying only about his horse. "I was scared to use the boots," he said, "but I was more scared to leave them off." So the boots stayed on. Kerry Way trotted well and Ervin was a winner, with a strong assist from an adventurous Swede named Olaf Widell.

Widell drove Shatter Way, the first

European to ever to come here for The Hambletonian. The colt was surprisingly fast, but the driver was just surprising. At the start of the first heat, he knocked Rocket Rodney off stride, then veered out into Governor Armbro. "Everywhere I tried to go," said Joe O'Brien, driver of Governor Armbro, "that Swedish horse would be inside me."

George Sholly, who drove Polaris, had a similar problem in the second heat. On the final turn Billy Houghton's Carlisle and Shatter Way were battling for the lead, with Kerry Way and Polaris behind them. Ervin steered Kerry Way into the clear; Sholly couldn't follow him in time. Widell's horse dropped back just enough to trap Sholly and Polaris along the rail, and by the time Sholly got free, Ervin had the heat won. Polaris closed with a rush to get within a neck of the winner, but Kerry Way trotted the second mile in 1:59½, giving

her a combined record time for a straight-heat victory.

"A lot of people were saying this was a weak field," Ervin said. "But if I set a record, and had to go all out to do it, there must have been something pretty good behind me. It was a good race."

Later John and Clarence Gaines sipped pink champagne at a victory party, while Frank Ervin sat on a red-and-green camp chair outside Kerry Way's stall, holding court with the citizens of rural Illinois.

"This is the big one to win," said Ervin. "Others give away more money, but they're not the same. I won a \$160,000 race at one of those New York raceways last year. They gave me a trophy and then kicked me right off the track so they could bring out a bunch of \$7,500 claimers for the next race. Out here you can relax and enjoy the feeling of winning a great race. You can feel, you know, right at home."

END



length in the first heat at Du Quoin, Kerry Way sets a Hambletonian record for fillies. Months later driver Ervin found himself on a serious dilemma

'Then I'll get the other pup,' Irving Berlin sang, 'the guy that gets the bugler up. . . ' In baseball, when things go wrong, the manager gets the blame, but if you want to find the other pup, go look for . . .

THE MEN WHO FIRE MANAGERS

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

The biggest penguins in sport are the managers of the 20 major league baseball teams. Compared to a baseball manager, a football coach has job tenure like a supreme-court justice. Of the 20 current managers, only six were in their present jobs two years ago and if the pattern continues, a solid bet would be that more than half of the 20 will be gone in another two years.

Who hires and fires these men in such a carefree, haphazard way? Why, the general managers, of course, the men who really run the big-league ball clubs. Some own the teams they direct, some have a financial interest, some are merely hired hands themselves. They operate under a cloak of relative obscurity, but they are the ones whose mistakes in planning and execution lead to failure on the field and, almost inevitably, to the departure of the manager who had been hired so optimistically a short time before. What manner of men are they?

Well, handsome and friendly John McHale of the Atlanta Braves became the youngest general manager in baseball late in 1957 when he took over the Tigers at the age of 35, but 21 months and a

lot of goodwill and bad trades later, he jumped to the Milwaukee Braves. There he inherited a team, built by John Quinn, that had won two pennants and a World Series, had not been worse than third in six years of Milwaukee residence and had, the year before McHale arrived, drawn 1,971,101 people to the ball park. Six seasons later the Braves were a consistent fifth-place team and attendance had tumbled as low as \$55,519. Perhaps the drop in attendance was inevitable in a city as small as Milwaukee, but it was helped by a series of public-relations blunders, including inept trades that did nothing to stop the club's decline as a National League power. Early in 1965 the Braves announced they were moving to Atlanta. McHale's lawn was littered with firecrackers and rotten eggs, and his wife and six children were harassed by obscene phone calls. The Braves were supposed to be stimulated into contention this year by the city of Atlanta, but the stimulation floundered on the reality of inadequate pitching. Four weeks ago McHale made the standard move and fired Manager Bohdy Brgan, but then the Braves made a non-standard move by bringing in help for the general manager. Paul Richards, who previously had been instrumental in developing the White Sox, the Orioles and the Astros, was given control of the farm system, a move many see as an initial step in Richards' taking over as general manager, with McHale remaining as team president. Nice guy John will make an excellent president.

Branch Rickey brought Bob Howsam and his foreclosure smile out of Denver to the St. Louis Cardinals back in 1964 as part of a palace revolution that startled the city of St. Louis and ultimately shocked the entire baseball world. With the Cardinals in fifth place in August of 1964, Owner Gusue Busch asked Bing Devine, then general manager, for his resignation along with that of Business Manager Art Rutzong. Howsam, who had twice been named Minor League Executive of the Year,



THE METS' GEORGE WEISS

came on from Colorado as the last build ever used by troubleshooter Rickey. After St. Louis had won both pennant and World Series, Manager Johnny Keane quit. When Rickey himself also fled in embarrassment, there stood Bob Howsam wearing a World Series ring that really belonged on the finger of Bing Devine. Under Howsam, the Cardinals finished seventh in 1965, and in the fall of the year he daringly traded away three-quarters of his All-Star infield—First Baseman Bill White, Shortstop Dick Groat and Third Baseman Ken Boyer. St. Louis fans were outraged, but Howsam explained his trades by saying that the Cards were entering a rebuilding program concentrating on youth, speed and pitching, and he begged patience. Howsam's new-look Cards came on strong at the end of spring training this year, but in the clear light of May they could be seen in ninth place. Feeling the wall against his back, Howsam traded again. Several teams had offered the Giants left-handed pitchers for Orlando Cepeda, but Howsam got him with Ray Sadecki, at the time of the trade the only Cardinal pitcher with a winning record. He seemed to be reversing his course from youth, speed and pitching, but Cepeda's presence gave the speed a chance to function and made the other hitters harder to pitch around. The Cardinals began to climb toward respectability (they got as high as fourth in July), and the fans and Gus-



THE CARDS' BOB HOWSAM

sie Busch fell in love with Orlando (Gussie puts his fingers in his mouth and whistles when Cepeda comes to bat). The crowds poured into the new stadium in downtown St. Louis, and before the end of August the Cardinals had set a new home-attendance record. Moreover, each of the four Cardinal farm teams was in first place. After the most unpromising start a general manager ever had, Howsam was sitting pretty. Give him a Houdini medal for escaping early extinction, a round of Budweiser for imagination and a case of Bush Bavarian for sheer guts.

In olden, golden days, stolid, unsmiling George Weiss used to sit still and make the trades that insured pennant after pennant for the Yankees. But he grew old, and the Yanks let him out. He went over to the Mets, where he did a bad job of picking players in the expansion draft, and he had to let the New York press and Shea Stadium make his terrible team a gate attraction. He did, however, hire Casey Stengel, who covered the blunders in a fog of words. Give George credit for not stepping on a good thing. And if he retires this winter (to be succeeded by Bing Devine), give him a big wave with a Rod Kanehl banner.

Buzzie Bavasi of the Los Angeles Dodgers got Relief Pitcher Phil Regan (12-1 as the season entered its last month) from the Tigers this year for Infielder Dick Tracewski (.231 lifetime batting average). It was only the latest in a series of shrewd manipulations that mark Bavasi as the best general manager in baseball (the most patient, too: he has had the same field manager for 13 seasons). The Dodgers have won more games and attracted bigger crowds the past five years than any other team. All five Dodger farms are currently in the first division, and Bavasi has also helped, inadvertently, to build a strong junior varsity in Washington for his former first baseman, Gil Hodges. Possibly Bavasi's far-seeing eye sees Hodges as his manager after Walter Alton retires.

The way the general-manager system works in San Francisco is simple: Vice President Chub Feeney, a cigar-smoking Dartmouth man who is Owner Horace Stoncham's nephew, does all the work a general manager does, and then Horace says, "No." Or "Yes." Whatever it

is, Horace has the last word. The method has worked miraculously well in the past, but this season it produced one of the great lemons in baseball-trading history. Manager Herman Franks was all set to trade Orlando Cepeda to the Cubs for left-hander Dick Ellsworth, a solid starting pitcher. Horace said, "No." In May the Giants worked out another Cepeda trade, this one with the Cardinals for left-hander Ray Sadecki, an unsolid starting pitcher. This time Horace said, "Yes." Cepeda's hitting turned St. Louis into a team; Sadecki's pitching won two games for the Giants in 3½ months.

Joe L. Brown of the Pittsburgh Pirates stood at a bar this winter with Ralph Houk, then the Yankee general manager, and the two agreed to make a trade involving Bob Friend. Houk sent a list of players to Brown and from it, after talking to several people (including deposed Yankee Pitching Coach Cot Deal), Joe selected Relief Pitcher Pete Mikkelsen. Friend did nothing for the Yanks and was sold for money to the Mets, who do not need money. Mikkelsen has won eight games for the Pirates and saved nine others. Joe is more handsome and less funny than his comedian father, though he has made some hilarious deals in the past (like trading away Dick Groat in 1962 for Julio Gotay and Don

Cardwell). But he has his team fighting for the pennant, and you can't laugh that off.

Bill DeWitt of the Cincinnati Reds made a slight mistake between the closing of last season and the opening of this one. On paper, trading Frank Robinson for a couple of pitchers and an outfielder didn't look too bad, but *ugh!* Cincinnati has been wallowing most of the year while Robinson, almost certain to be named the American League's Most Valuable Player, is winning a pennant for Baltimore. Bill still feels that maybe next year the trade will look a little better. That's next year. This year DeWitt is making baseball history: only once before has a team traded a man who became an MVP for someone else the next season (that was when high-salaried Rogers Hornsby was sent from the Braves to the Cubs back in 1928).

Give them a chance and the people in Philadelphia would boo a funeral. John Quinn made Milwaukee the strongest team in the league in the 1950s but resigned and moved to the Phillies, who were a chronic last-place club. Quinn shook up the farm system, made an unbelievable number of good trades and developed the Phils into a consistent contender. And still the people boo. Their favorite target nowadays is Manager

continued



MINNESOTA 5 CALVIN GRIFFITH

Gene Mauch, but Quinn stuck with Mauch through a 23-game losing streak in 1961 (which could have got him thrown out of the general managers' union). It would be an upset if Quinn quit on Mauch now.

Only 32, Tal Smith is officially no more than the Director of Personnel for the Houston Astros, but he has many of the duties of a general manager. Almost unknown, Smith has been with the Houston club since its beginnings, and he helped select players for the club in the expansion draft of 1961. He was shunted aside when Paul Richards took over, but Owner Roy Hofheinz kept Smith around as his personal adviser and liaison man with the Astrodome architects. When Richards and Hofheinz had a disagreement and Richards left the Houston organization, Smith filled the vacuum. It's a big vacuum.

Ever since Leo Durocher arrived in Chicago he has been pointing to the future, and dutiful General Manager John Holland has gone and dug up the young bones. The Cubbies are abounding, and the average age of the team has dropped sharply since Leo's arrival. Owner Phil Wrigley now seems content to let Holland and Durocher do the job which he, Wrigley, kept gumming up in the past. But as long as Leo is manager, Holland will find himself reflecting Leo's views in the front office.

Currently, Calvin Griffith of the Minnesota Twins is generally regarded as the toughest man in baseball to trade with. Other general managers maintain that Calvin places far too high a price on his players. After the team and Calvin and his family (Griffith is surrounded by relatives in the Twins' front office)

moved from low-attendance Washington to high-attendance Minnesota in 1961, there was at last enough money in the club treasury to maneuver with Calvin quickly maneuvered to a pennant in 1965, but the blame for Minnesota's failure to repeat as champions can be traced to Griffith's reluctance to trade for sound defensive infielders. He will have to deal over the winter, but he probably will remain as stubborn and unyielding as ever.

The most spectacular trade in years—in which the Baltimore Orioles got Frank Robinson from Cincinnati—was actually set up by Lee MacPhail just before he left the team to accept baseball's mandate to help new Commissioner William Eckert learn about baseball. But the decision to go ahead with it was made by MacPhail's successor, 38-year-old Harry Dalton, who as farm director had made the Orioles' minor league chain one of the best in the game (four of their six teams are currently in the first division). Then Dalton traded for Relief Pitcher Eddie Fisher to further bolster an already strong relief staff. But the pitching has been sagging and so have the Orioles, and if they lose the World Series because of the pitching, what does Dalton do next?

The biggest mistake that Gabe Paul of the Cleveland Indians made was going along one year too long with his old friend, Manager Birdie Tebbets. Birdie has definite theories on pitchers, and he stuck with them even when the staff became a shambles of grumbling and confusion. Gabe paid the price of loyalty, though he was doing it on a short bankroll. He also had to try to build up attendance in a town that seems disenfranchised with baseball, and Gabe had a lot of his own money invested in the Indians. Birdie agreed to retire, and Paul was able to sell his interest to Vernon Stouffer, a man who will keep the team in Cleveland and also keep Gabe on as general manager. Paul will always be remembered as the man who brought Rocky Colavito back to the Indians, just as Frank Lane is remembered there as the man who traded him away. The Colavito trade was costly because Paul had to give up Tommy John, John Romano and Tommie Agee for him, but it was a brave trade; because of it, attendance rose nearly 300,000 and saved the franchise for Cleveland until Paul could come up with a buyer

who could afford to keep the team there.

Who messed up the Boston Red Sox the most? It seems to be a tie between Tom Yawkey, for his role as The Over-indulgent Owner, and former Manager and General Manager Mike Higgins, for his role as The Bad Tradedmaker. Now rookie General Manager Haywood Sullivan, 35, is shaking up the club, and attendance is up in Boston. Even though the Sox have spent most of the season in last place, the team shows fair promise, and three of its five farm clubs are in the first division.

As for the New York Yankees, who is the general manager? Dan Topping Jr.? Let's skip this and get on to more serious matters.

Ed Short of the Chicago White Sox is a man of butterscotch shirts and magenta slacks who sits each day in the press box at Comiskey Park reading the out-of-town papers for stray bits of baseball information. He rose from White Sox statistician to general manager and has worked for Chuck Comiskey, Frank Lane, Hank Greenberg, Bill Veck and Arthur Allyn. Some say that he also worked for Al Lopez when Lopez was the team's field manager and guiding genius. After Lopez retired, he and Short tried to convince Owner Arthur Allyn to hire Mayo Smith as manager, but Allyn balked, and Eddie Stanky was the compromise selection. This year Short did not get the second baseman he needed in April until June, when he traded Eddie Fisher for Baltimore's Jerry Adair. Short tends to overrate the Sox pitching staff, which, while good, isn't good enough to carry a basically punchless team. Even though he wanted to stop playing it because the fans didn't seem to respond to it, Short still stands respectfully for *The Star-Spangled Banner*.

Fred Haney of California has done an outstanding job of building the expansion-club Angels into a contender. A former manager should be entitled to the second guess, but Haney does not interfere with his manager, Bill Rygien. Instead, he spends his time developing young players and picking up established ones at bargain prices. His blue eyes are constantly poring over baseball's waiver lists in search of an old player who can be rehabilitated. This year, re-treads Jack Sanford (37) and Lou Burdette (39) have a combined record of 20-6 for the Angels, and Rick Reichardt (23) was the best young player in the

continued



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league before he underwent surgery.

Charlie Finley had three general managers in his first five years at Kansas City, if you are willing to include Insurance Man Pat Friday. Now he has Ed Lopat, and have you noticed how quiet Finley has been this year? Amazing. No donkey-riding, no moving the team to Louisville, no bus-burnings. Could it be that Lopat has convinced Charlie that winning is the thing? Lopat got three hustling young defensive outfielders for the A's this year in Jim Gosger, Danny Cater and Joe Noveck—just the kind that help a young pitching staff. The A's are currently the youngest team in the American League, and five—count 'em, five—of their six farm clubs are in the first division. Even his worst enemy will admit that when it comes to signing young players the toughest man to beat is Charlie O. In any case, to Eddie Lopat, who rendered unto the American League almost a full year of Finleyan silence, give anything he wishes.

The Detroit Tigers have had a perennial reputation as the dark horse of the American League. This season, under Manager Charlie Dressen, they were supposed to be the real thing, but Charlie's death and the serious illness of his replacement, Bob Swift, have turned 1966 into a bewildering year for the Tigers. General Manager Jim Campbell, a friendly man, is now confronted with the problem of finding a manager who, like Dressen, can handle pitchers and control this sometimes difficult ball club. If Jim finds the right man, his future is bright. If he does not, his name in Detroit will be as popular as Edsel.

Most of the trading done by George Selkirk of the Washington Senators has been with the Dodgers, and one of his first moves was to get former Dodger Gil Hodges as his manager. The team, though still a member in good standing of the league's Underprivileged Class, has definitely improved the last three years. Selkirk is one of the few men ever to get the best of Buzze Bavasi in a trade—Pete Richert, Phil Ortega, Frank Howard, Dick Nen and Ken McMillen have meant a lot more to the Senators the past two seasons than John Kennedy and Claude Osteen have to the Dodgers. Score Selkirk good on trades, bad on farm teams (only one minor league club is in the first division) and awful on income. The Senators will draw only about 650,000 people this year.

END



no matter
what happens
to it
nothing
happens
to it

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When the Golden Boy challenges the Golden Girl in prime time on television this Saturday night, professional football will find out, suddenly, whether it is true that most of TV viewers in the nation would rather watch Paul Hornung than Miss Wisconsin.

As Hornung leads the champion Green Bay Packers of the National Football League against the Baltimore Colts in the season opener in Milwaukee, Miss Wisconsin will be on another network in the Miss America contest, the television show with the highest rating of them all. It looks like Hornung and the other pro stars—Jim Taylor and Bart Starr of Green Bay and Johnny Unitas and the fine Colt receivers—should outdraw Miss America, whoever she turns out to be. The game is a rematch of the bitter Western Division playoff last season—except that this time Unitas and his supersubstitute, Gary Cuozzo, are in good health, and Green Bay has the gold-dust twins, Donny Anderson and Jim Grabowski, to go with the Golden Boy.

This is, of course, the first season of peace between the National and American leagues after five years of warfare—and it's wonderful, at least for the owners. Many details of the merger remain to be settled but, unless there is a major hitch, the leagues will join in a common draft in January and stage a world championship game between their champions. They will also save sacksful of money on baby-sitters, long-distance telephone calls, entertainment of college football coaches

continued

and star players, and rookie bonuses.

Sometime in the next two or three weeks two new franchises will be awarded—one in the NFL and one in the AFL. Three cities are in the running—New Orleans, Seattle and Cincinnati. New Orleans is the leading contender, with Seattle next and Cincinnati the outsider. New Orleans has made plans to build a domed stadium by 1968 and in the meantime can offer the 81,585-seat Tulane Sugar Bowl. Seattle has access to the University of Washington stadium (capacity 55,500) and will build a new arena of its own if the voters approve the idea this month. While Cincinnati also has plans for a new stadium, it can offer only Crosley Field (capacity 29,603) as an interim site. Look for New Orleans and Seattle to win the NFL and AFL franchises, respectively.

New Orleans is also the likeliest site for the supergame, the playoff between the champions of the two leagues. The city seems to fulfill all requirements: it is neutral, it is warm, it has an acceptable stadium in the Sugar Bowl and it has already demonstrated enthusiasm for pro football. If a clincher is needed, New Orleans is not a major television market. Since the city in which the game will be played will be blacked out, that is an important consideration. The only rival site appears to be the Rose Bowl in Pasadena. The Rose Bowl seats more people (100,423) than the Sugar Bowl, but it has disadvantages. The Los Angeles area is NFL country and is also a major television market which the supergame's sponsoring network (not yet selected) would be loth to black out.

The tentative nature of the pro merger may linger until the game gets the legislation it wants from Congress to make it exempt from antitrust actions. The so-called Sports Bill, written to that end, is not likely to be enacted in this session. Pete Rozelle, commissioner of the National Football League and commissioner-to-be of the joint leagues, has spent most of his time recently in Washington lobbying for a special bill to give legal status to a common draft. So far he has not been successful. Meanwhile, a joint committee of the two leagues has met once to consider a new constitution and to iron out minor problems. Committee members are Texas Schramm, Dan Reeves and Carroll Rosenbloom of the NFL and Lamar Hunt, Billy Sullivan and Ralph Wilson Jr. of the AFL. Ro-

zelle himself is a nonvoting member.

Some of their problems are not minor, however. As a starter, which network will be awarded the supergame? The NFL might have a claim to the game for its network, CBS, on the basis of seniority. But it is unlikely that NBC would agree. And both NBC and CBS have valid claims to a reduction in the enormous fees they pay for the championship games. The interleague championship certainly diminishes the value of the latter to the networks and the fans, if not the team owners.

Luckily, the game itself is played under essentially the same rules in both leagues, aside from one major point—the extra one. AFL teams have the college-style option of kicking for one point or throwing or running for two after a touchdown. It seems an exciting addition to the game and something that the NFL could well afford to concede.

All of this talk of mergers, lobbies, prime-time television and joint committees smacks of big business, and necessarily so. Pro football has become very big business. This year the NFL has drawn nearly a million and a half spectators to preseason games, setting a record for the sixth straight year. Regular-season attendance last year reached a handsome 83% of capacity in the 14 NFL stadiums, and crowds for 1966, even with the big new parks in St. Louis and the expansion city, Atlanta, should be still closer to capacity. A year ago the NFL went into action with 475,000 season tickets sold, for 1966 the total will be crowding 550,000. Forty-five thousand of these were sold to the football-happy Atlanta fans. Total seating capacity in the NFL for the season has been raised from 5,600,000 to 6,100,000.

And then there is television revenue, with its history of sharp upward spurts at moments of contract renewal. This year, for the first time, the NFL is lifting its blackout of cities where games are being played and beaming in outside games. There will be six NFL games on national TV, double the number of a year ago, and eight TV doubleheaders. The AFL continues a heavy television schedule and has also succumbed to the temptation of ending the home blackout.

Beginning its sixth year of operation, the junior league has come of age. Its long-term TV contract with NBC has purchased its survival. AFL attendance and season-ticket statistics have also

grown impressively. Season-ticket sales (nearly 200,000) are running 25% ahead of 1965. Then the league set an attendance record of 1,782,384, but with the addition of a new club—the Miami Dolphins—and a new 53,000-seat stadium in Oakland, total attendance could easily reach 2.5 million in 1966. The biggest surge in season-ticket sales comes from Kansas City, where Lamar Hunt's Chiefs sold more than 21,000. Last year only 9,550 were sold. (The New York Jets lead the league with 43,000.)

The final merger, with interlocking schedules and the leagues integrated into two two-division conferences, cannot take place until 1970, but this prospect has already sent franchise values up. Stock in the Boston Patriots soared to twice its previous value when peace was declared. The San Diego Chargers, a club Barron Hilton had on the market for a couple of years with no takers, was snapped up for a record \$10 million last month by a syndicate headed by Eugene Klein, president of a chain of theaters. Klein will keep the Chargers in San Diego, despite rumors that he intended to install the club in Anaheim as co-tenant with the California Angels.

If the Chargers are worth that, then the value of such old, established franchises as the New York Giants and the Cleveland Browns is staggering to contemplate. This raises a question. Will increasing television exposure, the voracious demand for talent as the leagues expand and pro football's aggressive hunt for still more revenue endanger the future of the game? This is the game launched by men like George Halas, who went into it not for money but for fun. Most early NFL owners were happy to write off their clubs as deductible hobbies.

Now that wild prosperity has come, owners should pause and reflect. There is as yet no indication that the public has had a surfeit of pro football, although it is heavily televised from late summer until mid-January. But the TV industry is pressing for still more—more games per season and more commercials per game. Other sports—notably basketball and boxing—were wounded by unlimited television. Pro football still seems to be some distance from the saturation point, but the warning signals are there.

After all, Miss America has survived for a long time on only one appearance a year.

CONTINUED

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THE BEARS COME BLASTING IN

Challenging Chicago has a trio of Bears who will feast upon many NFL opponents. The hungriest Bear of them all is Quarterback Rudy Bukich

The odds against a rookie winning a starting position on a veteran professional football team are about the same as the odds against the new Atlanta Falcons winning the National Football League championship this year. The odds against two rookies are incalculably high, and it clearly is impossible for two rookies to make the same team in the same season and also be chosen All-League.

After a quarterback has spent 10 years in the NFL without creating a noticeable ripple, it is virtually beyond hope for him ever to become a starter. And if he spent 10 years on the phones to the coaches in the press box while worthy teammates ran the club, you could hardly expect him to lead the NFL in passing.

If all these unlikely things happen to one team in one season, you have the equivalent of three successive winning wheels on the 13 on a double-zero roulette wheel in Las Vegas: in other words, the Chicago Bears in 1965.

Gale Sayers scored 22 touchdowns in his rookie season, finished second to Jim Brown in rushing and was a unanimous All-Pro. Dick Butkus moved into one of the most difficult defensive jobs in football—middle linebacker—and uprooted Bill George and played the position so well that he was on the Pro Bowl team.

Most significant for Chicago championship hopes, 34-year-old Rudy Bukich, who paved USC to a 7-0 Rose Bowl victory over Wisconsin in the long,

long ago, came off the bench in the middle of the third game of the year to take over the Bear offense and lead the NFL in passing. Everyone knew about Sayers and Butkus last year, but most people think John Brodie won the passing championship. Yet if the Bears should win the NFL title this year, it will be due primarily to the abilities of erstwhile benchwarmer Rudolph Andrew Bukich (overseer). Sayers and Butkus are hack and probably even more effective than they were a year ago, but Bukich was—and still is—the key to the Bears. He is a handsome man, and an intelligent one, with black hair and blue eyes. He has a master's degree in education administration and is working toward a doctorate. Rumor has it that his fabulous arm can fling a football 100 yards through the air, but he denies this, and no one has ever seen him do it. But he can do everything else and he has everything else—accuracy, maturity, judgment, and he just may be worth John Brodie's million-dollar salary.

It is a curious fact that Bukich was the Los Angeles Rams' No. 1 draft choice in 1953, while the man he replaced at Chicago, Billy Wade, was the Rams' first pick in 1952. George Halas, Chicago's owner-coach, had been infatuated with Wade. Billy is an exemplary man and, in the technical sense, a fine quarterback. He can throw a ball accurately a long way—but not as far as Bukich can. Wade is a devout member of his

church and does not drink, curse or use tobacco. Yet in his 12 years as a quarterback Wade has not been a winner.

True, the Bears won the NFL championship in 1963 with Wade at quarterback, but that season the defense gave up only 10 points a game, and your maiden Aunt Jesse provided she could throw a football 20 yards, could have been the Bear quarterback. As it was, the Chicago offense averaged only 22 points a game that year.

The next season, as Bukich sat on the bench, the Bears dropped from first place to sixth in the West. It was early in 1965 that Bukich was given the opportunity to take over the Bear attack. Wade was hurt, and Halas' only other alternative was to play second-year man Larry Rakestraw.

Bukich's invitation to glory came in a disastrous September. The Bears had lost their first two games and were trailing Green Bay 20-0 in the third quarter when Bukich pulled on his navy-blue helmet and strode up behind the Chicago center, Mike Pyle. From that moment he was No. 1. Under his guidance the Bears won the second half of the game by a score of 14-3 in the 23-14 loss. With Bukich in command, Chicago became the sensation of the West, winning nine of the next 11 games and finishing a powerful third to Green Bay and Baltimore.

It had been a long, rough journey up. When I was ready to turn pro I was in

continued

GALE SAYERS: A DAZZLINGLY SWIFT AND DECEPTIVE RUNNER WHO ALSO THROWS AND CATCHES PASSES, STRIDES PAST A COLT TACKLER ON WAY TO A LONG GAIN

a quandary," Bukich says. "I wanted the Rams to draft me. I wanted to play in Southern California, and I was a Ram fan. At the same time I kind of wanted to be drafted somewhere else, because I knew that I would not get much of a chance to play in Los Angeles. The Ram quarterbacks were Norm Van Brocklin and Bob Waterfield, and I didn't really expect to take over from them."

Nor did he. After a season on the Ram bench he served a two-year Army hitch, leading Fort Ord to the national service championship. When he returned he was still low man on the Rams, behind Van Brocklin and Wade, and he played very little.

"At least," he says, "Hamp Pool, the Ram coach, took a lot of interest in me. He talked tactics to me, and I learned from him."

Bukich stayed with the Rams until 1958, earning a small reputation for the power of his arm, but he was not an accurate passer. "He could throw the ball a mile," says a Ram coach of those days. "I heard that he could throw it from one goal line to the other, but we never asked him to do that. A guy could throw his arm right out of the park with a football like that. But he had some arm. I saw him flick a ball 80 yards in the air once in practice. I mean, he dropped back and it looked like it was all wrist—a flick—and the ball went 80 yards. I didn't believe it."

In Chicago, Halas got an itch to own that arm. "We heard how strong he was," Halas says, "and when he became available we traded for him." Bukich went to the Bears at the beginning of the 1959 season. He discovered that Chicago was oversupplied with quarterbacks, with three other QBs under contract: Ed Brown, George Blanda and Zeke Bratkowski. Halas shipped him to the Pittsburgh Steelers.

"Mr. Halas told me it was only temporary," Bukich recalls. "He said he would get me back in a couple of years. I didn't believe it at the time, but he was true to his word."

Bukich spent the 1960 and 1961 seasons with the Steelers, sitting through much of 1960 but playing most of the following year when Bobby Layne, the resident quarterback, was injured.

"By then," says Bukich, "I thought I was ready. It takes five or six years, and I had put in the time. I learned from Van Brocklin and Layne. Not that either

of them went out of his way to help me. I mean just watching them operate. Van Brocklin was the best passer I ever saw. He got rid of the ball quick. He couldn't run, but in a small area his feet were so fast that he could avoid the pass rush. He was like Layne in running a club—in complete control. Both of them knew exactly what to expect from every defense and they knew how to pick them apart."

It was back to the Bears for Bukich in 1962—and back to the bench. "My development as a quarterback was not a matter of trial and error," he says somewhat ruefully. "At least I wasn't thrown in there as a rookie to make or break myself, the way Norm Snead was with the Chicago Cardinals and Fran Tarkenton was at Minnesota. That can be disastrous to a young player. Look at the beating Snead and McHan took in their rookie seasons. Tarkenton survived because he is a scrambler and because he has an ex-quarterback as a coach. Van Brocklin understands a quarterback's problems."

Bukich continued. "But it seems that I was always going into a game under special circumstance. We were either so far ahead that I went in to hold down the score or so far behind that I went in to throw bombs for quick scores. I almost never played to a regular game plan."

That changed abruptly last year, of course, when Bukich got hold of the Bears and never let go. "The Bear offense is more complicated than most," says Bukich in his professorial way, "but I have been able to assimilate it. I enjoy that part of football. Our research shows that a team has the ball on offense about 13 times in a typical game. That is, it makes no mistakes. If your defense can take the ball away from the other team six or seven times by interceptions, recovering fumbles, stopping them on third-down plays or on blocked kicks, then the ratio swings significantly in your favor. We have the kind of defense that can often give the offense that edge."

"A good memory for plays is essential for a quarterback, but it isn't everything. If that were the only thing, anyone with a memory and a reasonable arm could be a quarterback. The trick is to know when to use a play—for example, when to repeat a successful play. The repeat time varies with the team you play. A smart, veteran defense like Green Bay's adjusts quickly. If a play works once

maybe you come back to it against the Packers one more time, but probably not a third."

The Colts are also quick to read a repeat. I remember watching movies of a St. Louis-Baltimore game where the Cardinal quarterback was working a little flat pass into the linebacker's area whenever he saw the corner linebacker coming on a blitz. He burned them a couple of times and then pushed his luck and tried a third time. This time the Colts dropped a tackle off into the danger area, and the tackle intercepted the pass. From the stands it probably looked like a freak interception by a lineman, but it was the logical result of a bad repeat-play call."

Bukich has also put much thought and preparation into his plans for the future beyond pro football. He has spent six off seasons teaching in high schools in Illinois and Los Angeles. Recently he has worked as a television sports commentator for an ABC station in Chicago. "Football is not my career," he says. "I will take a long look at the situation after this season and decide how much longer I want to play. It will not be many more years, because the time has come for me to consider the long term. I am getting behind on my work toward the Ph.D. I have come to the point where I cannot keep that up and play football too. If we have a good season, then maybe I'll play one more year."

Be assured that Bukich is thinking diligently about football at this moment, not education, and do not be surprised if he is the very best quarterback in the league. There was nothing Bukich about his performance in 1965, when he ranked first statistically. He had only nine of 312 passes intercepted, testimony to the accuracy he has acquired in his mature years. (Not long ago a Bear coach watched Bukich on the practice field throwing at a goalpost from the 50-yard line. "He hit it three times in a row," the coach said. "That's good enough for me.") Rudy's average gain passing was second only to Johnny Unitas, which means that he did not compile his statistical record merely on short, easily completed tosses.

Billy Wade, who probably would not have threatened Bukich anyway, underwent an operation for torn ligaments in his knee in the off season and, though he can play, he apparently has not made a complete recovery. Rakestraw, the

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youngster, is still an untired apprentice.

Bukich begins the season with two elements indispensable to an outstanding passing record—a fine set of receivers and an offensive line that excels at pass-blocking. "I'm a pocket passer," Bukich says, "and that great line gives me plenty of time to unload the ball."

In Johnny Morris, the little Chicago flanker, and Mike Ditka, the massive tight end, Bukich has two of football's best targets. Morris stands only 5 feet 10 and weighs just 180 pounds, but he is a very sophisticated receiver. "Give me one of those big old boys like Boyd Dowler of Green Bay every time," a veteran defensive back said last year after spending a long afternoon watching Morris pull down passes in his territory. "I can go with them. But this guy has got too much quack."

Ditka, of course, is the best tight end in the league, both as a blocker and as a receiver. He is built like a tall fireplug (6 feet 3, 230), but he has surprising speed. "He doesn't just block linebackers," says Don Currie, the former Packer now playing for the Rams. "He buries them."

Dick Gordon, the spread end, brings additional speed to the Bear receiving corps. Sayers, besides being an exceptional runner, is also an extraordinarily sure-handed pass catcher.

On his trickier days Bukich not only throws to Sayers but lets him pass—left-handed—too. This diverts little attention from the halfback's magical legs. He is the born runner that comes along once in a generation. "When I'm carrying the ball," the former Kansas All-America says, "there isn't any play going through my mind. When I come to a tackler I don't think, 'Now fake one way and out the other.' My feet just go. I don't think about it at all. I just do it, and I don't really know how. Where my feet go, I go."

Sayers' feet went so far last season that he was Rookie of the Year in the NFL almost by acclamation. When he was not ripping out big gains from scrimmage he was making dazzling kick returns. His day of days was December 12 in Chicago, when he followed those golden feet to six touchdowns in the Bears' 61-20 victory over San Francisco. That performance matched the single-game record for touchdowns held by Ernie Nevers (1929) and Dub Jones (1951). It began with a little screen pass from Bukich

that Sayers carried 80 yards farther, romped on with runs of 1, 7, 21 and 50 yards and concluded with a socko 85-yard punt return in the fourth quarter.

Nearly every week brought a phenomenal play. Early in October it was an 80-yard carry with a short flare pass against the Rams. The following week Sayers rambled 96 yards against the Vikings on a kickoff return. There was a 62-yard punt runback in the second Packer game as the Bears avenged their defeat in the first game. There was a fifty 61-yard tear around left end against Baltimore. Ultimately Sayers finished second only to Jim Brown in rushing, with 867 yards, piled up 660 yards on kickoff returns and 238 yards on punt returns and gained another 507 as a pass receiver.

The Chicago running game would be even more impressive if young Andy Livingston, a 234-pound fullback from Phoenix Junior College, had not suffered a leg injury last month. Livingston, a sleeper in the Bear camp three years ago, was regarded as sort of a larger Sayers. He has more speed for a short distance, but he is not as agile as Sayers, who, now that Jim Brown has retired, may be the top running back in football.

Livingston will not be back this season, but even so, the Bears will run well enough. Ronnie Bull, Joe Maroon and Jon Arnett are all experienced and capable. Charlie Bivins, another veteran running back, has been shifted out to tight end behind Ditka, giving the Bears needed depth at that position. Opening the way for the running backs and providing protection for Bukich is that tremendous offensive line, which has been well coached by Abe Gibson.

"They adjust to new situations very quickly," says Bukich admiringly. "And Abe is one of the best I ever saw at staying ahead of the defenses. He picks up changes in defensive tactics immediately, and he has taught the offensive line to do the same thing. Let's face it, every quarterback in the league needs help. When I hand the ball off, my back is to the line. I don't know what's going on behind me. My play selections depend a good deal on what my linemen and the other offensive players tell me about the defense. They have to read the tricks and report, and they have to be right."

To go with this formidable offense, the Bears have a defense that is somewhat younger than the grudging 1963

team but potentially as good. Like that one, this defense is built around a murderous middle linebacker. George, who held up the middle in 1963, has moved on to the Rams; now, of course, Butkus is in the middle. Butkus is a superstar of the magnitude of a Sayers, a Jim Brown, a Ray Nitschke. He has exceptionally quick reactions which allow him to make a mistake and recover in time to correct it, the speed to hurt receivers on pass defense and immense power. In a game last year Butkus destroyed the Los Angeles offense almost singlehanded.

Joe Fortunato is a veteran corner linebacker who calls defensive signals. At the other corner the Bears have had Larry Morris for a long time. Now Morris has retired. Jim Purnell, in his third season, seems a good replacement, but the Bears are not deep in linebackers and a key injury here could be damaging. The defensive line is both good and deep. Dick Evey, Doug Atkins, Bob Kilcullen and Ed O'Bradovich are big and experienced and help is available from a 285-pound rookie from Granblum, Frank Cornish. The deep defenders are exceptional. Bennie McRae, Richie Pettibon, Roosevelt Taylor and Dave Whitsett are alumni of the 1963 championship team and have improved with age.

Says one Bear coach, reflecting the mood of the team: "I think we probably have the best 22 players in the league." He may be right, but the championship is usually won by the team with the best 40 players, and that team is Green Bay. Baltimore, too, seems to have greater depth than Chicago. If the Bears are lucky and can avoid key injuries, they certainly are talented enough to win the championship. If they have the normal number of injuries, a third-place finish is likely.

So much depends upon Bukich. He is not a demonstrative man. Colorful is not an adjective you would apply to him. But in him, slowly and painstakingly absorbed during the years of exile, is the stuff of a champion. Bukich is the son of a St. Louis crane operator, and among his most vivid memories is that of a visit to the steel mill where his father worked, dipping molten metal and pouring it with thunderous delicacy into a series of molds. "I could," he says, "barely stand the heat."

The heat is on as he begins his 12th season as a pro, but don't worry about Rudy; just sit back and watch him pour.

CONTINUED

If Rose's is made for gimlets,
what's it doing in a daiquiri?



Our tropical limes are pickle lovers.
Mix with gin. Perfect love. Ecstasy. Mix with rum.
Why, it's as good as with gin! (Oh cruel, pickle, West
Indian lime.)

Perhaps the tropics have something to do with it? Maybe the hot Caribbean sun and the caressing sea breezes make our fat, luscious limes kind of restless. They are certainly the most devilish limes ever squeezed into a bottle. Their tart-sweet taste just seems to bring out the calypso in the most prudish of ingredients.

We'll continue to put the gimlet recipe on the Rose's Lime Juice bottle, like always. One part Rose's to 4 or 5 parts gin or vodka. Then we'll sit back and wait the "Dear John" letters that go something like this: 2 parts light rum, 1 part Rose's, a dash of sugar, makes the best daiquiri I ever had.

Sorry, gin. Poor gin.

GREEN BAY PACKERS

The Packers are those against whom all others are measured. Last year they won the championship by the skin of their teeth, and despite an offense that often seemed to be at the point of breaking down; but win they did. This year they will win it with more style and polish. More than any other team, Green Bay has the elusive quality of character—a willingness to play as well as possible for as long as necessary—and this season the squad is deeper, stronger, fitter. The Packers themselves know that they are going to win. "I figure the West will be tougher than ever this year," says Jerry Kramer, the Green Bay right guard. "It will be a delight among four, maybe five, teams." "Right," says the other Packer guard, Fuzzy Thurston. "We could lose two more games than we did in '65 and still win it." The one absolute in Fuzzy's analysis, of course, is that Green Bay will win.

Last year Thurston and Kramer were hurt for part of the season, and Forrest Gregg, perhaps the most skillful of all offensive tackles, was shifted temporarily to guard. When Kramer and Thurston came back and Gregg returned to his old position the sputtering offense began to regain its old power and slickness. The offense also was helped by the steady improvement of young Ken Bowman at center and by the substitution of Bill Anderson for the inconsistent Marv Fleming at tight end. The Packers' late-season offensive form has carried over into 1966. "A lot of critics," says Hallback Paul Hornung, "were pointing to 1965 as the end of the line for Paul Hornung—at least until the championship game. I was accused of bating plays and generally wearing out Well, that wasn't so. It was the whole offense. We didn't get the smoothness and precision that the Packer style requires until Coach Lombardi made those changes. Another year or two and I'll retire, but I want to go out while I'm on top."

It is known that Hornung and the Packers' punting fullback, Jim Taylor, are in unusually fine condition (SI, Aug. 22), partly due to the arrival of the bonus rookies Donny Anderson and Jim Grabowski. The veteran Elijah Pitts, while not as rich, can run, too. Quarterback Bart Starr is always at top shape and prepared to frisk the defenses with his intelligent play selections.

Wide receivers Boyd Dowler and Max McGee may be slowing down, but that merely proves speed isn't everything. In preseason games they were sensational. Anderson can block as well as catch, and if anybody lets Split End Carroll Dale go downfield just mark it as a touchdown.

If there is anything more dispiriting than trying to prevent the Packer offense from pecking out first downs and touchdowns as steadily as a woodpecker drills holes in a dead elm tree, it is looking for mercy from the Packer defense. Mrs. Lombardi's mother would get a concussion from these gentlemen. End Willie Davis, 32, and Tackle Henry Jordan, 31, are elderly smashers who think pen life begins at 30. Their younger colleagues on the front four, 260-pound Tackle Ron Kieselink, and 245-pound End Lionel Alcindore are getting to be as mean as Davis and Jordan.

But if there is a man other teams really love to hate it is Ray Nitschke, center linebacker, the Frisch von Strathem of foot football. Left Linebacker Dave Robinson is said to be the most improved player on the team—which means you had better carry a black-jack if you run at him. Lee Roy Calley on the right side is just as quick to anger.

Next we come to the secondary, which picks up the pieces that the line and linebackers let through. This is the unit that intercepted 27 passes last year. Three of the steals were for touchdowns by Herb Adderley, who has a tendency to guess and jump—and usually he guesses right. Free Safety Willie Wood is more conservative but no more inclined to let anyone pass against him. Adderley's corner back mate, Bob Jeter, and the other safety, Tom Brown, complete an exceptional defensive backfield.

Then there is Doc Chandler, punter and place kicker extraordinary. Baltimore fans still do not accept the Chandler field goal that tied the Colts and sent the playoff game into sudden death overtime last year, but Chandler kicks enough undisputed goals to be an asset to any team.

It's hard to put too much stress on the unanimous Packer desire to excel. Linebacker Calley has a roommate, Tom Crutcher, who would like to play Calley's position. "Due of these days," Crutcher tells his roommate, "you're going to get hurt. Nothing

continued

JIM TAYLOR, THE INCOMPARABLE PACKER FULLBACK, HAMMERS INTO A LUNGING DETROIT LION DEFENSE





serious, mind you, but just enough so that I take over." Then Crutcher says, "And you're never going to get back in."

People who trace this way of thinking to the man with absolute control of the franchise—Lombardi—are on the right trail. Lombardi is a hard, blocky man with a

mouth as full of teeth as an alligator's and a temperament to match, and it is remarkable how the players see things his way. Lombardi drafts and trades shrewdly, ex-chess frills and, despite his heroic demands, runs a reasonably happy club. He is going to be difficult to beat again this year.

BALTIMORE COLTS

On a hot, muggy night in late July, a little early for football, 31,000 Baltimore Colt fans paid to watch a football scrimmage. Surprising? Not in Baltimore, where out-of-season Colts are as fascinating to the public as in-season baseball Orioles with a pennant in their belts. The fans were there, first of all, to see if Johnny Unitas' injured knee had come around all right (it had); and, second, to throw some love at Tom Matte. Unitas has so much ability that love becomes a secondary emotion, but the fans won't soon forget that it was Matte who did an impossible thing last season and nearly put Baltimore into the championship game. Matte, once a quarterback at Ohio State but for five years a halfback in the pros, became a quarterback once again after Unitas hurt his knee and his substitute, Gary Cuozzo, suffered a shoulder separation. You just don't switch roles like that in the NFL, but Matte did, carrying the team to within three disputed points of the Western Conference championship in that playoff game with Green Bay.

Sadly, however, all the love in Baltimore will not put Matte in the Colt starting lineup now that Unitas and Cuozzo are well. Everything is back to normal. Unitas is throwing perfect spirals to Raymond Berry and Jimmy Orr—as is Cuozzo when he has the opportunity—and Matte is again the stand-in for Halfback Lenny Moore. Oh, he will play, all right, and you can expect to see him throw some halfback passes now that he has proved he has an arm. But it's back to business as usual, which means that Baltimore, the team with the best chance to beat Green Bay in the West, will go after the Packers with conventional weapons.

There are rumors that Unitas needs to rest the damaged knee periodically and have it drained, but in action he again seems to be the best in football at the most critical position. Again Cuozzo appears to be the best No. 2 quarterback. Receivers Berry, 33, and Orr, 31, are aging gracefully. Their disci-

plined patterns and deft hands would be the delight of any quarterback. Last year Berry caught 58 passes for 739 yards and seven touchdowns and Orr was chosen for the All-NFL team for the first time. Tight End John Mackay is young and strong and of the same high class as Chicago's Mike Ditka. Butch Wilson does a good job behind him and Rick Kestner, Al Snyder and Willie Richardson are being tuned up in case of injury to Berry or Orr.

Since passing rather than running is the primary offensive threat in Baltimore, all the backs are good receivers. Unitas will throw often to Moore and Matte on fly and swing patterns and to Fullback Jerry Hill on screens and look-ins. Of the Colt runners, only Hill had a rewarding 1965 season. Moore is 33 but despite last year's decline there are those who believe he can run back to the fancy figures of 1964. If he cannot, Matte is there and so is Tony Lonck, who has the power to be a dangerous runner.

Unitas once was able to depend absolutely on his line's pass-blocking. Now there is some doubt. Where Johnny could double-pump the ball and take a little time looking for receivers there is a feeling this year that

he will have to release more quickly. The 10-year veteran Dick Szymanski returns at center and Bob Vogel at left tackle, but Right Guard Alex Sandusky, who had to be talked out of retiring, is a question because of his age (34), and Right Tackle George Prentiss has retired. The perennial All-NFL guard, Jim Parker, has been switched to Prentiss' tackle, with all that entails in adjusting to a new position. The jury is still out on Dan Sullivan, who moves to left guard.

The defense should be a little better than in 1965, when it ranked near the top against running and in the middle of the statistics against passing. Billy Ray Smith and Fred Miller are fast for defensive tackles but not outstanding on the pass rush. End Lou Michaels (who also place-kicks, left-footed and accurately) is sound but no better at the rush than Smith and Miller. The other end, Orrell Braase, is the one who gets to the quarterback. After he pulled a leg muscle midway through the season last year Colt opponents averaged nearly six points more per game than when he was at his best.

Linebackers Dennis Gaubatz, Steve Stonebreaker and Don Shinnick guess and gamble and occasionally get fooled. More often than not, however, they diagnose the play and stop it. Shinnick leads all NFL linebackers in career interceptions with 30, and it was his fumble recovery and subsequent score that accounted for the Colts' only touchdown in the playoff game. In the secondary Bob Boyd, Lenny Lyles, Alvin Haymond and Jerry Logan are an experienced pack of pass thieves. Punting is the Colts' one defensive failing, as it almost always has been.

Overall, Johnny Unitas & Co. will pass brilliantly, run respectfully and defend extremely well. The team is not as deep as it could be, but it should give the Packers a grim enough fight for the conference title.

SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS

John Brodie, by virtue of an aborted deal with the Houston Oilers (\$1, Aug. 29) and the usual dire need of a proven first-quality quarterback by the San Francisco 49ers, has become a more costly player than John Unitas of the Baltimore Colts. Brodie signed with the 49ers for nearly a million dollars. If he is worth that much, Carroll Rosenbloom, the owner of the Colts, may need a price of Fort Knox to pay Unitas his fit fee. Brodie

is a fine quarterback, but he is no Unitas.

At least Brodie is a flaming optimist. Jack Christensen, the coach, is pessimistic in public, as are all coaches, pro and college. Still, he looks at the 49er offense with a certain satisfaction.

"The same 11 men started all but two games last season," Christy says. "That means we are getting used to one another on offense, and that is a big part of the game."

continued

MR. QUARTERBACK, JOHNNY UNITAS, HAS RECOVERED FROM 1965 KNEE INJURY. HERE HE HANDS OFF TO VETERAN HALFBACK LENNY MOORE.





hope we can start the same team every game this year."

The 49ers were a difficult team to contain last season, leading the league in total offense, and should be even more threatening now simply because the offensive unit has that additional year of experience. Only Green Bay has running backs in greater depth. Ken Willard, a superb rookie last season, should be measurably better this year, and John David Crow should continue to rank among the league's best ballcarriers. As a rookie, Willard was a nifty fourth in the league in rushing. Crow was 13th. Next behind Willard and Crow are Dave Kopay and Gary Lewis, both big and sturdy.

"I've got three or four backs who want to carry the ball maybe 30 times a game," Christiansen says. "John David and Ken would each like to gain a thousand yards a year and I'd like to see them do it. If they did, we'd be in the championship game. But you have to give everyone a chance."

The 49er attack is not subtle; with a surfeit of running power and a strong offensive line, the 49ers ram the ball down the throat of the defense.

As a team the 49ers led the NFL in passing. Dave Parks, in his second season, caught 80 passes—more than any other receiver in the league. Brodie led in several passing categories and was third-best overall. A share of the credit for his marked improvement goes to Y. A. Tittle, who returned to his old team as quarterback coach. "Y. A. helped me pay more attention to myself, not to get sloppy," Brodie says. "I used to get hit a lot because I held the ball too long. Y. A. got me out of that." Says Crow: "John is very definite as the huddle. He doesn't give you any go-go, rah-rah stuff like some quarterbacks. The game requires too much thinking on his part for him to waste his time."

Had the San Francisco defense been as tough as the offense, the 49ers might well have won in the West. The trouble with the

defense was not just a gap or two that might be patched with a couple of astute trades. The 49ers leaked everywhere. San Francisco gave up more yards on passes than any other club, and only New York and Cleveland yielded more combined yardage to their opponents. San Francisco's foes scored a whopping total of 402 points in 1965; only Minnesota, which yielded 403, was more hospitable.

Unfortunately, the San Francisco defense has not been notably improved. In the rush line, Clark Miller, Charlie Krueger and Roland Lake are back at the same rickety stand, and if veteran Linebacker Matt Hazeltine fails to return to form the situation may be desperate. Hazeltine has a bad knee. He is in his 30s at an age when knees do not heal quickly. The San Francisco pass rush is slow, permitting receivers time to maneuver into the open against the linebackers and defensive backs. The key to the success of this team may well lie in Hazeltine's health. If he can return to action with his old skills intact, then the front four and the defensive backs will look better than they are. If Hazeltine is crippled and the team must make do with ordinary linebacking, they will be terribly vulnerable.

The late signing of John Brodie and his huge contract have not had an adverse psychological effect. Veterans and rookies alike admire him for extracting as much as possible from management.

"John's a fine quarterback," one of the team's best receivers says. "I don't think about how much the club pays for every pass he throws. I'm just glad that he throws the hooks at my belly button and the flys high enough for me to run under them. If he wins us a championship, we all get that money. And if we play the other league, we get it twice, baby. Could be maybe 15 real big ones."

Could be, but it is more likely that the 49ers will finish fifth.

MINNESOTA VIKINGS

The Vikings are one of the most exciting teams in football. Scrambler Fran Tarkenton and the offense are fascinating to watch as they pile up points. The defense titillates in a different way—it usually lets opponents score enough points of their own to mess up the offense. Coach Norman Van Brocklin found the situation too exciting last year

and quit—for 24 hours. The Dutchman is still around, the offense is still tremendous and the defense is as enervating as ever.

Van Brocklin has a new five-year contract and the same old problems. They begin with the defensive line, which has been seriously overrated. End Jim Marshall allegedly was one of the game's quickest pass rushers; the

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THE 49ERS' DAVE PARKS, TOP NFL RECEIVER, PIROUETTES TO AVOID A TACKLER'S GRASP



trouble was that he seldom got to the passer. End Carl Eller was clearly one of the strongest of defenders, but he did not seem to be using his strength to any real purpose. Tackles Paul Dickson and Gary Larsen made no pretense of putting on a big pass rush, but they were supposed to be strong against the running game. They were not strong enough.

Deficiencies in the line left the linebackers frantic. Now Rip Hawkins, the middle linebacker, has retired, and Bill Jobko has gone to the Falcons in the expansion draft. Van Brocklin may have solved the linebacking problems with Lonnie Warwick, Roy Winston and John Kirby. Maybe. The secondary again consists of Ed Sharockman and George Rose at the corners and Jeff Jordan and Karl Kautskie at safety.

Van Brocklin hopes that No. 1 draft choice Jerry Shay of Purdue will win one of the starting tackle positions and that another rookie, Don Hansen, has the makings of a big league linebacker, but this may be wishful thinking. The Viking defense again looks vulnerable. Ah, well, there is always Tarkenton. In 1965 he not only completed 171 passes—only John Brodie, Sonny Jurgensen and Rudy Bukich connected on more—but ran for 356 yards. He racked up another thousand yards or so skipping around in the backfield looking for receivers and should do so again in 1966. Tarkenton's backup men, Ron Vander Kelen and Bob Berry, also are scramblers.

Minnesota gets powerful inside running from Fullback Bill Brown and a slashing outside game from Halfback Tommy Mason—when he is not injured. The battered knee which limited his activity in 1965 is said to be O.K. now. But Brown and Mason cannot run all day, and their replacements are of the journeyman caliber of a Phil King. Mack is expected from Jim Lindsey of Arkansas, the 230-pound No. 2 draft choice.

One of the reasons Tarkenton throws so often to his running backs is that the normal receivers are also rather ordinary. The best is Split End Paul Flatley. Hal Bedsole at the tight end has never reached his potential and is more valuable as a blocker than a receiver. Tom Hall, Red Phillips and Lance Rictel are not exactly feared as receivers either.

The offensive linemen deserve gold stars for their patience with Tarkenton; it is impossible to block scientifically for anyone who darts around the way he does. Tackle Grady Alderman is the only holdover from the original 1961 Vikings. He is a good man, too, as is Center Mick Tingelhoff. Tackle Irvell London went to Atlanta, and Archie Sutton and rookie Doug Davis are battling for his position. Milt Sunde and Larry

Brown are powerful, experienced guards. Fred Cox almost never misses field-goal attempts from 35 yards in, and Bobby Walden is an excellent punter.

How Van Brocklin's young players develop is, of course, important, but possibly more important to the Vikings is the development of the Dutchman himself as coach. His own background as a smart quarterback strategist has been reflected in the Vikings' fine offense, but conservatively he has not given the defense as much thought and nourishment as he might have. "Maybe I wanted to get there too fast," he has admitted.

Van Brocklin has done quite a bit of mooning over games that he might have won last season. "We wound up 7-7," he says. "If you took three plays out of 1965 we could have been 10-4. Detroit beat us in

the last 22 seconds with a 48-yard pass. We had Chicago 38-31 with two minutes to go and let Sayers get loose for 96 yards. Against Green Bay we had two touchdowns called back in the last minute of a game we lost 24-19."

Now Van Brocklin is unquestionably working very hard to solve his defensive problems and thus to make vain regrets over lost games unnecessary. "We've got to improve the pass rush," he says grimly. "I feel an air of determination here. We are capable of beating the best teams. We've got to go out and do it."

Unfortunately for the Dutchman, he has to do it in the NFL's stronger division, against better, deeper teams. It is exhilarating to have him alone, but his team may be no more than an exciting sixth in the West.

DETROIT LIONS

Along with a new shade of blue in their uniforms the Lions are reported to have a new attitude, the one-big-happy-family approach. This is supposed to cure all internal problems and, therefore, the Lions' sad-sack play. It is going to take more than togetherness, however, to lift the Lions above last year's sixth-place finish in the West.

Detroit had a decent team but too many cliques. The linemen blamed the backs, and the backs the linemen, for missed plays, and everyone entranced Quarterback Milt Plum, who had an "off" year by his standards, a bad year by most others. He finished 14th in passing, although not too many years back he was leading the league. Plum's timing was off, and his receivers were forced to make circus catches on what should have been routine passes. There was some question whether Plum would return ("Get rid of those guys or me," he has said in reference to his teammates' criticism of him), but Coach Harry Gilmer has decided to stick with him. He really had no other choice. The backup men, George Ivo and Tom Meyers, are not ready for the job. It is not considered good form to ask Gilmer why he traded Earl Morrall to New York. Gilmer is quite right in saying that any old pro would have looked good in view of the Giants' desperate need, but he is a little touchy on that subject.

For a long time now the Lion offense has lacked a really dangerous running attack.

Nick Pietrosante, the old Notre Dame fullback, is a reliable short-haul runner and a superb blocker, but no defensive coach in the league has ever developed an ulcer over his ability to break a ball game. Joe Don Leoney, with the power of a Jim Brown, has the poise of a Browne. That leaves Amos Marsh, acquired from the Dallas Cowboys, and Tom Nowatzke, a big Pietrosante-type fullback who is in his second season. It does not add up to enough to give the Lions control of the terribly important third-and-one situation. And that means that the Detroit defense, which began grumbling several years ago about the preponderance of time it spent in action, will be in action more than half the time again this year. Good as that defense is, it is growing older and under overwork conditions it will tire.

The inept running attack also hinders the efforts of a really good set of pass catches. It is not surprising that Gail Cogdill, who might lead the league each year on another team, allowed his frustration to cost him \$1,000 during the off season. Last winter his snappish remarks about the Detroit management resulted in a suspension and the fine. The suspension—with the season coming up

has been lifted, but the fine is still in effect. Another eminent target for Plum is Pat Standstill, a slight, quick and determined young man who caught more passes than any one on the club after he went in to replace Terry Barr last year. Barr has since

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THE VIKINGS' PAUL FLATLEY, A SHOWY SPREAD END, CROAKS A FRANK TARKENTON PASS IN ONE ARM AS HE BREAKS HIS FALL WITH THE OTHER



retired, but Studstill can fill his shoes admirably. Ron Kramer, the tight end who moved over from Green Bay a year ago, has always been one of the best men at the position in the league and there is no reason to think he will be less. If he is, there is Jim Gibbons, who is very good.

There is as yet no glaring weakness in the defense, which has been brutally good for years. The pass rush of Darvis McCord, Alex Karras, Roger Brown and Larry Hand (the last replacing Sam Williams, who has gone to Atlanta) is feared, as it should be. Depth is what is lacking. Joe Schmidt has retired at middle linebacker, leaving a grievous replacement problem. Turned coach, he has given Mike Loss his old job and has also given him the responsibility of calling defensive signals. Wayne Walker, the right linebacker and place kicker, is quality, and the secondary of Bobby Thompson, Dick LeBeau, Bruce Mahler, and Wayne Rasmussen have had the benefit of a year's experience together and should improve. Studstill is a fine punter.

Relations between Gilmer and his players

have taken a turn for the better. Karras, no great Gilmer fan last season, has been named team captain, and Gilmer even shortened practice one day in July to lead some of his charges on a picnic. The air of tender-loving-care-in-camp must be a welcome relief, but Gilmer's problems are much more physical than psychological.

With an unsure quarterback, a serious lack of running backs and only young and untried players for much-needed replacements in depth, it seems unlikely that the Lions will improve upon their finish of last season. Indeed, with the string upsurge of the Los Angeles Rams, it would appear more likely that the sorely beset Lions will subside into last place.

This will not, of course, be Harry Gilmer's fault. Gilmer is a bright, resourceful young man who wrought wonders with the Vikings under the tutelage of Norman Van Brocklin before coming to Detroit. But at Minnesota he had some material to work with.

Unfortunately, in too many spots on the Detroit team, he will be trying to make Lions out of puseycats this year.

LOS ANGELES RAMS

George Allen, the new Ram head coach kidnapped from the Chicago Bears, has made a number of unusual investments in behalf of his new owner, Dan Reeves, who was once head of a Los Angeles brokerage firm. In the past the Rams have been notorious for trading players for draft choices. Often these trades succeeded in disposing of players who were on the verge of stardom (Night Train Lane, Andy Robustelli, Tom Keane, Big Daddy Lipscomb) or established stars (Norman Van Brocklin is the prime example) for rookies who proved to be far less valuable than the players traded. This year, at Allen's behest, the Rams have traded draft choices for players.

"I want to win now," says Allen, a young, intense man who has been recognized as a defensive genius for a long time. (The Bear team which won the league championship on defense in 1963 awarded the championship game ball to Allen.)

Allen has a store of gold ball-point pens, which he awards to players who make the squad. Each pen is inscribed with the player's name and the word "now." "I'm not building for the future," Allen says. "I like bald heads and gray hair on the squad. I

want some men with polish and know-how. You have to have them to win."

Under his policy of trading for experience, Allen has made the Rams a much better club. For example, he has acquired veteran Halfback Tom Moore from the Green Bay Packers to jolt the anemic Ram rushing. The Rams suffered from a lack of authoritative linebackers last year, so Allen traded a draft choice for veteran Myron Porcios of Pittsburgh, two second-line players for Philadelphia's Max Baughan, then talked Bill George of the Bears and Jack Pardee of Texas A&M's coaching staff, formerly a Ram linebacker, into returning to action for one more year. Now the Rams, with seven first-rate linebackers, have an embarrassment of talent at a position where they had been woeful.

Allen has thus disposed of all but two of the Rams' first 10 draft selections for next season, and has done so with such skill that he has: 1) bolstered a weak running attack, 2) rebuilt the linebacking corps, 3) added depth to his defense line, 4) strengthened his defensive backfield and 5) engendered a spirit of immediacy that has supplanted the Rams' habitual disposition to wait un-

til next year. Allen's free use of draft choices as trade bait was partly dictated by the fact that the NFL and AFL will have a common draft next January. With 26 teams, instead of 15, making choices, every club's draft will be diluted.

In Roman Gabriel and Bill Munson, Allen has two enormously capable quarterbacks. He will probably go with Gabriel, the veteran who led the Rams through a good second half of the 1965 season, although Munson is potentially the better of the two. Even with the addition of Green Bay's Moore, Allen could use more ball carriers, although a lighter Port Watson (220 against 240) gives the Rams more mobility and better striking power from the fullback position. The Rams also need another good, fast deep receiver. Backs Pope is injured and Tommy McDonald, as agile and accomplished as he is, cannot carry the load alone. The offensive line is sound and capable, if not up to the Green Bay standard. Allen suffered a serious loss at tight end when Merlin Olsen, one of the best in the league, was injured on a freak automobile accident. He lost the ring finger of his right hand. The forefinger was damaged as well, and McKeever is out for half of the season, possibly longer.

The Ram defensive line—Ends Lamar Lundy and Dave Jones and Tackles Rosky Grer and Merlin Olsen—probably is the best in all pro football. With Green Bay's Willie Davis, Jones is one of the two most accomplished defensive ends, and the rest of the line is close to him in quality. With the new linebackers to free them for a more daring style of play, the defensive linemen will be more effective. The Ram secondary also should be far better than it was in 1965, when it was handicapped by a lack of short-range coverage by the linebackers. Ivy Cross, traded from the Eagles, has moved into the one secondary position—right corner back—where the Rams were weak.

It is doubtful that Allen, in his first year as coach of the Rams, can come close to claiming the kind of surprise championship that his 1963 defensive team made possible in Chicago, when the Bears gave up only 10 points a game. In today's even tougher Western Conference the Rams will not hold such teams as the 49ers, Packers, Colts and Vikings to so meager a point production.

And without an offense to match those of the leading contenders, the Rams will have to depend far too much on that defense. Even with the gold pens reading now the defense won't be able to record enough shutouts for a Western championship. But the Rams could move up to fourth, a significant achievement.

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CHARGING ACROSS FIELD, RAMS' POWERFUL YOUNG 275-POUND TACKLE, MERLIN OLSEN, CLOSES IN ON EAGLE BALLCARRIER OLLIE MATSON



CLEVELAND BROWNS

This year's Cleveland Browns are reminiscent of the story of the emperor's new clothes. Although Jim Brown, in the misty English distance, has announced very definitely that he has forsown football for making motion pictures and campaigning within his own organization for the betterment of the lot of the Negro in the U.S., the Browns, individually and collectively, seem determined to ignore his absence. To the discerning eye, however, without Jim they are as naked as the old king in his imaginary robe.

Well, not quite.

Although the loss of Brown means that Cleveland's ground game has been diminished by something on the order of a thousand yards per year, the Browns still have one of the better passing attacks in the Eastern Division with Frank Ryan throwing to Paul Warfield, Gary Collins and a rookie sensation, massive Milt Morin, Cleveland's first draft choice. So pleased are the Browns with Morin that they have moved last year's tight end, John Brewer, to linebacker, where he has performed creditably during pre-season games. Should Morin be something less than he seemed in the early weeks of training, the Browns still have two very capable tight ends in Ralph Smith and Tom Hutchinson.

But this passing attack, without the complementary threat of Jim Brown as a runner, could lose a great deal of its effectiveness. Ernie Green, who teamed with Brown a year ago when Cleveland won the Eastern championship, is an accomplished blocker, but he has yet to develop into an outstanding runner. Leroy Kelly, at 6 feet and 200 pounds, lacks Brown's size and power. Behind these two are an assortment of raw rookies and journeyman veterans, and the Brown running game, long the backbone of a devastating attack, now must be regarded with suspicion.

"With Jim Brown, we ran 60' of the time and threw only 40'," one of the Browns' coaches said. "I saw a story not long ago saying that we would throw 60 and run 40, but the change won't be that drastic. I figure maybe it will be something like 45 passing, 55 running or 50-50."

Aside from the loss of Jim Brown's pure ability to advance the ball on the ground,

his retirement has had a psychological effect on the Browns. There are conflicting reports as to what that effect has been.

"I think that everyone will try harder this year just to prove that we are as good as ever without him," said Frank Ryan. "This team was not simply a Jim Brown team. We could do other things."

Very true, of course, but a rival coach smiled when he heard what Ryan had said. "They may want to prove that they can do it without Jim Brown," he said. "Maybe they can. But they have to miss him, and they have to know when they need a big play from a running back they don't have a running back to produce one. There's no way that can't hurt."

Cleveland fans can be thankful that another mainstay of the team is not quite ready to retire. Lou Groza is beginning the 16th season of a distinguished career in which he has kicked 547 of the 563 extra points he has attempted and 214 of 359 field goals. He is the league's all-time scoring leader with 1,195 points, and that's a record that only Groza himself endangers.

The Brown defense, an overlooked but important factor in their divisional title last year, could be better this season. The defensive line will be the same except for the addition of Walter Johnson, a big and talented rookie tackle last season, who is to take over the starting left-tackle assignment from Dick Modzelewski. Frank Parker, a strong tackle who was injured last season, is fit. Brewer, the erstwhile tight end, has taken over from Glen Fiss at a corner linebacker spot, and Mike Howell, a sophomore defender, will split time with Bernie Parrish in the Brown secondary. So the Brown defense will be deeper and younger than it was in 1965 and presumably better.

Overall, though, the weakening of the offense will be more damaging than any improvement in the defense, and it seems unlikely that the Browns can repeat as division champions.

The Browns, by the way, have another handicap shared by no other club in the East. Their one interdivision opponent this year is Green Bay—and they must play the Packers in the second game of the season.

The Browns have a resourceful and imaginative coach in Blanton Collier. It is just possible that Collier will be able to skin the team through to the title even without Brown. Until it gets some new clothes, however, Cleveland is more likely to wind up second.

DALLAS COWBOYS

The Dallas Cowboys once believed that they could win the East on the strength of their stunning defense. They were wrong. Balance is a requisite for success in the NFL, and this year the Cowboys have it. The defense is as stout as ever, and Dallas will win the Eastern championship with a suddenly potent offense—the running of Don Perkins and Mel Renfro, the passing of Don Meredith and the receiving of Bob Hayes, Pete Gent, Buddy Dial, Norman Pettes and Frank Clarke. The blocking of an offensive line that has been together long enough to become first-rate will afford the spindly-legged Meredith time to pass and enough weeks of good health to lead the team to the divisional title.

Cochs Tom Landry, who in the past devoted most of his energies to fashioning

the complicated but crashing defense, has now turned his considerable talents to soup-ing up the Dallas offense. His first move was to shift one of his best defensive players from safety to running back. Mel Renfro, a sprinter and broad jumper in college, was an All-League safety in 1965. With luck and good blocking he could be an All-Pro half-back in 1966. Whether he is depends on the speed with which he adjusts to the subtleties of his new role.

"He is still uncertain on his moves when he comes out wide," Landry says. "His timing with the guards when they pull out to lead him is not good yet. He has to learn to wait for them. But I'm sure he will."

Given the wade threat of Renfro and the in-and-out slashing of Perkins, the Cowboys could have the best deep threat from

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LOU GROZA KICKS OFF THE ALLTIME PRO SCORING LEADER AND MOST FAMOUS PLACE-KICKING SPECIALIST. HE SETS RECORDS EVERY TIME HE SWINGS HIS FOOT

a running attack in football. As of now the Packers are the best running team, but their specialty is short-haul bugging. Perkins and Renfro have the speed to score from anywhere on the field.

Landry has installed a roll-out pass offense for Meredith, hoping to force opposing defenses into man-to-man coverage on either Renfro or Hayes, who is, as they say, the world's fastest human.

"The roll-out gives the other defense something to work on during the week," Landry says. "And we think that Don is one of the better scramblers. He is very good at picking out a receiver while he is moving around back there."

Meredith is, indeed, one of the league's better scramblers. He is not quite in Eric Tarkenton's class, but he has a better offensive line protecting him, which means that he does not have to be as agile as the Minnesota quarterback. Given time to unload the ball, he is a devastating passer, and he is throwing to the fastest set of receivers in the game.

"I think our offense will be better than it has ever been," Meredith says. "I really don't see how they can stop us. If I get in trouble I've always got Renfro for a safety valve. I can throw him a three-yard pass and he turns it into a 60-yard touch, and the record book reads 'Meredith to Renfro for 60 and a touchdown.'"

And often enough the record book will also read "Meredith to Hayes for 60 and a touch," since Hayes, the Olympic sprint champion, is on his way to becoming the finest deep receiver ever to play the game. Besides his 9.1 sprinter's speed, Flanker Hayes has exceptionally sure hands and a real football sense, differing in this respect from most track men who have switched sports. He has good moves already, and these will get more sophisticated as he plays.

At split end the Cowboys have a former basketball star who did not play college football. He is Pete Gent, 6 feet 4 and 214 pounds, from Michigan State. In his third year with the Cowboys, he is finally acclimated to the pro game and is an excellent receiver. Because the Cowboys frequently flood one side of the field with Hayes and Renfro, Gent will be overlooked by some defenses, and this will be costly. He has the good hands and quick fakes of a basketball player and any overconcentration on his more famous teammates may catapult Gent himself to stardom.

There is little more that Landry can do to polish his defense, one of the best in either division. The front line, built around Bob Lilly and George Andrie, is second only to the Riam front four. Tough Lee Roy Jordan

has matured into a knowledgeable, quick middle linebacker. He is flanked by Chuck Howley, a corner linebacker who has not received the credit he deserves, and Dave Edwards or Harold Hayes.

The Dallas secondary is a capable unit, even though Landry has taken Perry from his safety spot to spice the offense. Mike Gaechter, who replaces him, is just as fast and more experienced. Warren Livingston,

Obert Logan and Cornell Green all have exceptional speed. Livingston and Green have 11 years of experience between them; Logan, in his second year, was one of the good surprises of the Cowboy camp a year ago and is even better now.

With a decline in the quality of the opposition in the East and an increase in their own striking and defending capabilities, the Cowboys are title-bound.

NEW YORK GIANTS

New York is a city of wonders where a Y. A. Tittle appears just as a Charlie Conerly is beginning to campaign for Medicare, where an Earl Morrall falls gift-wrapped from the skies when Tittle departs, where a Tucker-Fredrickson blossoms as Alex Webster and Frank Gifford wait and where a Pete Gogolak sends his calling card even as the team is perishing for a soccer-style Hungarian place-kicker from Buffalo. Despite the current blessings New York remains an incomplete team, as any realist can tell, but it does not pay to be overly realistic about the Giants. They have a couple of X factors going for them which defy ordinary analysis. One is that uncanny knack of picking up vital players. The other is a carry-over of pride and poise from the days when the Giants were always contenders—the winning habit that sometimes makes a team better than it really is. Consigned to oblivion last year, the Giants got so much value from Quarterback Morrall and Halfback-Fredrickson that they tied Dallas for second place in the East. The Giant defense was not good and the offense not all that strong—and still the Giants were second.

Now the Giants have Gogolak's accurate instep and some first-class rookie linemen. They still have vulnerable points, but in the vulnerable East and with these X factors they must be accorded a certain respect. A good share of it is due Morrall, the indispensable man, who provides 11 years of experience. Morrall is a reasonably accurate drop-back passer, short and long, who can run in emergency situations. After a year's study he knows the Giant system, and he has taken charge of the offense. Behind Morrall is scrambling, young Gary Wood.

Fredrickson is No. 1 among the herd of young running backs who have been named the Baby Bulls. He was eighth in rushing

last season and a candidate for Rookie of the Year honors, caught 24 passes and pleased New York with his good looks and manners. Fredrickson's young comrades in the Giant backfield are Chuck Mercein, Ernie Key and Steve Thurlow. As a group they could use a little more experience, especially in following their blockers—and they are not quite quick enough to turn the corner like a Jimmy Brown, but they will do.

The Giant receivers are not especially distinguished, but they do the job in a workmanlike way. There is a faceless guy named Joe Morrison at flanker who never gets into the Janzen ads, but it is surprising how often he has the ball in his hands when it is third and nine. Aaron Thomas at tight end catches his share, too, without fanfare. The glamour boy of the receiving corps used to be Del Shofner, in the days when he was catching Y.A.'s bombs. Injuries and illness took him out of the news, but now he is said to be back in good form and ready to haul in the long ones. Homer Jones is the new speed boy who gets loose for long yardage every now and then.

Coach Alie Sherman is no more eager than the next coach to use rookies in his starting lineup, but in the offensive line he has no other choice. The most promising one is Francis Pay of Missouri, 250 pounds, the Giants' No. 1 draft choice and, some say, the top offensive lineman in college last year. He starts at right tackle. At the other tackle is Don Davis of San Diego State, an even bigger rookie (285 pounds). Veterans Bookie Holm, Greg Larson and Pete Case fill out the interior line, which will need some settling down to become reliable.

The Giant offense will not overwhelm anyone, but if history is a guide the team will score just enough points to win some close games that could go either way. Gogolak, who kicked 28 field goals for Buffalo

continued

TUCKER FREDERICKSON, RUNNING PAST CLEVELAND TACKLERS, IS THE NEW YORK FANS' NEW BEAU IDEAL AND LEADER OF THE GO-GO BABY BULLS



This is our new

It's the first twin-engine Whisperjet of Eastern. And you'll be seeing more and more of them before the year is gone. Like our original 3-engine Whisperjet, it takes off quickly, cruises

smoothly, lands gently. Its rear jets are so quiet, you won't believe your ears. Whisperjet 2's are already flying some Eastern routes. Delivery has started on a fleet of 64. They'll



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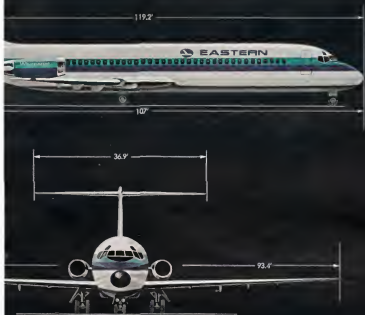
be cruising between Whisperjet cities at 560 mph. For thousands of air travellers, this will mean round-trips between cities that take little more time than one-way trips did in the past.

It will also mean more jet service to more cities than ever before. But there's an even bigger idea behind Eastern's new Whisperjet 2. We're quietly building you an all jet fleet.



EASTERN

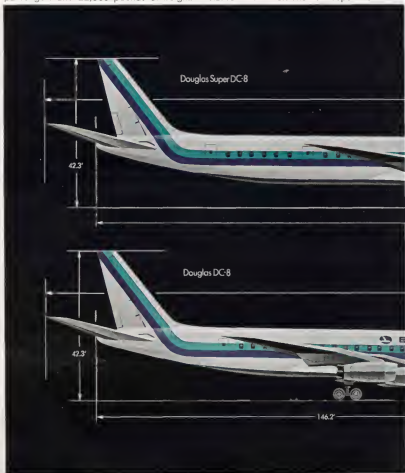
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This is our new

It's 37 feet longer than Eastern's regular DC-8. It will fly farther with more payload (up to 250 passengers and 22,500 pounds of freight)

than any commercial jet you can take. Eastern puts the world's first Super DC-8 on a commercial run this winter. The new Super DC-8 will



Super DC-8.

lead a jet fleet that will number 155 by the end of 1967. Right now Eastern Airlines carries over 40,000 people a day to 100 cities in 26

states. And to Mexico, Puerto Rico, Canada and Bermuda. In fact, Eastern carries more people than all but one of the world's airlines.



EASTERN

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last year while New York was racking up a grand total of four, is a timely addition.

On defense the Giants have not come close to reduplicating the shrewd, stingy platoon of the Sam Huff era. The line has been a worry ever since Sherman traded Dick Modzelewski and Rosey Grier, and while Huff was not the superman of his clippings his trade to Washington did nothing for the Giant linebacking. End Andy Robustelli's retirement to coach the Brooklyn Dodgers has removed another of the old dependables, End Jim Katoavage is the last of that gang still operating in the line. Trades brought in Jim Prievel at tackle and Maury "Youmans" at end, but "Youmans" had knee has put him out. The other tackle position is the object of a three-way fight.

At linebacker the Giants are counting on Jim Carroll, Jerry Hildebrand, Bill Swain and Larry Vargo, all of whom can be very good on occasion. Carroll is young and a fine prospect. Glen Under-

wood, once in the running, was dropped. The secondary is a none-too-impressive combination of youth and experience. Henry Carr, Spider Lockhart and Phil Harris have two seasons of experience among the three of them, while Dick Lynch has played eight years and Jim Patton II. The 32-year-old Patton is the dean of pro defensive backs and, as such, is about due for retirement. Carr, an Olympic sprinter, still must make the trackman's adjustment to football.

As the only club besides the 49ers with an AFL rival next door, the Giants have an extra-special motivation to play winning football. The Jets have been hugely successful in Shea Stadium, and though Yankee Stadium is a near sellout for the Giants on a season-ticket basis, Giant management obviously cannot afford to risk diluting the loyalty of its regulars through any letdown.

Put the Giants down for third, but be prepared to duck those as.

eran Preston Carpenter had moved into the backfield to make room for Strouden, but he is back at the old stand now. Pat Richter was a disappointment at tight end, but he has the hands to be an interesting receiver once he grows accustomed to the traffic. The running game also remains a problem. Charley Taylor, Rookie of the Year in 1964, was slowed all last season by an ankle injury and so the defenses stacked up on the quarterbacks. Taylor is healthy again, but it remains to be seen whether Graham can find other runners of sufficient ability to give Taylor relief and rest. Ron Rector, obtained from Green Bay, should help. Equally important is the need to get some fullback pass-blocking for Jurgensen. Big George Haghighy (226 pounds), a surprise last year from Central State College of Oklahoma, is the starter.

Adding to Graham's and Jurgensen's woes, the interior line has not yet begun to function smoothly as a unit. The defense had been looking up for the Redskins, who had moved from 12th to fourth to second in the statistics in three years, but as Graham moved in several veterans moved out. End "Mean John" Paluck has been traded to the Bears, and that was a major loss. The starting ends are now Wilke Adams, switched from linebacker, and Carl Kammerer. Veteran Fred Williams and rookie Walt Barnes are scrambling for one tackle spot. Joe Riggins at the other tackle is the Redskins' best defensive lineman, John Reger, who has come out of retirement, and Sam Huff are experienced linemen, but Washington will be badly hurt by the retirement of Jim Carr and Bob Pellegri to pro coaching jobs. Huff and Reger are likely to be joined by Chris Hanburger, who started five games in 1965.

In the secondary Safety Paul Krause, is All-I league, but a lot is being asked of Jackie Harris, who replaces Johnny Sample at left corner back. Sample, a problem character but an able, experienced man at a position where experience is precious, has switched leagues to the New York Jets. Lennie Sandco is an adequate strong-side safety, and Graham has been pleased with backup men Tom Walters and Billy Clay.

Charley Gontak is a brighter subject. The new pride of the "Skins is the second-smallest man in the NFL and, of course, brother of Pete, who place-kicks for the Giants. Drafted No. 1 out of Princeton and paid a big bonus, Charley is supposed to eliminate the response from the extra-point play in Washington—and the frustration from the fiddling attempt.

Graham and Williams are clearly determined to get the Redskins moving, but it will not be this year. They look like a sixth-place team.

Continued

WASHINGTON REDSKINS

Say this for Otto Graham: when he finally accepted a major coaching job after a peaceful decade in the small time, he chose no pushover. The team that got Coach Bill McPeak fired was both weak and clueless. Secure in the 10-year contract given him by Edward Bennett Williams, the club's forceful new president, Graham has taken a tough line and has gotten the Redskins' undivided attention. He has also won the playful attention of the team's new supermen, who have pounced on such candid, impudent and delectable Graham quotes as, "I ain't take the boss, the jerry, the farewell sign." Graham may have to take quite a lot for quite a while in the course of retooling the Redskins.

Graham has given first priority to the detection of mental errors. Every offender, from Quarterback Sonny Jurgensen to the greenest rookie, gets 100 yards for each mistake made in practice. "We don't care if they actually run the distance or not," says Graham. "What's more important is that they use their heads out there on the field."

Graham prays that one of his most prominent thinkers will be Jurgensen, the man Philadelphia swapped for Norm Macdonald two years ago in a deal that had both cities howling. Jurgensen is a nine-year veteran with a beautiful arm who can pass for 400 yards one Sunday and look terrible the next. Under

Graham, Sonny has trimmed down his familiar paunch and is said to be newly serious. Actually the key to Washington's passing inconsistency is not in Sonny, who has always been a fine quarterback, but in the lack of dependable pass-blocking and the fact that he has a one-man receiving corps. Jurgensen would be delighted with a facsimile of the well-insulated passing pocket that Graham used to enjoy at Cleveland. As things stand, however, he rarely has more than a second or two in which to get his passes away. When he does throw, all too often it is to Hamker Bobby Mitchell. Knowing that Jurgensen considers Mitchell his only first-rate receiver, opponents almost always double-team him. When Dick Shiner, the No. 2 quarterback, relieves Jurgensen, he faces the same serious problems.

Mitchell had a poor season in 1965 but now is reportedly back to top form. He says he has never felt better and claims that Assistant Coach Ray Rinfret, one of Graham's old Cleveland passing targets, has already taught him more football than he had previously learned in years. Beyond Mitchell there is the usual uncertainty. Graham, willing to try anything to improve the receiving, moved Jim Seward from tackle to tight end, but this did not prove to be a smart switch, and he moved him back. Ver-

SONNY JURGENSEN PITCHES OUT TO CHARLEY TAYLOR. IF ALL THE OTHER REDSKINS WERE OF EQUAL QUALITY, WASHINGTON WOULD LEAD THE LEAGUE





PHILADELPHIA EAGLES

Philadelphia is the home of Tradin' Joe Kuharich, a man with a low regard for independent thinkers. Tradin' Joe does all the thinking for the Eagles. This has caused him difficulty with the team's stars, who, as stars will, have confessed to notions of their own about how football should be played. Two years ago Kuharich shipped out Quarterback Sonny Jurgensen and Flanker Tommy McDonald for excessive thinking. This year he traded two of his best defensive men, Linebacker Mervyn Maughan (five times an All-Star choice) and Back Irv Cross, to Los Angeles for the same offense. Maughan and Cross had both complained about the amount of blitzing required of them.

While some fans are sharply annoyed at Kuharich for these trades, there are others who believe that he had to shake the team well to break up cliques and mold it into an effective unit. "The Eagles don't need stars," Kuharich says. "We need players whose level of performance does not rise and fall like the stock market. Maughan and Cross are good players, but for one reason or another they were not consistent, and this hurt us."

There is no question that the Eagle defense needed something. While the 1965 offense was as productive as any in the East, the defense did not do its share. The team lost one game by an average of only 6½ points each.

Kuharich has begun to remodel his defense with two men obtained in the L.A. trade. Linebacker Frank Brown, who weighs 232 pounds, and Back Aaron Martin. (Philadelphia also received Flanker Willie Brown in the deal.) Kuharich spent his first two draft choices on defenders—Ends Randy Berber and Gary Pettigrew.

One key to the team's defensive prospects is the left linebacker, Mike Morgan (6 feet 4, 242 pounds). He is in his third year and now may have the experience to play up to the potential of his size and strength. If Morgan has matured and the rest of the linebacking is consistent, pressure will be taken off the secondary, which had to gamble last year to cover for linebacking lapses. The defensive backs are quick enough but on the whole lack the height to cover tall receivers as well as Kuharich would like. Look for Joe Scarpato to handle the blitzing assignments that formerly fell to Cross.

In the line the Eagles have needed a better outside pass rush, which they may get in time from Berber and Pettigrew. Overall the line is fairly good and is backed by a reasonably deep bench. Tackle Floyd Peters defends well against either the pass or the run and provides a strong inside rush. Tackle John Meyers is strong against the running game but is a little slow reading the plays as they unfold and is slow getting to the passer.

The offense again should be hard to stop. Quarterback Norm Snead, after a good 1965 season, had surgery on a weak knee and is in excellent shape. At his best Snead can call a smart game, balancing the strong Eagle running with accurate passes at short and medium range. Behind Snead is King Hill, a certified big league quarterback who has knuckled around for eight years but has never been No. 1. Although he has a strong arm he is not No. 1 because he is terribly inconsistent. The Eagles' No. 3 quarterback is the little-used assembler, Jack Concanon. Tall and strong, a good runner and a pretty fair passer, Concanon could be valuable as a hellback. He can run well enough, and with the threat of the halfback option pass he could be doubly dangerous.

In any case, the Eagle running can be outstanding. Now that John Brown has retired, the other Brown, Tim of the Eagles, is the most versatile runner in the game. He weighs 198 and can hurt through the line or sprint around it with equal facility. He is at his

finest best when he breaks clear and shows off his repertoire of fakes or his tantalizing change of pace. Last year Brown was third in yardage (861) and first in average yards per carry (5.6).

Brown usually lines up with Fullback Earl Gros, but Gros has had a leg injury and the hot of the Eagle camp has been Israel Lang. A 230-pounder with speed and an unusual knack of keeping his balance in a thicket of tacklers, Lang is also a good pass receiver, as are most of the Eagle runners. A good thing he is, too, because the receivers are not the best around. An exception is old Pete Reutzell, the All-League tight end, who is beginning his 11th season. Rookie Flanker Ben Hawkins of Arizona State is promising, but he will not make the fans forget the hands and moves of Tommy McDonald, at least not for a while.

Kuharich's offensive line is excellent. Guards Ed Blum and Jim Skaggs can block ahead or pull out to lead running plays with power and dexterity. The huge tackles, Bob Brown and Lane Howell, are fine at pass protection. Brown, beginning his third season, weighs 276 and has become a tremendous all-around performer. Center Jim Rango, the old Green Bay star, is turning up for his 14th season. He is obviously a little too old for the position and a little too light as the monsters of the defenses keep getting bigger, but Rango plays as if he were 10 years younger and weighs as much as he needs to.

The big question in Philadelphia is whether Tradin' Joe's deals and thought-control have transformed the Eagle defense into a reliable one. That is possible but improbable this year. The Eagles may finish as low as fifth in the East.

ST. LOUIS CARDINALS

One of these years St. Louis will confound its friends, who have choked so often on fond predictions, with a season of consistent, injury-free football and will win in the East. Few teams in history have looked as strong on paper or as erratic on the field as the Cards of 1963 (finishing third), 1964 (seconds) and 1965 (tied for fifth). Coach Walby Lemm has returned to the Houston Oilers, leaving the mysteries he was unable to solve to Charley Winner, who had earned

respect as the Colts' defensive coach. Winner is willing to spend 12 months a year coaching the Cardinals (11 months would coach only on a part-time, six-month basis) and, unlike his father-in-law, Weeb Ewbank, coach of the Jets, he is cautious about his public statements. "We are not going to talk championship this year," he says. That is prudent enough for a man with so many puzzles.

Mystery No. 1 for Winner is whether

continued

SPRINTING AROUND END, THE EAGLES' TIMMY BROWN OUTRUNS CLEVELAND DEFENDERS. BROWN'S 5.4-YARD AVERAGE GAIN IN 1965 WAS THE BEST IN THE NFL

Charley Johnson can become a first-rate quarterback rather than merely one of great promise with an occasional hot afternoon. Johnson was healthy and St. Louis was 4-1 last year when the young quarterback suffered a collarbone separation. Then the Cardinals went into a steep decline, winning only one of the next nine games, although Johnson was able to play half the time. With a corrective operation behind him, Johnson is fit again and intent on proving he has reached that plateau of maturity on which the Unstays and Stars operate. However, skeptical fans still wonder whether he can curb his tendencies to become overdependent on two or three pass patterns, to play it cautious when a more natural freewheeling strategy is indicated and to have the big pass intercepted. He has had the Cardinal quarterback job for three and a half years and should be just about as mature this year as he is ever going to be. Substitute Terry Norfberger is an even darker mystery, having spent five years sitting inactive on the bench.

As usual, the rest of the Cardinal offense seems strong. Flanker Bobby Joe Conrad and Split End Sonny Randle ranked sixth and ninth among the league's receivers last year. They are an outstanding pair, well complemented at tight end by the experienced Jackie Smith. Swift little Billy Gambrell is another good wide receiver. Again the running game has quality and depth in Bill Trippitt, Willis Crenshaw, Prentice Gault and Thunder Thornton—although none of these men have proved to be as valuable in a pinch as John David Crow, who was traded to San Francisco a year ago. Again the offensive line boasts such large and capable performers as Tackles Bob Reynolds and Ernie McMillan, Guards Irv Goode and Ken Gray and Center Bob DeMarco. Reynolds and McMillan are especially proficient at pass protection. Gray, an All-League choice, has the speed to lead wide plays and the strength (he weighs 290) to execute any kind of interior blocking assignment. Goode is close to Gray's level, lacking only his experience. DeMarco is an ideal center. He is strong enough to handle choke and angle blocks and quick enough for cutoff blocks on wide runs.

Jim Bakken kicks field goals and extra points with exceptional accuracy. He has booted 117 consecutive points and last year made good on two of every three of his field-goal attempts.

The defensive lineup is also impressive to read about, but like the offense it can be very, very good at times and horrid at others. In the front four there is a large hole to be filled at right tackle. Luke Owens, the senior defensive lineman, is finished because of a heart problem. His replacement appears to be Chuck Walker. Otherwise the line is intact. Ends Joe Rabb and Don Brumm are

among the best pass rushers in the league. Tackle Sam Sills is quick on the rush, too, although he can be trapped. Except for Brumm, a sharp, wary campaigner, this unit is extremely aggressive—sometimes to the point of recklessness. Linebackers Larry Stallings, Dale Merrett and Bill Koman have better than average speed and size. The corner men, Stallings and Koman, are demon blitzers. Merrett is somewhat small for his position but survives on a ferocious kind of courage. St. Louis needs injury insurance here in the way of competent replacements not yet visible.

Reading the individual qualifications of the men in the secondary makes you wonder how anyone can pile up passing yardage on them—as a couple of opponents invariably do. These backs lack neither ability nor desire. Against Pittsburgh, for example, Safe-

ty Larry Wilson, with broken bones in both hands, intercepted a pass that set up the first of three Cardinal touchdowns. Pat Frecher, Jerry Stenall, Monk Bailey, Abe Woodson and Jimmy Burson allegedly could start for anyone, and Coach Winner's problem is picking the first four.

Such promising rookies as Running Backs Johnny Roland and Roy Shivers and Defensive Back Jimmy Heidel missed training time because of the All-Star Game (although Roland on the day afterward returned a kickoff 58 yards against Atlanta in a preseason game), and it is unlikely that they will make the starting lineups.

Moving into the new Busch Memorial Stadium under a new coach is the most baffling team in the NFL, the Cardinals could launch anywhere from first to fifth. Fourth should be about right.

PITTSBURGH STEELERS

The news from Pittsburgh is that the raffish Steelers are being transformed into a disciplined team that drinks its Ovaltine and says its prayers in plenty of time for the 11 o'clock curfew, and there is a certain sadness in the thought, as there might be if a rowdy old burlesque house were closed to make way for a supermarket. The man responsible for the Steelers' uncharacteristic restraint is the new coach, Bill Austin, who formerly cracked an assistant's whip for the league's toughest boss, Vince Lombardi, at Green Bay. But the Steelers will be no more than disciplined loners this season. What Austin got was just about the most terrible team in modern NFL football. Until he can find more able hands, Pittsburgh will be a tight ship with no visible helmets and alarming noises in the engine room.

Who's to steer the Steelers? The quarterbacks—to begin with the worst of the team's manifold problems—have been young and overzealous. In camp only one, rookie John Stofa, appeared to have the arm to throw deep accurately. All have been slow in reading defenses, hesitant about switching to audibles, unimposing as runners and tardy setting up for throwing. Nor has any of them assumed command of the team as a quarterback must. Bill Nelsen, with only one full season of experience, is on a shaky deck as No. 1; he is indecisive and his sense of timing—his judgment of that fleeting moment when a receiver is breaking clear—is faulty. Tommy Wade looks no better. Stofa was given a long look but was released, and last week the Steelers picked up the No. 3 Green Bay quarterback, Ron Smith.

If someone can get the ball to them, however, the receivers are O.K. Five outside receivers are now or potentially of the caliber of ex-Steelers Jimmy Orr and Buddy Dial. Gary Ballman, Roy Jefferson, Paul Martha (after a laborious apprenticeship, Jeff Simmons and rookie J. R. Walburn. They are saying that Jefferson, a second-year man, can become a superstar so sure are his hands, so fluid his moves, so remarkable his speed. The tight ends, sophomore John Hilton and rookie Tony Jeter, are powerful and fast, if green.

But even if the Steelers do get the ball to the receivers, who's to run to vary the attack? John Henry Johnson is gone, and Austin may have to depend upon those plodding veterans, Dick Head and Mike Lind, as his starters. Oldtimer Clarence Peaks has shed 20 of his 238 pounds and may be useful, but No. 1 draft-choice Dick Leifridge has been put behind schedule by an infection. Some mild hope centers on youngsters Jim Butler and Willie Ashby.

And who's to block for them? Gladiators Ray Lemek, Mike Sandusky, Art Hunter and Charlie Bradshaw have worn out, so the interior line will be made up of rookie Pat Killern at center, rookie Larry Gagner and veteran Mike Magee at guard and Lloyd Voss, acquired from the Packers, and veteran Don James at tackle. This may be as weak an offensive line as there is in the NFL.

At least the defense is respectable. The line includes two strong ends, John Baker and Ben McGee. The tackles will come from a sturdy but cumbersome trio of Riley Gunnels, Chuck Hinton and Ken Kertus. These

men are punishing to run against but a traffic slow on the pass rush. Baker and McGee will get there, but the tackles will be important strides too late.

The Steeler linebackers are better than average. Gene Breen returns in the middle with Andy Russell, back from a two-year Army hitch and in top condition, and John Campbell or Rod Breedlove at the corners. Rookie Dave Tobey is a spare linebacker/center. The defensive backs are also sound. Corner Man Brady Keys can cover any receiver man to man. Bob Hohn, the second-year man playing opposite him, is coming along well, and the veteran Willie Daniel is available. Deep are Clendon Thomas, a fast man with an interception three years ago before he was shifted, against his will, to tight end, and Jim Bradshaw. Speedball Mars Woodson can be used in an emergency, as can Martha and Simmons from the offensive platoon.

For the first time since 1957 the Steelers have been ordered to work on fundamentals—timing, footwork, blocking and tackling. The overweights have been de-plumped, the receivers are running strict pass patterns for a change and all are managing to live with that strictly enforced 11 p.m. curfew.

Austin prefers instinctive reactions and quickness to mere size and demands blockers who crack and hit rather than drive and

steer. Where the departed Buddy Parker fostered rivalry between the offensive and defensive platoons, Austin is promoting a feeling of unity and team spirit. The players definitely prefer Austin's way. The rest of the football world always chuckled over the anecdotes trickling out of Dante's, the team hangout, as the town's swinging livers took refreshment, but the stories never seemed very funny to the suffering Pittsburgh fans. As they knew, pro football came to consider the town as the end of the line. Players traded to the Steelers were widely and publicly pitted—by other players and by themselves. Management persisted in the risky practice of trading off draft choices to the point of folly. As recently as 1964 there was enough strength left in the team to make it a rough opponent—it gave the proud Giant's some lovely bruises—but then the erosion accelerated. It would seem that the Austin era is beginning none too soon.

The most optimistic Steeler fans concede that the team will be out of the Eastern race early but insist that, improving steadily, it will develop into a fairly effective force by November. There is talk of a late-season sprint to as high as third place. But if morale fails during the inevitable shuffles that Austin will make, Pittsburgh may again reside near the bottom of the division.

ATLANTA FALCONS

There are various ways to approach the coaching of an expansion team. You can coddle the players, or con them, or you can work them to the point of mutiny and pick out the loyalists. The last was the method of Norb Hecker, recently of Green Bay, who took the new Atlanta Falcons up into the Black Mountains of North Carolina and frazzled their hides. "It was hell," said one survivor with simple accuracy. "Football," said Hecker, "requires perfection. We won't have that, but we will be the best-conditioned squad in the NFL, and this is going to win us a few ball games."

Inasmuch as Hecker, with a swing team, must play every club in the league, it is difficult to point to the opponents he will beat. The only certainty about the Falcons is that they will be lost. "We've got a lot of kids with something to prove," says Hecker. "The veterans know that their old clubs gave up on them when they were put on the expansion list." That is the positive way of looking at it. The other way, the realistic one, is that the other clubs knew what they were doing and sent Atlanta their worst.

As a new team, Atlanta has been given first refusal of players put on waivers by all other teams. This made it possible for the Falcons to hire the ex-San Francisco defensive end, Dan LaRose, for example. Logically enough, Hecker has been working a very inclusive reject sieve (as has Otto Graham in talent-thin Washington).

Hecker has no stars of any kind but he at least has a little something in the way of defense. Left Corner Back Ron Smith, for example, is not going to be run out of the league. The right corner back, Lee Cillard, and Safeties Carl Silvestri and Bob Raggie, are sharp, eager tacklers, a little new to their assignments. There is some cheer in the area of linchback Tommy Nobis of Texas, one of the best-publicized rookies of all time, is in the middle, while Marlin Rush, from St. Louis, and Bill Jukha, from Minnesota, play the outside positions.

The rush line is big enough, but slow—which means that Hecker will have a stunting to compensate. "I'm for pouring a guy in there when we can," he says. "You're going to get burned, but you have to do it."

The old Detroit Lion, Sam Williams, may have a good enough year left in him at end to take some of the sting out of the horns.

Hecker would like to play a Packer-style offense—running straight at the defenses and controlling the ball. He will need lots of luck, for he has neither the strong, well-coordinated offensive line that the Green Bay game requires nor the well-seasoned quarterback. Dennis Clardge, the former Nebraska All-America and Orange Bowl hero, has spent the last two seasons playing behind Bart Starr and Zeke Bratkowski at Green Bay. He is still a kid quarterback. He can run well, but he is not yet a consistent passer. Clardge's biggest problem is an inability to hit deep receivers. This failing is critical, since the defenses stack against the running game and the short-range passes. The not-too-fast running backs already have enough trouble picking their way through the meager holes opened by Atlanta's not-too-effective line. Hecker may well decide not to wait for Clardge but to gamble with rookie Randy Johnson, the tall, rangy passing wizard from Texas A&I who was considered the best pro quarterback prospect in college last year. He came to the Falcons' camp with a scrapbook filled with superlatives and a collection of invaluable-player plaques from the Last-West game, the Senior Bowl and the Coaches All-Star Game in Atlanta. Although he is brand new to the pro game he appears to be accurate at short and long range, and he releases the ball quickly. With Johnson operating from the pocket Atlanta scored a remarkable precision victory over the 49ers. Clardge's Green Bay experience and Johnson's good early form leave rookie Steve Sloan of Alabama, the third Falcon quarterback, nothing but a place on the bench. In the line Dan Grimm, a 245-pound guard, is another Green Bay graduate and the best of a so-so unit. The Atlanta receivers are not distinguished. Angelo Cora, a former Chicago and Washington performer, is fast enough at split end, but he is injury-prone. The flanker is Alex Hawkins, a refugee from the Colt specialty teams. Emerging from the shadow of Chicago's Mike Ditka is Tight End Billy Martin. He did not threaten Mike at Chicago, but he weighs 240 pounds, has some experience and is a reasonably capable short receiver.

At the running positions Atlanta will not be embarrassed by Ernie Wheelwright, late of New York, or Charley Skales, an understudy of Jim Brown's at Cleveland, nor will the town be thrilled by them. The Atlanta place kicking is entrusted to Tight End Bob Jenks, whose foot, unfortunately, has never been very trustworthy.

Nevertheless Atlanta will not be hampered this first season and if Johnson is as good as he looks the Falcons will be an entertaining team, even in last place.

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BUFFALO BILLS

When Pete Gogolak left the Buffalo Bills in the nearest jump since Jack and the candlestick, Personnel Chief Harvey Johnson found himself sifting through close to 100 applications for Pete's place-kicking job. These included an ambidextrous Italian who could boot the ball a fabulous five feet off the ground, a mechanical engineer who made two feet, and an Austrian count who lives in a castle in the Alps. In camp the Bills pored the list down to Bob Hight, who has one arm and one eye; Wolfgang Felgmeier, a West German bricklayer; and a third gentleman—a frustrated actor who once played football for something called the New Bedford Sweepers. The Sweeper finally won the job. His name, as fans know by now, is Booth Lunge. He can kick consistently and for distance: as a result Buffalo—with a new coach in Joe Collier but with the same depth, experience and eccentricities that have made it the class of the American League for two seasons—may present pro football's most vociferous fans with a third Eastern Division championship, although the odds are always against such repetition.

The Bills do have their problems. Good running backs are scarce, and they could use more depth in the offensive line, especially now that Center Dave Behrman has retired. The Bills do have depth on defense, which is where they have won their championships. Mike Stratton, on the right side, is the best of the starting linebackers—Harry Jacobs and John Tracey are the others—who are beginning their fifth season as a unit. Second-year man Marly Schottmeier is good enough to start, and rookie Paul Gaudry from McNeese State is not far behind.

The Bills drafted Charlie King from Purdue for the defensive backfield, but he has little chance of breaking into what is probably the deepest secondary in the league. Butch Iyrd, a gifted punt-return man and one of the meanest tacklers around, is All-League at corner back, as is George Saines at free safety. When Booker Edgerson was injured last season Charley Warner did an excellent job at the other corner. This season Warner has won the job from him. Hagood Clarke and Tommy Janik, who were picked up from Denver in a steal, play strong-side safety.

Despite all this the Bills' primary defensive strength is a powerful line equally adept against the passing or running game. Ken McDole and Tom Day are quick and mobile ends whose special talent is pursuit to either side of the field. At one point last season Buffalo had not allowed a touchdown by rushing for 18 consecutive games. Tom Sestak, a perennial All-Star tackle, and Jim Dunaway, destined to become one, are both unusually skilled in the art of interior pass-rushing. Don Thiesen, cut by Cleveland, is a good-looking reserve tackle with a chance to make the team.

Except for one man, the offensive line has been together for five years. Led by Guard Billy Shaw and Tackle Slew Barber, it is superior to most in the NFL.

Last year the Bills began the season figuring to abandon their ball-control style and become a "home run" club going for the quick-scoring play. By the fourth game, injuries had finished top receivers Elbert Dubenion and Glenn Bass for the season, and the plan was dropped. Buffalo was again Buffalo grinding it out, wasting the clock, winning as unspectacularly as possible.

Now, however, with a good blocking and running back (Billy Joe)—who had replaced a great, but troublesome, blocking and running back (Cookie Gilchrist)—gone to Miami, the Bills are left with only one dependable regular, Wray Carlton. He is an excellent blocker but will not break away much. Rookie Bobby Burnett of Arkansas has beaten out Bobby Smith at the other running back position and, though he learns quickly

and had a fine exhibition season, the Bills are skeptical. They are talking about going to the home run again, and this time there is nothing to fall back on. The runners are just not there. They will have to throw the ball more.

Flanker Dubenion and Split End Bass are completely recovered and can do the catching. Both have good moves and can break open any game with their speed. Tight End Paul Costa—at 6 feet 5, 256 pounds the biggest receiver in football—played well after being called up from the taxi squad in mid-season, and a promising rookie, All-American Bobby Crockett of Arkansas, may be less than a year away.

At quarterback, Jack Kemp has always had the arm. Now he has become sound at play-selection—and is one of the best at calling audibles. He also has learned to stay in the pocket. Kemp has guided the team to two titles, is the league MVP and has the utmost confidence of his teammates. Darle Lamonica, who used to come in and pinch the team out of trouble when Kemp had his erratic stretches, has just concluded his finest training camp and is ready again in the bullpen.

The Bills do a lot of thinking about the NFL-AFL merger and the "supergame" in January that should bring the leagues together for the first time. "We have always won on desire and pride," says Kemp. "It will be the same this year. Besides the money factor, which is substantial, that game is going to make history. Everybody will remember it for a long time. It would be the supreme thrill to play in it."

Houston, among others, will have something to say about that, but the Bills could make it on their defense, kicking game and the fine passing that would come with good years from Kemp and Lamonica. Mr. Lustig has kicked his way onto quite a team.

NEW YORK JETS

In training camp the Jets performed as extras in the filming of a TV musical about a miserable football team that is transformed into a winner by a messenger of the gods. On cue, the Jets were dropping passes, missing kicks, falling down, fumbling and bumbling like an idiot team when a club official cracked, "I really don't notice anything

different." Three years removed from the Titans of Harry Wisner, the Jets are different, however, and the real-life presence of Joe Namath may be godlike enough to make them challengers for the Eastern championship.

Bigger, deeper and faster—"the fastest team I have ever had," says Weeb Ewbank,

continued

BUFFALO QUARTERBACK JACK KEMP HOPES TO TAKE BILLS TO THIRD STRAIGHT TITLE AND INTO THE FIRST WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP GAME WITH THE NFL WINNER



who coached two NFL champions at Baltimore—New York is a young team with young ideas. Says Carley Johnson, punter and blithe spirit of the Jets: "The talk around here is life."

This is fancy talk for a crowd that went 5-6-1 last year and has never had a winning season, but several young players improved remarkably in the second half of 1965 when the Jets won five of their last eight games, including a victory over champion Buffalo. Namath, who developed fastest of all, can be one of the best quarterbacks in football.

After taking command of the team mid-way through the season, Broadway Joe puffed for 2,220 yards and 18 touchdowns; his damaged knee caused little apparent trouble. But this year the knee was wrenched at the Jets' preseason game with the Oilers, causing some worry. If it holds up through the season no AFL team will get more confident leadership or more pore under fire. Mike Talafiero is an adequate No. 2.

Namath and Talafiero throw to wide receivers George Sauer Jr., Bake Turner and Don Maynard. Sauer, a rookie last year, has taken the starting split-end assignment from Turner. Ten pounds lighter this season, faster and with that important year of experience, he could be one of the league's best. Flanker Maynard already is. He had a gaudy second half of the season, catching 45 passes for nine touchdowns in seven games. Jim Coleclough, obtained from Boston in the deal for Quarterback John Huard, is a valuable receiver and can fill in on either side.

The Jets were looking for some tight-end help in the draft and got it in Pete Lammons of Texas and Bill Yearby of Michigan. The regular these rookies have beaten is Dee Mackey, who caught well but has had pneumonia.

The Jets' running game has been weak to the outside but strong between the tackles with Matt Snell, fourth in rushing last season, and Bill Mathis, seventh. Both are fine blockers and pass protectors, and Snell is a sure receiver. Emerson Hoover, a strong and swift first-year man from Maryland State, will give New York outside speed.

The reason the Jets do not worry more about Namath's valuable knee is the offensive line, which is a superior pass-blocking unit. If it can protect a Dick Wood, who has had five knee operations and is a prospect for six, it can protect a Namath. Jet 17 times in 14 games last year were Jet quarterbacks dumped on a rush. In the line the gap at center created by Mike Hudock's departure for Miami has been filled by John Schmitt, off the taxi squad. The tackles are massive 300-pound Sherman Plankett, an

All-League choice, and 275-pound Winston Hill, and the guards are again Sam DeLuca and Dave Herman.

It is on defense that the Jets must improve substantially if they are to make a serious championship bid. Only Houston had a poorer record against rushing in 1965. New York started last season with two rookies on the right side of the defensive line—End Verlon Biggs and Tackle Jim Harris—and a near rookie, Gerry Philbin, at right end. They endured and learned, and with veteran Paul Rochester at right tackle they now form a cohesive unit. Biggs is a coming star, but as good as he is the Jets rate Philbin their steadiest defensive lineman.

Linebacker is looking up with the sharply improved play of 290-pound Al Atkinson, a Buffalo reject. There will be more help when prize rookie Carl McAdams of Oklahoma recovers from his ankle injury next month. Larry Grantham is a shrewd, albeit small, operator on the right; Ralph Baker returns on the left side; either Yearby or Lammons might also be used.

New York's defensive backs lack size, but Edmund Pinson is All-League at safety and Cornell Gordon could be good at right corner back. The right safety will be either Jim Hudson or Ray Abruzzese, and Billy Baud takes over from Willie West, gone to Miami in the expansion draft, at the other corner. Veteran Johnny Sample will add experience and speed to the secondary. A very swift but very small rookie, Sherman Lewis, the Michigan State star of three years ago, should make the team if only on punt and kickoff returns.

The kicking is strong with Punter Johnson, who averaged 45.3 yards (second in the AFL), and Jim Turner, who scored 91 points with his toe.

That television musical in which the Jets lapsed into their old nonskills is all about miracles. Three of the Jets' first four games are against the lower echelon of the AFL—Miami, Denver and Boston—and they could be off to a fast start. Thereafter, the developing skills of the younger players could continue the momentum.

BOSTON PATRIOTS

There is a strong suspicion that the most valuable member of the Patriots last season was Bill Bates. Bates does not run, pass, kick, block or tackle. He tapes. As the team trainer, Bates taped the Patriots to a 4-8-2 record, worst in Boston history. But, in retrospect, it is difficult to understand how he and the team did that well.

Due to injuries, Boston played much of the year without its only experienced running back (Larry Garron), its best pass receiver (Art Graham), an All-League linebacker (Tom Addison), a starting offensive guard (Charlie Long) and a starting corner back (Tom Hennevey). Graham had tendonitis, which is unusual enough. But Addison and Long were affected all year by early-season cases of mumps. Not even Bates had the answer to that.

As a result, Coach Mike Holovak could no longer hide what has always been a Patriot weakness—a serious lack of depth. He also abandoned the continuous blitz, a tactic that proved futile against big backfields, and thus revealed further gaping holes in the Patriot defense.

Quarterback Babe Parilli, who never got much blocking anyway, got even less after the offensive line was hit by some key in-

juries. The Babe never knew who was going to be lining up in front of him from one Sunday to the next and, though he had at least been introduced to his backs, he was never completely sure which way they would be going. The Patriots lost their first five games, were last in scoring, last in rushing, last in kickoff and punt returns and next to last in kicking and catching.

In a way this was a fate deserved by the Boston hierarchy, which in all the seasons since the founding of the AFL had been last in money paid to graduating college seniors. It is mortal sin in pro football to take a cheese-paring approach to the signing of talent, and the Pats have been among the sinners. But last winter somebody must have decided that new blood was important to the balance sheet, and Boston spent some money. The result was the most meaningful draft the team has ever had.

To patch up the offensive line Holovak signed two excellent prospects—6-foot-3, 250-pound Karl Singer of Purdue and 5-foot-11, 254-pound Dick Annunzio of Notre Dame—and moved strongboy Len St. Jean over from the defense. Singer is bulky enough to occupy three positions, and his work at the exhibition games brought

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JOE NAMATH IS THE MAGNETIC YOUNG QUARTERBACK WHO FILLS SHEA STADIUM AND SHOWS PROMISE OF BECOMING ONE OF BEST PASSERS OF ALL TIME

an immediate improvement in the blocking of the Patriots' line, as well as a marked decrease in the number of men pouring in to push Parilli's face into the ground. Arrington has been a slow learner, however, and so another rookie, Jim Boudreau from Louisiana Tech (6 feet 4, 260 pounds), has been converted from a defensive end. These three new faces in the relatively colorless and unheralded position of offensive blocker could mean as many as three games to the Patriots. Second-year men Justin Canale and Tom Neville and Center Jim Morris—all are young and improving—return for more on-the-job training.

Parilli is 36 now and though last year was a miserable one for him neither John Huarne, who was well paid for carrying a clipboard and earphones down the New York sidewalks last season, nor anybody else on view in the Patriot camp is about to replace him.

Parilli may not have to throw 30 times a game, as he has for the last two years, if Fullback Jim Nance is the runner he appears to be. Nance had a so-so rookie year after fighting a weight problem. But he will start the season at 230—almost 20 pounds lighter. He feels much quicker and has learned to block.

Nance's development, along with that of first-year backup man Bob Cappadona, has made it possible for Carter to return to fullback, where he belongs but where he now finds himself battling J. D. Garrett for the job. In any case, the Boston running attack looks 100%; improved.

Whether the same can be said for the receiving probably depends on the health of Graham. He handles the split-end position admirably if he can keep away from injuries, but he has been out for long periods ever since he came into the league three years ago. The excitement over Joe Bellino has subsided so drastically that he has been cut from the club, and so the flanker will again be Gans Cappelletti, who is small and slow but catches more than his share of passes and may be the best field-goal kicker in football. He scored a record 28 points in the final game last season to win the scoring title with 132. Tony Roman, who can block, and Jim Whalen, who can catch, light it out for the tight-end job, and rookie Charlie Smith from Boston College may be a sleeper.

On defense, the Pats still have some of the best in Ends Larry Eisenhauer and Bob Dee and linebackers Addison and Nick Buntions, who is small but the real thing. But they could use some help. Opponents run away from Tackle Houston Antoine—into the void on the opposite side. Holmuck desperately needs another tackle, but his chief prospects—veteran Jim Lee Hunt and rookie John Magnus—seem lacking, and he may have to go trading. Jim Fraser, ac-

quired from Kansas City, will solve the punting problem but, at 29, his All-Star linebacking days are over. Corner Back Hennessey, completely recovered from a knee injury, could be a star in his second year. The rest of the secondary, though experienced, is inconsistent.

Boston finished strong after the injury

he had departed last season, but it has always been a strange team to figure. All of a small nucleus of quality players—Parilli, Cappelletti, Nance, Graham and the defensive standouts—have to have good years for the Patriots to finish respectably in the East. They may make a race of it, but it is a long road back. Probably too long.

HOUSTON OILERS

Seldom has a football team changed as much between seasons as the Houston Oilers. Last year they were small, disgruntled, inept and lost in the Eastern Division. This year they are big, happy, talented and could very well be first. The change began in January when Owner Bud Adams hired Don Klosterman away from the Kansas City Chiefs to become his general manager. Since then Klosterman has survived more than his share of ordeals—the Ladd-Fanon mess, the firing of Coach Bones Taylor, the scuffle between Adams and a reporter, the John Broche wrangle, to name a few—but he has reorganized the Oilers and has helped to put the team into a challenging position. Now it is up to new Coach Wally Lemm, new talent (primarily Ernie Ladd) and the new attitude to put the Oilers into their first AFL championship game since 1962.

"One thing I have learned this year is that loyalty is not just a word," says Oiler flanker Charley Hennigan, who caught 108 passes in 1964 even though he was dissatisfied with his job. "We have loyalty on this club now, and we all want to win. I couldn't have said that before." Loyalty, of course, will carry a team only so far. Their size, speed and ability must take over.

In the matter of size there is a tremendous difference at one of the most important places. Ladd, who is 6 feet 9 and weighs 315, has moved in at right tackle after a long and involved trade from San Diego. "By himself, Ladd makes Houston 50% better on defense," says one AFL coach. Ladd automatically gives Houston a vastly improved pass rush and stops a favorite play of Oiler opponents, which is running up the middle. In the past the Oilers had a defensive line that was small for professional football and was vulnerable to bigger teams that ran straight at them. This year Houston not only has Ladd but has added Pat Holmes, 6 feet 5 and 270 pounds, who was twice All-Pro in Canada. With tackles of that bulk and quickness in front of him, Middle Linebacker Doug Cline becomes much more effective. Cline's backup man, Ronnie Caviness, is very quick and will find

his 220-pound weight no handicap behind Ladd and Holmes. Scott Appleton, a regular last year, has become a swing tackle able to replace either Ladd or Holmes, increasing the Oilers' depth. With Don Floyd at right end and Gary Cusinger on the left, and with 275-pound Jim Hayes able to play either place, the Oiler defensive line has changed in a few months from one of the league's feeblest to one of its toughest.

The linebacking is good, with Johnny Baker on the left and Danny Brabham on the right, but in the secondary the Oilers are worried about left corner back Tony Buntfield had an off year last season after knee surgery and though he was All-AFL in 1962, he has been dropped.

Lemm, who coached the Oilers to an AFL championship in 1961 before moving to the St. Louis Cardinals, is pleased with the look of his offense. The main problems are finding consistency at center and depth in the interior line. John Frongillo, who has a long record of injuries, and the veteran John Wartenborn will try to handle the snapbacks and the chore of finding blitzing linebackers. First-unit Guards Sonny Bishop and Bob Talamini are good pass blockers. Rookie George Race, the No. 3 draft choice and also a possibility at defensive tackle, will play behind them. The first-unit tackles are veterans Ray Michael and Walt Suggs, but they could be pressed by a pair of promising rookies, Glen Ray Hines and George Allen. By midseason that crowd of rookies may show Lemm he has the bench he wants. It may take that long for the Oilers to perfect their timing, because Lemm looked at more than 100 candidates.

Tight End Willie Frazier has been traded, but there will not be much of a drop in ability with Bob McLeod, a good receiver, moving in. The spread end, Charlie Frazier, has been one of the pleasant surprises to Lemm, who had never heard of Frazier before last spring but now is enthusiastic about his speed and moves. Lawrence Elkins missed last season because of a knee injury and is ranked No. 2 behind Frazier at end and behind Hennigan at flanker.

The running-back position is one that Lemm can hardly help gloating over. He has two excellent men in Sid Blanks and Ole Burrell. Blanks, who had a sensational rookie year in 1964, missed all of last season because of a knee injury. He is running sharply again this autumn. Burrell is small (185), but he runs inside the tackles like a much larger man and has the speed to turn the end. He was Houston's leading ground-gainer in 1965.

The Oilers went through their preseason schedule with four fullbacks—Donnie Stone, Charlie Tolar, John Henry Johnson and Hoyle Granger. Stone has played with Denver and Buffalo and is dependable and durable. Tolar has been the Oiler fullback since the club was organized. Johnson, the NFL veteran, signed with Houston for one more season before ending his career and has been romping around like a rookie.

Granger, a 227-pound rookie, was being groomed for next season, but somebody had to go, and it was Granger.

Lemm may also have trouble deciding which of his quarterbacks to use. He has veteran George Blanda (also valuable as a place kicker), third-year man Don Trull and six-year veteran Jacky Lee. Don Trull from a weird loan to Denver. "Blanda has the experience," says Lemm. "Trull is pretty cool and can throw deep better than I had thought he could. Lee has a very strong arm." After a few bad seasons the 35-year-old Blanda has become caught up in the new attitude of the Oilers. He is thinner and more congenial, looks younger and has been working hard. Lemm probably will decide to stay with Blanda at quarterback but keep the others warming up. That system has worked before. For the new Oilers, it could bring a division championship.

MIAMI DOLPHINS

There was a great deal of celebrating in Miami last January when the Dolphins announced the names of the players they had chosen in the AFL's expansion draft. Since the AFL allowed its clubs to freeze only 23 men each, the Dolphins were able to pick up 19 AFL regulars among a fairly solid nucleus of 32 players. On the surface they emerged so much better off than any previous expansion team that some AFL observers claimed the new entry was already superior to Denver, which is struggling into its seventh season.

However, what looks lovely in January can lose its glow by September. Four of the original 32—Fullback Jack Spikes, Offensive Guard Ken Rice, Offensive Tackle Jim Davidson and Defensive Tackle Howard Simpson—retired from the game. Rice came back but missed much valuable work. Miami gave up Linebacker Ron Caviness to Houston for negotiation rights to Tulsa Quarterback Bill Anderson, who signed with the NFL. Safety Man Ross O'Hanley ruptured a tendon in his thigh and is out for the season. And there were rumblings of internal troubles, not only among the players but with the franchise itself.

Miami, then, seems destined for the same fate as other expansion teams, which is season-long occupancy of last place. The Dolphins catch Oakland, New York, Buffalo and San Diego in their first four games, and it is not until October 16 that they will have a chance to show whether they are as good as Denver.

That does not mean the Dolphins will

be a breeze for their other opponents. Miami is going to be forced to fill the air with passes, and any team that does that can be a problem. Miami will be throwing for two reasons, one good and one bad. The good one is that the Dolphins have some fine receivers. The bad one is that they are very weak on running backs. Billy Joe, 235-pound fullback obtained from Buffalo, suffered from double vision as the result of a concussion and has been slow in coming around. In desperation Miami Coach George Wilson, late of the Detroit Lions, signed former Chicago and Washington Fullback Rick Casares, a 35-year-old free agent. Wilson has little hope that Casares can help much as a runner. But Casares and Billy Joe are big backs and could help quite a bit by blocking for a quarterback who is trying to fling the ball downfield to someone. If that fails, a 219-pound rookie, Sam Price of Illinois, is a running-back possibility.

But in throwing the ball, ah, that is something else again. At quarterback the Dolphins have Dick Wood, an excellent deep passer, along with rookies Rick Norton, the very promising No. 1 draft choice from Kentucky, and George Wilson Jr., the coach's son, who can double as punter. Wood has a chronic bad knee and seems to be losing the compass in the AFL. But when he has time he can throw the bomb with accuracy, as he proved at New York and Oakland. Wilson has never made it as a regular at Kansas City or Boston, although it must be said in his behalf that he was playing behind Len Dawson and Babe Parilli. Besides being a

rookie, Norton also has a bad knee. No Miami quarterback was impressive in preseason games, but that was to be expected, as they were working with receivers who were strangers to them.

Other than the pass-blocking of big backs, the Miami quarterbacks will need protection from their offensive line—most likely Billy Neighbors and Ernie Park at guards, Maxie Williams and Norman Evans at tackles, and either Tom Goode or Mike Hudock at center. Evans is the best prospect of the bunch, but Park and Neighbors have played regularly on winners at San Diego and Boston. Depth is the problem.

If the quarterbacks can get the ball away, there are all sorts of able hands to do the catching. The best proven hands belong to Tight End Dave Kocourek, an All-AFL performer at San Diego, and to Frank Jackson, a fast flanker for Kansas City in 1964. But Jackson has been hurt, and the deep receivers will come from a group that includes Bo Roberson and rookies Howard Twilley of Tulsa and John Roderick of SMU. Twilley, the all-time collegiate pass-catching champion at Tulsa, is small but quick and sure. Roderick runs the 100-yard dash in 9.3 and also has good speed in a football uniform, a talent many trackmen lack.

The key to the defense may be in how fast rookie Middle Linebacker Frank Emanuel of Tennessee learns his job. The Dolphins are going to shove Emanuel into action at once and suffer their lumps along with him. Fred Watson McDaniels has been moved to an outside linebacking position where his lack of speed may hamper pass coverage, although he is a hard tackler. Tom Frandsen, once of Denver, has the other outside linebacking job. Defensive End Mel Branch was a star for several years at Kansas City, although at 230 pounds he may find the game outgrowing him. The Dolphins had hoped for much from Tackle Alphonse Dotson, who has yet to live up to his reputation. Ed Cooke is a seasoned defensive end, and Tackles Tom Nomma and Rick Zecher have put in a lot of playing time.

The defensive secondary figures to be at least adequate. Willie West, a seven-year veteran, and John McGiever are at safety, and Jim Warren and Dick Westmoreland—both of whom came from San Diego in the draft—are the corner backs. "West is the best we have," says Wilson. "He's with the ball all the time. If we can get performances like his all over, we'll be O.K. in the secondary."

The Dolphins will be erratic, a trait typical of new teams. Defensive units must play together for a while to become consistent. Quarterbacks and receivers must work together to perfect timing. But there will be days when things will fall into place, and it should not be a surprise if the Dolphins win two or three games.

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SAN DIEGO CHARGERS

As an example of how well balanced the AFL has become, consider the situation facing the San Diego Chargers. In six years the Chargers have won five Western Division championships, including the last three at a row. The Chargers led the league in every major statistic on both offense and defense in 1965. (They also brought the top price ever paid for a pro franchise when Barron Hilton sold the club to a syndicate for \$10 million last month.) Their offense may be even better this season with the addition of rookie flanker Gary Garrison and Tight End Willie Frazier, picked up in a trade with Houston. And yet the Chargers are far from being a cinch to get into the championship game again. They could quite easily finish second or third. That is not only because of the strength of Kansas City and Oakland but because of the Chargers' loss of one man—Defensive Tackle Ernie Ladd.

The absence of the 315-pound Ladd will put pressure on San Diego's offense as well as on its defense. The offense will be required to sustain its drives more often than in the past because the Charger defense will not be able to take the ball away from opponents as regularly as it has done. The defense will miss Ladd in a number of ways. With Ladd, the Chargers could get as much from a four-man pass rush as most teams get from a blitz. Thus the Chargers could afford to play a more conservative defense. With Ladd to force opposing offenses to stay out of certain formations and to forget about an inside attack, the San Diego linebackers were relieved of much responsibility and the secondary could play quite a bit of zone defense. With Ladd gone, the middle will open up more for running and for passing (Ladd's hands waving nine feet in the air frequently discouraged a quarterback looking for a receiver over the middle). The lessened effectiveness of the pass rush should make the Chargers more vulnerable to the home run ball.

To counter the loss of Ladd, the Chargers will play what Coach Sid Gillman calls a "more active" defense. Gillman is no fan of the blitz, although he will have to resort to it more often than in the past few years. Steve DeLong, a 250-pound tackle who was a No. 1 draft choice, will move into Ladd's position but frequently will step back to be-

come a fourth linebacker. The other defensive tackle, George Gross, is a steady performer. The ends are in ample supply, with Bob Petrich and Bob Minter on one side and Howard Kordig and Earl Faison on the other. The linebacking will be good, with veteran Chuck Allen in the middle and Frank Barcom and Rick Redman on either wing.

The secondary was hurt by the AFL expansion draft which cost the Chargers two corner backs, Dick Westmoreland and Jim Warren (as well as Offensive Guard Ernie Park and Tight End Dave Kocorek). But Miller Farr, who was cut by Denver last year, came to camp this season as one of 24 defensive backs and won the job at left corner with an impressive performance. Speedy Duncan, a fine kick returner, is the right corner back, and veterans Bud Whitehead and Kenny Graham are at safety.

The offense must make up for whatever defensive weaknesses Ladd's loss reveals, and it may be able to. Quarterback John Hadl, the AFL's No. 1 passer last season, still has an army of critics but is getting a reputation as a winner. He is a Bobby Layne type of quarterback who does not throw a picture pass but moves the team. Hadl is smart and has worked hard to develop from a college roll-out quarterback to a pro drop-back passer. Behind him is Steve Tense, a second-year man who put in months of study under Gillman during the off season.

The running backs may be, as a pair, the league's best. Paul Lowe gained 1,121 yards last season. Keith Lincoln was injured nearly half the season but managed to run for three touchdowns, catch four touchdown passes and throw a pass for another. With Lincoln healthy again, Lowe becomes much more effective. Waiting on the bench is Gene Foster, who, as a rookie, gained 469 yards while Lincoln was hurt.

The Chargers can match pass receivers with anybody. The chief is, of course, Lance Alworth, who San Diego fans claim is the finest ever. Despite defenses loaded against him, Alworth caught 69 passes for an average of 23.2 yards per catch and 14 touchdowns last year. Flanked to the other side is Don Norton, who has very tricky moves, good hands and enough speed. Behind Norton is Garrison, a No. 1 future choice in 1964. Garrison runs with the ball after the catch as well as Alworth, if not better. The tight end is Frazier, who is amazingly fast for a big man, and Jacques MacKinnon.

Ernie Park was a starting guard before he went to Miami in the draft. But Pat Shea, John Farris and 280-pound Ed Mitchell are trying to prove he will not be missed. The right guard, Walt Sweeney, may be the AFL's most undervalued lineman. Tackles Ron Mix and Ernie Wright are veterans, and both are excellent. With Center Sam Grunstein, the Chargers will have a line that ranks among the most solid in the league.

But Buffalo proved in the last championship game that the Charger offense can be stopped on occasion. Three or four of those occasions could drop the Chargers back with the herd. Considering the quality of the herd this year, that is no disgrace.

OAKLAND RAIDERS

The Oakland Raiders are the coming team in the AFL. That does not mean the Raiders are going to start marching off with a succession of championships. There are too many good clubs in the league for that now. But the Raiders have improved vastly over the past three years and are still getting better. They are a young team with a nucleus of veterans. They can score and they have a tough defense. The only unknown quality at Oakland as this season begins is the new coach, John Rauch, a former All-America

quarterback at Georgia. Rauch was an assistant at Oakland for three years while Al Davis was building the Raiders into a winning unit and says he does not intend to change the team's personality. Chances are that Davis, who has returned to the club as a part owner with the splendid title of Managing General Partner, will help see to that.

Davis has a magic touch. Last year he traded for quarterback Dick Wood from the Jets when he already had two able, if dissimilar, quarterbacks in Tom Flores and

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LANCE ALWORTH, BEST DEEP RECEIVER IN THE GAME, LEAPS TO CATCH A PASS WITH THE DEERLIKE GRACE THAT EARNED HIM THE NICKNAME BAMBI



Cotton Davidson. So Davidson got hurt in training camp and missed the entire season, and Wood threw eight touchdown passes. The Raiders won eight games, one less than Western Division champion San Diego, and might well have won a couple more with Davidson. His absence was especially felt against hard-rushing clubs like San Diego and Kansas City. Wood has gone to Miami, but Davidson, the scrambling relief pitcher, is back to help Flores, who is an accurate passer but does not have a strong arm.

The Raiders are what pro football men call a big-play team, which means they can turn a disadvantage into an advantage in a hurry. One big reason for that is Halfback Clem Omeis, who ran for 884 yards last season, caught 36 passes (the Raiders often throw to their running backs) for 568 yards and scored 12 touchdowns. Roger Hagberg and Hewitt Dixon, who was a tight end at Denver, supply depth at fullback. The swift Larry Todd, who at 185 pounds was considered too light for running back, has been moved to the flank, where he will be a dangerous receiver. Rookie Tom Mitchell may become the tight end Oakland has sought, Fred Biletnikoff, who came on fast during the last half of his rookie season, could become an outstanding deep receiver.

But there is one Oakland receiver who stands far ahead of the others. He is Art Powell, who takes a tremendous beating from linebackers in Oakland's east formation but makes the key third-down catches and is difficult to cover deep. Powell is not only big and fast but has excellent moves. Like Omeis, his partner in a training camp holdout designed to get them more money, Powell scored 12 touchdowns last year.

Oakland's offensive line features Center Jim Otto, whose specialty is picking up a blitz. The guards, one of whom is three-time All-Star Wayne Hawkins, are not large but are fine pass blockers. Tackles Bob Stryhus and Harry Schaub were regulars as rookies and should have improved. The Raiders are fast, run their deep patterns well and are adept at forcing a linebacker into one-on-one coverage and then beating him.

Although it may not sound so, Rauch views his offense as the place where Oakland needs improvement. The defense was solid last year, giving up an average of 17 points per game and allowing no opponent to score more than three touchdowns. Defensive ends like Lavett and Ilen Davidson are rejects who have begun to play up to their potential. Davidson, a 6-foot-7, 270-pounder with a red mustache, is a fierce pass rusher. Tackle Dave Costa is strong against the run. The Raiders are looking for another tackle with a good inside pass rush. Last

year Oakland used from four to six rookies as starters in every game. This season the Raiders signed four of their first five draft choices and three futures.

Regular Middle Linebacker Archie Mason has been traded to Denver, leaving two pro sophomores, Bill Hudness and Dan Connors, competing at that position. John Williamson, the left linebacker, is the oldest of the group at 24. Gus Otto, a rookie last year, is the starter on the right. The Raiders are wealthy at corner backs, with All-AFL Dave Grayson on one side and Ken McCloughan, a 1965 rookie, on the other. McCloughan was a 220-yard dash champion at Nebraska, where he outscored Gale Sayers in the Big Eight. At safeties the Raiders have Warren Powers and Howie Williams—last year's starters—as well as Joe Krakowski, Rodger Bird. No. 1 draft choice, could break into the Oakland secondary.

The Raiders move into the new 53,000-seat Oakland-Alameda County Coliseum this season. That sports palace is a fantastic improvement over the makeshift stadium where the Raiders used to play. The Raiders themselves are just as much of an improvement over the Raiders of the past. Rauch's concern over his offense likely will prove groundless. "I sincerely believe," he says, "that the forward pass is pro football's most effective weapon and will design my offense accordingly." With that intention, he is fortunate to have Davidson back. The Davidson-Flores combination won 10 games in 1964. "They were never cold at the same time," says General Manager Scotty Sterling. "If one was having a bad day, the other came in and always was hot." Oakland will be in the Western championship struggle with Kansas City and San Diego all the way.

KANSAS CITY CHIEFS

If that world championship pro football game—the one Lamar Hunt calls the Super Bowl—ever does come off, the first team to represent the AFL could very well be Hunt's own, the Kansas City Chiefs. The Chiefs have one of the finest collections of athletes ever assembled on one club. If they can find the solid running back they need, and if they do not have excessive injuries in their line, especially on defense, the Chiefs should finish ahead of two other good clubs, Oakland and San Diego, in the Western Division and eventually win the AFL title.

When healthy, the Chiefs' first units on offense and defense can be overwhelming. The problems in the past have been injuries, inconsistencies and, to an extent, morale. The latter problem appears cured, and that could cure the other two. According to the Chiefs themselves, much of the credit goes to their coach, Henry Stram, who often has been maligned but is entering his seventh season as the only head coach the Chiefs have ever had. "We're relaxed and happy. We think we can win, but we don't worry about it and don't talk about it," says Defensive Captain Jerry Mays, an All-AFL player. "Stram is at least half responsible for the way we feel. He ran a great training camp. Our outlook now is about like it was in 1962 [when the Chiefs—then the Dallas Texans—won the AFL championship in an overtime game with Houston]."

Stram's primary concern is with depth in the lines. Other than that the Chiefs can find little to worry about except to wonder whether Bert Coan or Mike Garrett can become the quality running back they must have. Coan has been around for years and has the needed ability, but he frequently has been injured. Garrett, the Heisman Trophy winner of 1965, is small but is quick and tough and began to show it in the final pre-season game. One of them must come through for Curtis McClinton, last year's running back, who has been moved to fullback to replace Mack Lee Hill, who died after surgery late last season.

The Chiefs have heated competition at quarterback. The No. 1 man is veteran Len Dawson, the AFL's second-ranked passer of 1965. Dawson, who does not seem to play well in warm weather, throws few interceptions but is often trapped for losses. His sub is young, strong-armed Pete Beathard, who may make AFL fans forget about Joe Namath once he becomes a regular. Beathard, a superb runner when necessary, can throw the ball 50 yards with a snap of the wrist. He probably will spend another season as Dawson's relief, but Beathard has the knack of producing touchdowns. The Chiefs have never thrown much to the outside and have had trouble against clubs with good middle linebackers jamming up their running game. That flaw, however, may be remedied by

continued

LEN DAWSON IS AN UNEMOTIONAL, SOFT-THROWING QUARTERBACK WHO COULD PUSH THE VERSATILE CHIEFS TO VICTORY OVER THE CHARGERS AND RAIDERS

Beathard's arm. And in Flanker Ott Taylor the Chiefs have a deep receiver who will replace Frank Jackson—lost to Miami in the expansion draft and subsequently injured—with no drop in the team's offensive force.

Kansas City's offensive line is big and talented. The Chiefs rely heavily on the blocking of their tight end and have one of the game's best in Fred Arbano. The tackles are Dave Hill and Jim Tyrer, the guards are Curt Merz and Ed Budde and the center is underrated veteran Jon Giffum. The split end, Chris Burford, is a top clutch receiver.

But it is Kansas City's defense that usually draws the most compliments. The linebackers—Sherrill Headrick in the middle, E. J. Holuh and Bobby Bell on the outside—are experienced and work well together. Bell, who weighs 228, is as fast as most backs. But he is no faster than rookie Defensive End Anton Brown, a 270-pounder who runs the 40-yard dash in 4.6. Mays, one of the league's outstanding tackles in 1965, is a defensive end now and has a secure job. That leaves Brown to compete with Chuck Houston, a 240-pounder in his second season, at the other end. The tackles are Ed Lothamer, 270, and Buck Buchanan, 287. Rookie Linebacker Bud Abell, a first-rate prospect, and the veteran Smokey Stover supply depth, but the Chiefs suffer if anything happens to Lothamer or Buchanan.

At right cornerback the Chiefs have Wil-

lie Mitchell, a corner in his fourth season. The left corner is the controversial Fred Williamson, who wears white shoes and engages the fans with his statements and his antics but has steady employment. The safety men are veterans Johnny Robinson and Bobby Hunt, with experienced Bobby Ply to back them up. The Chiefs' defense should be good enough to compensate for any erratic behavior by the offense.

The kicking is top quality, with Tommy Brooker for the field goals and Jerrel Wilson for the punting, and rookie Wayne Walker able to do either. The question on offense keeps returning to running back. Coon is 6 feet 4, weighs 220 and is a slashing runner but has been unable to protect his elongated form from injury over any span of time. Garrett, 5 feet 9 and 200 pounds, had a difficult breaking-in period, and many contended he does not have the necessary year-around speed. But he is about the same size as the Rams' Dick Bass, has good moves and demonstrated during his college career at USC that he is durable. It is most likely that Coon will be listed as the starter, but he may be used as a spot player, lessening his risk of injury.

Kansas City's season ticket sales have passed 21,000, considerably brightening the club's outlook toward the home it has had since 1963. A date in the Super Bowl should erase the last frown.

DENVER BRONCOS

There was never much affection between Cookie Gilchrist and the Denver Broncos. Last year he refused to report to camp until the Broncos had filed a \$400,000 breach-of-contract suit against him. This year he reported 10 days late and was fined \$1,000. He also brought along Willie Ross and demanded that his pal be given a tryout. Ross is the back Gilchrist once put into a game for himself while he was at Buffalo, resulting in his suspension and the eventual trade to Denver. Broncos General Manager Jim Burris and Coach Mac Speedie would have no part of Ross, and so out walked Cookie into another suspension. "I'm going out the same way I came in, with no real emotion except that I'm making a \$47,000 sacrifice," said Gilchrist. Replied Speedie: "For me, Christmas came early this year."

It was no secret that Gilchrist and Speedie regarded each other with a stunning lack of admiration. But neither was it a secret that the tempestuous 250-pound fullback played a big role in the rise of Denver's offense to second in the league last season. When he

wants to be, Gilchrist is as punishing a pass blocker as there is in the game. And last season he rushed for 954 yards. Without him the Denver offense could become mediocre again. Considering the state of Denver's defense, that would be a disaster.

Also missing is Quarterback Jack Lee, who has returned to Houston after a two-year lend-lease deal. Lee played little at Denver until the end of the 1965 season when he hit for five touchdowns. Lee's departure leaves the Broncos with two veteran quarterbacks, John McCormack and Mickey Slaughter, both of whom have a history of injuries. Speedie brought seven rookie quarterbacks and NFL veteran Buddy Humphrey to camp this year, hardly an expression of confidence. Speedie says he intends to pick one quarterback and stay with him, abandoning the in-and-out system of prior seasons. It is not likely Speedie will be able to hold to that plan.

But even with Gilchrist gone, the Broncos are blessed with some excellent running backs. Returning is Charlie Mitchell, who

was the team's leading rusher in 1964 but missed all of last season because of injury. Mitchell joins two other fine halfbacks—Abner Haynes and Wendell Hayes. Haynes, an All-AFL performer for the Kansas City Chiefs and the league's most valuable player in 1960, is at times a brilliant runner. He carried the ball only 41 times last year but scored six touchdowns. Hayes is one of the league's better runners.

Besides Gilchrist and Lee, the Denver offense has lost two other players whose absence will be felt. One is Offensive Tackle Eldon Danenhauer, who retired, changed his mind, broke his arm and retired again. The other is Tight End Hewitt Dron, who was traded to Oakland. That leaves Al Denison, who caught only nine passes last season, as the lone veteran tight end. But Lionel Taylor, the league's all-time catching champ, is back at split end with his fancy moves and his suction-cup fingers. Bob Scarpetto returns at flanker and will be pushed by rookies for his job. The Broncos signed a record (for them) crop of 55 rookies, including 10 draft choices. The offensive line was much improved last year over 1964, but that improvement may not last without Danenhauer. The trade of Dron to Oakland was a calculated risk. As much as Denver needed Dron at tight end, the Broncos needed a middle linebacker more. For Dron they got Archie Matsos, a fine one even though at 212 pounds he needs big tackles in front of him. Matsos, operating in the middle, will try to shore up a Denver defense that gave up 392 points in its last 14 league games. John Brunlett, who finished second in Rookie of the Year voting in 1965, is a light but violent linebacker on the right. There are three candidates at left linebacker. Tackle Ray Jacobs and End Max Leontow are the nucleus of the defensive line.

One of the biggest problems with the defensive backfield was the slowdown of Corner Back Willie Brown, who was injured most of the season. Brown, an All-AFL defender in 1964, is healthy again. At the other corner Nemah Wilson has a year's experience and has improved. The veteran Goose Goslin is gone, so on one safety the Broncos are taking a chance with rookie Golde Sellers of Grambling. John Griffin, whose development last season was a surprise, is the other safety.

From the days of Bob Howsam to the more enlightened operation of Gerald Phipps, the history of the Broncos has not been a happy one. Except for the 1962 season, when the Broncos won seven games and finished second, the record on the field has been poor. And except for last year, when Denver drew an average of 31,308 for home games (a figure many teams would consider a calamity), the record at the gate has been just as poor. Perhaps some of Denver's rookies will bring on better days, but not this season. **END**

"Even the Everglades couldn't make my test 'Jeep' Wagoneer say uncle."



Mechanix Illustrated's Tom McCallill goes on a turkey shoot with 'Jeep' Wagoneer.

During the course of my road test of the new 4-wheel drive "Jeep" Wagoneer for *Mechanix Illustrated**, I took it on a turkey shoot in the Florida Everglades. Getting there was half the fun. The Wagoneer cruised effortlessly as fast as the law allowed. Its power steering is smooth and easy; the ride soft as silk. In short: the journey was a breeze. But when I got there, I flipped it into 4-wheel drive and plunged into the muck of the swampland. This comfortable, cushy car plowed through like an assault vehicle. It was uncanny

that a handsome, luxury station wagon like the Wagoneer could perform in the boondocks with the same easy-going attitude it had on the highway. It's just about the perfect all-around car—good-looking, comfortable and, in "Jeep" 4-wheel drive, it'll go just about anywhere you've got a mind to take it. What more could you ask for?

*A reprint of complete article will be sent on request. Write: Dept. SR, Box 903, Toledo, Ohio 43601.

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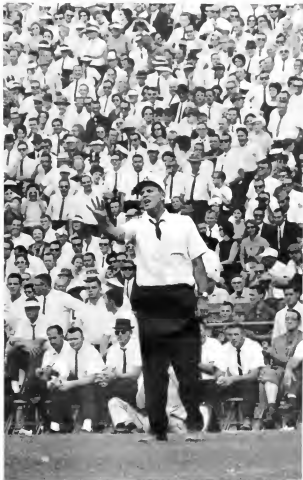
PART 5: I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT FOOTBALL

Summing up a career, Coach Bryant favors college ball over pro, coaching over politics and winning over losing. He is easier-going now but not about to quit

by **PAUL BRYANT** with **JOHN UNDERWOOD**

MELLOW—AND STILL FIGHTING

OFFICIATING IS BETTER, SAYS A PHILOSOPHICAL BRYANT, BUT THERE ARE MISTAKES AND HE WILL CONTINUE TO CORRECT THEM,



I've had several opportunities to coach professional football teams, and I'm not going to fluff my feathers about that. But a lot of people have wanted to know why I didn't, or wouldn't, and I'd like to get the facts straight.

When I was at Kentucky in 1950 George Marshall, who got me my first job at Maryland and had been on my side a long time, wanted me to come

coach the Washington Redskins. Actually it was the second time he'd asked me; the first time was so flattering because it came in October of 1948, right after we had lost three straight games. I told him then I wasn't old enough to talk back to some of his players, and I declined.

By 1950 he figured I was old enough. I met him in Cincinnati and then again in Washington, and I guarantee you what

he laid on the line was tempting. He offered to sell me a percentage of the club and, since I couldn't afford it, he said he'd loan me the money. I was to be vice-president in charge of football at a salary a whole lot more than I was making.

Well, you never know. Maybe if he'd catered to Mary Harmon a little more, or maybe this or that. He offered her \$20,000 to help buy a house if

—continued

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AS HE DID IN THE 1963 FLORIDA GAME WHEN HE GOT A PENALTY REVERSED THEN SMILINGLY MEASURED THE BREADTH OF VICTORY



I signed, then he shoved her off to the department stores so we could talk. The two of us went and had dinner with Leo D'Orsay and Leo drew up the contract. I had him put in there that George couldn't have a telephone to the bench, couldn't come around there second-guessing and just about every other thing I could think of. But when it was done I backed out, and the two best reasons I can think of are these:

First, I have always been so highly motivated that a purely professional atmosphere, a straight-up reason for playing or coaching football was foreign to me. I was used to coaching college boys, who I knew could be motivated, and I think sometimes I might have done better with high school boys for the same reason.

The second reason, the real clincher, was something George *didn't* say. I knew for sure I didn't want to be in a position to get fired, and pro coaches are not always the most permanent people in football. Consider what happened to Paul Brown. I said, "George, I want you to understand, I'm a big fan of Sammy Baugh's. I've known him for years and think he's wonderful. But suppose, just suppose, I didn't get along with Baugh, or someone of his stature, and I wanted to sell him. What then?" He said, "Aw, Paul, that won't ever happen." That's all he had to say. It might happen, and any team that has a coach who plays second fiddle to a player is not the team I want to work for.

One possible opening that kind of appealed to me at the time was at Green Bay before Mr. Emil Fischer died, before they got Vince Lombardi. I knew Mr. Fischer quite well through Don Hutson and used to see him down in Florida. He sent Babe Parilli to talk to me, but I wasn't really interested and it tailed off. During the last football season I had a friend of mine, John Plummer, call me from Atlanta. He said he was feeling me out for the people who had the Atlanta franchise and, when I realized what John was talking about, I said, "Listen, I appreciate your interest, but there isn't enough money in the U.S. Markt to get me into the same town with Furrman Brisher." I said when I went to Atlanta I took my lunch bucket, because I didn't want to spend a dime there.

The real singers, three of them in fact,

have come in the last year from different groups, not offering me a job in pro football, you understand, but stock, long-term contracts, fringe benefits, a bunch of things. In the long run one offer would have amounted to around a million dollars. If something happened and I needed a lot of money in a hurry I might be tempted to go into pro ball, although I doubt I'd ever coach. I'd probably get one of my own to handle that, somebody like Parilli, or Blanda, or Walt Yaworsky, or Ernie Allen.

One of the groups wants to put a pro team in Birmingham and has applied for a franchise in the American Football League. They're all good friends of mine and friends of college football, but they think pro football in Birmingham is inevitable, and they're locals. If anybody gets it I hope it's them. Nevertheless, like I told this bunch, heck, I'm for the colleges. I'm on the other side.

I will say this. Pro football is a great thing for boys who are good enough and want to go on and play and make some money. I remember when I played at Alabama and got out of school. I was offered \$115 a game to go with the Detroit Lions. Even that was more than I was worth. I knew it and turned the job down and took a coaching job for \$1,250 a year, but that gives you an idea the difference between what they're getting now and what they weren't getting then. The point is, I like to see my boys make something, and professional football is a place to make it.

As far as the two products are concerned, I'm not going into a long spiel about why college football is better, even though I think it is. The pros excel in every department and should because they're postgraduates. They're together as a group longer, they have more time to perfect their business. I've always said they do their best job at pass protection, and that's understandable, because how many times, how many years has Jim Parker of Baltimore been rearing up protecting for Unitas? That's the big difference, getting to do things over and over until they're right.

I think, too, that the top professional teams play a spirited, tough game, the ones fighting for the championship, and you pick out certain coaches, like Lombardi, and they'll always have their teams playing that way. I don't care if it's high school, college, or what. But, like I tell my kids, you watch, and by

the middle of the season the contenders are still in there hitting, and other teams just push and shove and rub bellies.

Unless some of my boys are playing, I don't get much kick out of the pro game itself, because they're gonna throw the ball—read the short man, come back to the sideline, hook, do these things time after time—and it's just a matter of who can do the same things better. I don't get to see much pro football, except occasionally on TV, but I don't see anything new in it. I believe this: the first team that does what Baltimore was forced to do when Unitas got hurt—take a good running back like Tom Matte and put him at quarterback so he can run and throw—it'll move those defenses out of that four-man front in a hurry.

They kid a lot of college coaches about playing dull football. Well, if I was a pro coach I'd try whatever it took to win, no matter how dull it might be, even if I got tired doing it. But I wouldn't get tired, because nobody kicks when you're winning, dull or not. They make fun of old Woody Hayes and his three-yard-and-a-cloud-of-dust offense, but he wins, and he fills those 80,000 seats at Ohio State. When I went out to Texas A&M I heard a lot about the aerial circus in that league, how wonderful it was, and we hardly threw a pass that first year, hanging on there, getting beat every game by a couple points or a touchdown. People started saying, why don't you throw, why don't you open up? I said, because if we throw we're liable to get beat 50-0. The weaker you are the more corners are on you. You try to make fewer mistakes, and maybe then you'll luck into a win. You try to make your team do something they're not capable of and you get murdered.

In college you recruit, and you adapt to what the boy can do. At Kentucky we had Parilli, and he beat every passing record they had, and we had Blanda. And at Alabama we had Namath and Sloan. Nobody complained about us not passing in those years, because we had players who could, I remember one year, though, when we couldn't and didn't, and a Philadelphia writer said to me, "Your teams are so colorless, Bear. How come you don't pass more?" I said, "How come you don't get in your car and go out and run red lights?"

In 1956 SMU threw the ball all over the place. They threw almost three times as many passes as we did at A&M,

continued



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10 for touchdowns, but they had four times as many intercepted and won only four games all year. Nine of our passes went for touchdowns and we didn't lose a game. Which team had the better passing attack? That was the best passing the league had seen in years, and nobody even realized it. The next year, when Roddy Osborne, our quarterback, had one of his passes intercepted, it was by Donny Stone of Arkansas, and I'll never forget it. Stone was a whole lot faster than Osborne, but Roddy ran him down from behind. Somebody asked me how an old slow-foot like Osborne could catch Stone from behind. I said, "Stone was only running for a touchdown. Osborne was running for his life."

The point is, if you've got a good running team you'll be a better passing team, and then you can win throwing. We made 16 first downs a game at A&M in 1956. If you're playing a team as good as you are and you can't pass, then they've got you outgunned. You are toughest to defend against when you can spread the defense out. It's like catching a rabbit. The wider the area the tougher to catch. But if you don't have a paver, bring that flanker or split end in where he can block, and keep it simple.

There's no question the college game is better than it ever was, which makes the pro game better, too, of course. Coaches are better, salaries are better, officiating is better. The use of moving pictures did more for football than anything. Coaches know more. And they talk to each other, high school coaches to college coaches and vice versa, and there are more people interested. The news media are all over the place stirring up interest, and it stands to reason that if the crowds are larger you'll have more incentive to excel. I think we could stand more exposure, maybe have competition in the spring, have a split season, maybe even play our biggest rivals twice in one year. I know one thing we can't stand is having the pros come in there with Friday-night television games. I don't like that trend at all. We say in Alabama that Friday night is high school night. It's for the high school teams to play and make their expenses. Saturday is for the colleges, and Sunday—Sunday is for watching the Bear Bryant and Shug Jordan television programs.

College football, which has gotten so big, certainly needs a governing body, and the NCAA does a creditable job. But

I don't think it is organized properly. For example, I see no reason why Brooklyn College should operate under the same regulations and restrictions as, say, the University of Texas. Their objectives are different, their problems are different. But in the present framework Brooklyn College votes on the same major issues as Texas does. Furthermore, so many of these things—scholarships, finances, eligibility requirements, academic and entrance requirements—that are governed by the NCAA are really conference or institutional matters.

You have to have the NCAA as a police force, because without it you would have anarchy. There used to be a lot of abuses. The mistake they make on disciplinary problems, however, is that they don't penalize the boy. He goes out and gets caught taking money or something and, instead of ruling him ineligible as they used to and putting the fear of God in the next guy who might be tempted, they normally wind up penalizing the school's entire program.

One thing we have in college football today is excellent officiating. I think this is true all over the country. I've gotten so now I don't even pay attention to who's officiating the games. That doesn't mean I won't holler at them and kick up a fuss if I think they're wrong on something, and my coaches grade them in the films afterward. But I'll never do again what I did one year when we went down to play SMU in Dallas, because it was embarrassing to me and demeaning. Well, it was stupid.

The game was over, which is too late to be popping off anyway, but it had been very poorly officiated. We'd lost, and the players were in the dressing room crying, when I went back out there to talk to the press. The first question I got was that old stock thing. "What was the turning point of the game?" It just so happened the officials were walking by at that moment and I pointed to one of them and said, "When that — right there walked on the field. I'd rather have him than any six players."

Well, if it hadn't been for the SMU coach, Matty Bell, who was friends with the official and me, I probably never would have gotten out of Dallas.

The point is you just can't cry when it's no good crying. I didn't say anything, and wouldn't, about the touchdowns Georgia made that beat us last year, because we didn't know until the

picture came out in the papers and we checked the films that the boy who caught the pass was down on both knees when he caught it. If I'd known when it happened I'da probably stopped the game, or thrown a fit, or done something, but the next day was too late. The only thing to do then is to say, well, they just beat us.

I remember three years ago we were playing Florida at Tuscaloosa, and the officials made a mistake on the down. The ball was on about our two-yard line. If it had been on the 40, where a 15-yard penalty could hurt us, I wouldn't have done what I did. I just ran out there and tried to put my foot on the ball and stop the game. The official realized his mistake and changed his decision, which showed courage on his part. But the next day would have been too late for me to protest.

One thing we've been criticized for around the country is playing an insular schedule, one which on the surface appears weaker than others. It used to be that we had a segregation problem and couldn't get big inter-sectional games. We don't have that problem anymore, and we've been real proud the way our boys have handled themselves against opponents from other areas—particularly Penn State in the Liberty Bowl and Oklahoma and Nebraska in the Orange Bowl. Charley Janerette, the big Negro tackle from Penn State, told me we had the nicest group of boys he'd ever played against. By the same token, Steve Sloan and Paul Crane were telling me this summer, when we were playing golf over there in Atlanta before the Coaches All-America Game, how much they were impressed by Nebraska's Freeman White. All three of them are members of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. Personally, I was more impressed with Steve's character-builder putt that beat me and Randy Johnson, the quarterback from Texas A&I, on the 18th hole. I choked on mine, a little bitty three-footer.

Anyway, our SEC opponents are always going to be as tough as any in the country, but for a long time when we were looking around for a team to play outside the conference it had to be a school from the South. Now I'm in the process of making up an inter-sectional schedule that will have those bigger teams which, from a coaching standpoint, I'll be much happier to play. I'd

continued

rather play Illinois or Notre Dame any day than some team like Frizbee Tech. We wouldn't have any trouble getting our boys ready to play Illinois. On the other hand, a team like Mississippi Southern might not attract as much national attention as Illinois, but year in and year out it is as good, and when they play us, which they do for the next six years, you'll probably have to give them a saliva test.

As for me, I probably get more kick out of the game now than I ever did, even though I don't work much. I'm not as tied up. I don't bleed inside like I used to. I take more time to enjoy it, and I get more fun out of the preparation. I still get all fired up, but I have rules for myself that I abide by, and they make everything a lot more pleasant.

For one, I have a rule that no player can do anything wrong during a game. Just me. He comes off the field and I'm going to be there to greet him and tell him that's fine and just forget it, because if I'd done the job he wouldn't have done something poorly or made a bonehead play or something, and I tell him we'll make up for it.

Another rule I believe in: I don't have any ideas, my coaches have them. I just pass the ideas on. And on the field I try not to make any decisions unless they have particular significance. I don't mean I sit there on my fat fanny, like I have done in some games, thinking or praying *they'd* do it when I knew I should have. But the big thing is to have a plan and have the guts to stick to it no matter what happens. A plan for everything that can happen *before* it happens, and then be ready to do an intelligent job at the half.

I don't get real close to my assistants socially, except those who have been with me so long, like Sam Bailey and Carney Lashie. But you sure have to know what motivates them, because that's the first rule in the book, motivating your coaches so they can motivate the boys they're responsible for.

I don't make a lot of rules for my players. I expect them to act like gentlemen, to have good table manners, to be punctual, to be prayerful. I expect them to be up on their studies, and I don't expect them to be mooning around the campus holding hands with the girls all the time, because that comes later, when

they're winners. If they're putting forth maximum effort in their studies and in football they won't have time for much else. And I always say this: because of our program they'll wind up better people in the three important areas of life—mental, physical and spiritual.

I like to be as close as I can be with the boys without destroying the coach-player relationship. I remember so well, after I played my last game, how alone I felt, and I want my boys to always feel they can come to me. And I'll say this, you can learn as much from them as you teach them. I know we have had a lot of Christian boys on our squads, and one year at Texas A&M, my first year there, in fact, Marvin Tate came to me and said they were very resentful, all the swearing and cussing the coaches were doing on the field. That really upset me. I called a meeting, and I apologized to the squad and told them it was a lack of vocabulary on our part, that it showed a weakness, and from then on it would cost me \$10 for every swear word I used on the practice field. It would cost the assistant coaches a dollar and the players a quarter, and we'd put the money into a fund and buy something for the dorm or have a Christmas party.

About the only other rule I have is that they can't talk to the press about anything to do with football that could hurt our chances. They can talk about pretty girls, what kind of pee they like, what a lousy coach I am, anything, and I love for them to be interviewed. But I make wrong statements lots of times with the help of a whole staff of publicity people. How can I expect them not to, especially right after a tough game?

I tell you what can happen. We had this Trimble kid playing for us one year at A&M—his brother's on our squad now—and we beat Texas up there in Austin. One of my favorite expressions is "mamas and papas." I'm always saying how important it is to have "good mamas and papas." Anyway, everybody's happy and hugging around and they've thrown me in the showers, and somebody asks Murray Trimble what he thought of the Texas team. He said, "Well, not much. They probably don't have good mamas and papas." I like to died when I saw that in the paper. Can you imagine whose dressing room wall that went on the next year?

As far as techniques and tactics are concerned, they're overrated. The great-

est technicians I've known weren't always the toughest guys to beat. I don't mean you can be technically unsound, but if you can't get your boy to play any more than 80% of his ability on Saturday field coach, a guy that gets it done, will beat you every time.

Nearly everything you do has been done at one time or another. Trap blocking, for example. I remember Coach Thomas was doing that when I played at Alabama, and I know he was the first in our area to try it. Maltz Bell was talking about stunting when we were in the service, and I know Red Sanders was doing it at Vanderbilt in 1948. About the only thing we've ever done that we thought was original was stunting the secondary, keying everything and reading. For example, if you're in a four-deep defense, you might use any one of the four as a free man, play the others in a zone or man-to-man. Or you might read on key offensive men and support inside-out or outside-in. I remember one time we had John Crow at A&M all primed to be the free man, to go wherever Jim Swink of TCU went, even if it was to the men's room. Swink was TCU's big threat, and we worked on it and worked on it, and old Crow was ready for him. Well, that's planning for you. Crow got hurt on the first play and sat on the bench the rest of the game.

Two things we used to get a lot out of at practice were the circle drill (some call it the bull-in-the-ring) and the challenge system. In the circle drill you have a player in the middle and one guy or another will charge him, to block him or tackle him or get by him or something, and he has to be alert and quick or he'll get run over. We haven't used the challenge system lately, because it's time-consuming. But the idea is that a third-team guy can challenge the regular for his job, head-on-head blocking, tackling, and so forth. The others gather around to cheer one or the other on, coaches yell and everybody gets a big kick out of it. The best thing about the challenges is what they do for morale, because they aren't really a good test of anything.

I remember one stubby little guy at A&M, strong as a bull, always wanting to challenge somebody, no matter what position it was. But he never worked up a sweat in practice. I finally got wise to him, and when he'd challenge I'd say, "O.K., but let's wait until after wind

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sprints." Then, when he was worn out from running, I'd bring him over, and he'd be so tired he wouldn't want to challenge anybody.

There has been a lot of speculation and gossip in the past few years about me quitting and going into politics, and I have to admit I've thought about it. It's so flattering that people in your own state think you could make a good governor, or a good something. I remember when some of Ryan de Grattendorf's people called me after he died in that plane crash just before the Alabama gubernatorial race. We got to talking, and they had me about convinced I could win. I'm confident enough to believe I'd have a chance, but the thing that has always turned me away is this: football has been my life. I know football. If I need an assistant coach to work on my defensive line I know where to go to get one and who to get. If I need a publicity man, a ticket manager, anything, I know where to go. But if I were governor and needed somebody for this job or that one, I wouldn't be so sure. Besides that, I control our football program, and if I do my job I know we're going to win. I couldn't control the levers in that polling booth.

I think you can get an ulcer in any profession, you can kill yourself in any profession if you go at it hard enough. Here our kids have won three national championships, and the morning it was announced we had won the third I got over to the dormitory at 3 a.m. and pinned up that sign about going for No. 4. And if we win No. 4 I'll want No. 5, because that's the way I am. At this point, though, I'm a lot older, and if we started losing I'd probably want to retire from coaching, because I wouldn't want to take the abuse that goes with losing. I know that doesn't sound like me, but look at it another way. I'm not planning for it to happen, either.

I want to make it perfectly clear at this point that the only reason I can even talk about national championships is people—people who have made 30 years of coaching worthwhile, people who taught me and played for me, and people who didn't have a thing to do with football but stuck by me and pulled me through when things were going bad. Like Neil Morgan of Tuscaloosa. Neil's an Auburn man, but I guarantee you he

was right beside me every minute of the way during that business with the Post, having me at his dinner table almost every night, watching out for me, flying me places. He actually cried with joy when Wally Butts won the trial.

There are so many people who have made it all worthwhile, and I'd be sure to miss somebody, so I'm not going to even try to name them all. People like Neil and Frank Moody and Billy Sellers and Julian Lackey and Jimmy Hinton, people outside of football. And the coaches I've worked for and with—Thomas, Drew, Crisp, Sanders, Paul Burnham, Glenn Killinger—were nothing less than inspirational. I'll tell you something else, too. I got a lot of help and learned a whole lot from the other side, from great coaches like Bill Alexander of Georgia Tech, Wallace Wade of Alabama and Duke and General Bob Neyland of Tennessee. General Neyland beat me so much I had to learn something.

But it's like I told a friend of mine when we started this series. He said, well, Bear, now you've done it, you've given yourself the kiss of death, getting your picture on the cover of a national magazine. I said, "Listen, don't you worry about my picture being on anybody's cover. It's not me who has to play on Saturday." I always say I owe my assistant coaches more than anybody else, but the people we all owe it to are the players. Behind all those genuine superstars we've had—Parilli, Gann, Crow, Krueger, Trammel, Jordan, Namath—were players who worked just as hard, third- and fourth-teamers, and meant just as much to our program.

I was asked the other day about our program at Alabama, where we're building new facilities and all and giving more scholarships in other sports than we ever have. The athletic board authorized me to let the track coach bring in as many hoys as it took to win the SEC championship. We give 20 scholarships, as a round figure, for basketball, but they can have more if they need more. Anyway, the question was: Does football have to be No. 1 for me to be at a school? How would I like it if Alabama's basketball team became the No. 1 team in the country, became more popular in Alabama than football? I said, I wish to goodness they could. I'd sure be mighty happy if they were No. 1. Because anything that outdoes football where I am is going to be No. 1.

END



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One successful plunge leads to another, at least for Actor **Robert Morley** (below, posed up to his neck in the *Advocate*). Morley's horse came in at Brighton recently, and he explained how he decided to spend the money. "It was called Greek Skittle, so I thought we had better come to Greece." Fine, but if that is to be Morley's system for disposing of his future winnings he would do well to keep his money off another horse by the name of Old Bailey.

A few minutes before the Cowboy-Packer game in Dallas recently, Cheryl Meredith, wife of Cowboy Quarterback **Don Meredith**, found herself hopelessly mired in Cotton Bowl traffic. In desperation she appealed to a nearby policeman, telling him, "I'm Mrs. Don Meredith, and I've simply got to make the kickoff."

"So?" said the policeman. "So can I park over there?" Mrs. Meredith pointed to a violation zone.

"No," said the policeman. "Well, in that case," said Mrs. Meredith, climbing out and handing him the keys, "will you impound my car for me?" Ser-

vice without a smile, to be sure, but certainly worth the \$4 that Meredith forked over when he reclaimed the car the next morning.

Beatles Manager **Brian Epstein** has taken on a new client. For almost six months now he has been financing the career of a hopeful torero in Spain to the tune, so far, of more than \$1,000. This has enabled his formerly impoverished protégé to fight bulls somewhat better dressed—with three swords, a £120 embroidered cloak, two £150 suits of lights and seven capes worth £100 each—and to travel in his own car as well. It all seems an imaginative investment in view of the fact that the aspirant is a 21-year-old Englishman named Henry Higgins from Woking, Surrey, whom Epstein has never seen fight. Perhaps if you have been managing the Beatles you just like the idea of handling a performer in a more tranquil line of work.

"There they are, having a good time!" thought **Mrs. Jon Hall**, wife of the actor, as she watched two men begin a healthy day at 7 a.m. with a dip in the Pacific.

Half an hour later the same two men were watching a **Great Dane** begin a healthy day with a romp on Mrs. Hall's front lawn, and she requested that they get that big dog off her grass. The bathers, **Jason Richards** and unemployed actor **Alex Lucas**, did not get the big dog off Mrs. Hall's grass; in fact, Lucas, the Dane's owner, suggested that it "he he! get her!" whereupon the dog obediently pursued Mrs. Hall into the house. "It was then I realized they were pretty drunk, really and truly," Mrs. Hall observed, and a deputy sheriff told a reporter later, "They were apparently trying to play Tarzan, running through the bushes and everything. They were potted." And so much for healthy early morning exercise on Malibu Beach.

Meanwhile, there was another unsuccessful conjunction of *aqua pura* and *aqua thor* last week in Philadelphia, where **W. C. Fields III** managed to finish last in a pairs-with-coswain race in the National Rowing Regatta. "I'm sorry I didn't uphold the family reputation," young Fields said, depressed. "My grandfather was all champion in what he did." Fields then obliged with a story his grandfather used to tell about his stint at Atlantic City as a professional drowner for a local pub. "They'd 'rescue' him, bring him to the pub and try artificial respiration. He'd 'recover,' and people would buy drinks to celebrate. There's a theory he got his raspy voice because he caught cold drowning all those times." Jason Richards and Alex Lucas, please note.

There is a middleweight in San Jose, Calif. named **Frank Niblett**, better known, and with good reason, as "Snakebite" Niblett. A few years ago he was out hunting and was bitten by a rattlesnake. It is no real accomplishment to get bitten by a rattler—almost anyone can do it, if he puts his mind to it—but Niblett bit the snake's head off

in return. With the passing of the years Niblett has mellowed considerably, and now he keeps several snakes as pets. "They're a lot more friendly than most people," he says. Well, no wonder. Somebody probably told them what happened to that first unfriendly rattler.

It got a little difficult to tell who was using whom to promote what last week in Anaheim, Calif. **Sir Edmund Hillary** (below) was in town to publicize New Zealand as a tourist attraction. He visited Disneyland where they tried to get the conqueror of Everest to climb the Disneyland Matterhorn to publicize the resort as a tourist attraction. Sir Edmund refused to clamber up the 147½-foot mountain, but he took the bobbed ride down. "Personally, I'd rather climb Mt. Everest," Mrs. Hillary observed, and his two sons obligingly scaled the unnatural wonder 10 times for the benefit of the Anaheim tourist trade. Presumably the New Zealand tourist trade will somehow benefit as well, now that it has been established that New Zealand and Disneyland, like Everest, Are There.



Big victory in a small town

Teen-age amateurs from all over the U.S. met in New Mexico for the world series of Connie Mack baseball. It was a back-country spectacular

At 4:30 a.m. in Farmington, N. Mex., any day two weeks ago early risers tuned in to radio station KENN heard Navaho Disc Jockey Fred Johnson (his Indian name is Spotted Black Horse) say something that sounded like "Ya-ta-hei, kwa si-na, die e no-ta-na, koo-shoon, joo-en-kloo ekalee, baa, hoo ohodona Connie Mack World Series."

Spotted Black Horse was telling his tribesmen it was time to give the latest scores of the boys' baseball tournament that had prompted the Indian and paleface citizens of Farmington to dub their town, on a banner stretched across Main Street, the AMATEUR BASEBALL CAPITAL OF THE WORLD. Visitors disputed nothing in that slogan but the spelling.

HAPPY SANDY DOUGLAS HUGS PITCHER DAVE MCGORMICK AFTER CHAMPIONSHIP GAME



Farmington (pop. 24,000, give or take a few bobcats) is in the northwest corner of New Mexico, 188 miles from Albuquerque as the lizard flies. There are lots of gas stations and trading posts, and a chamber of commerce brochure boasts that "another advantage of living in Farmington is the exceptionally high ratio of paved streets," though visitors tend to notice at the intersection of Hollywood and Vine that Hollywood is a dirt road. That such a place would go insane over kids' baseball seems improbable, but the Navaho-Mexican-Anglo amalgam plus the injection of oil and natural-gas money has somehow resulted in a remarkable enthusiasm for the game, probably outdoing any American city of comparable size. Two weeks ago 53,100 people crowded into Babe Ruth Park in Farmington to see the 15 games of the 1966 Connie Mack World Series, won by the Tordena Bullets, a team representing both Torrance and Gardena, Calif.

Farmington itself has 1,400 baseball-playing boys and 65 teams, but the unusual spectator interest started in 1962, when the state finals and the Southwest regional championship of Babe Ruth baseball (for boys 13, 14 and 15) were held there. That made it possible to get the 1963 Babe Ruth World Series, which drew more than 50,000 spectators. In 1964 it was the Connie Mack regional tourney (for boys 16, 17 and 18) and in 1965 the Connie Mack World Series, which had never done better than \$300 profit in six years at St. Joseph, Mo. and Springfield, Ill. More than 45,000 people turned out for the 14 games in Farmington, earning \$6,486 for the town and \$4,006 for amazed American Amateur Baseball Congress officials. This year 1,868 reserved-seat tickets (priced at a neat \$10 apiece) were sold before the tournament even started. Farmington has taken a permanent grip on the championships, just as Omaha owns the College World Series.

Profit margins are only part of the story. As the teams from Des Moines, Toledo, Seattle, Pensacola, Fla., Elip, N.Y., and Tordena arrived at the airport (Frontier Airlines serves Farmington), they walked down a red carpet to the cheers of a hundred or so fans, the blaring music of a band and the marching of a girls' drill team.

Each of the airport arrivals got a police-squad escort into town, and thou-

sands lined the sidewalks to watch the guests parade up and down Main and Broadway on floats. A welcome barbecue in Brookside Park, one of 11 public parks in town, offered pinto beans and 600 pounds of beef. Former major leaguers Warren Spahn and Andy Carey were flown in to appear in the parade and the opening ceremonies and at a clinic for Little Leaguers. (In practically the only sour note of the week, Spahn reported the theft of a suitcase containing two World Series rings, clothing and a wad of money.)

Each team had a local civic group as sponsor and a local girl as hostess. Judy Nickerson gave up a trip to Ashbury Park, N.J., where she would have competed in the Miss High School of America pageant, in order to stay for the fun. Bonnie Sue Jones, Miss Farmington and first runner-up in the Miss New Mexico contest, gave Seattle Pitcher Craig Hilden a personal tour of the city. Tordena's sponsor was the American Petroleum Institute (Farmington prides itself on being the Oil Capital of the San Juan Basin and Energy Capital of the Southwest) which produced a band, two fancy cakes and plenty of local lovelies for a dance Monday night. For Toledo players and parents the Rotary held a wienie roast on the bluffs overlooking the San Juan River and provided another hatch of girls.

When the players were not flirting or gorging on hot dogs, they were shown the sights, among them Former Governor Tom Bolack's B-Square Ranch, only half a mile outside the city limits. Bolack is an oil-rich big-game hunter who sponsors a Babe Ruth team (the B-Square Ranch Cardinals) and serves as president of the Albuquerque Dodgers of the Texas League. In two large rooms of his ranch house he has on display hundreds of his best trophies, including elephant-car tea tables, zebra-skin rugs and what must be the granddaddy of all polar bears. On one wall hangs a loathsome corpulent crocodile, whose skin weighed 450 pounds when Bolack shipped it from Africa to a Denver taxidermist. When the croc was stuffed, it would not fit through the taxidermist's door and had to be lowered out a window.

Players also got to see Aztec ruins, the Navaho reservation, a narrow-gauge railroad in nearby Colorado and the oil and natural-gas fields. Toledo Shortstop Randy Mohler even got to take the wheel

continued

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BASEBALL continued

of a single-engine Cessna on the first ride of his life in a small plane.

"I've never seen anything so organized," said Detroit Tiger Scout Herm Kander. "Everybody's got a job to do, and they do it. A Toledo couple's car broke down and a local man gave them his to use through the whole tournament. People even volunteer to wash your clothes. I've been to about 30 tournaments, but this is No. 1."

The players rewarded their hosts with exciting baseball at Babe Ruth Park, which is equipped with lights, electronic scoreboard and an air-conditioned press box. Toledo, the first team knocked out of the double-elimination tourney in 1965, had vowed to return and did, after winning regional playoffs in Michigan and Indiana. It was made the co-favorite with Islip, N.Y., the only other returning team. But Islip, along with Pensacola, Fort Worth and host Farmington, was knocked out early. On the other hand, Toledo beat Tordena in the first round and continued to the finals by downing Des Moines once and Seattle twice. It appeared that Toledo would be the first team from east of the Mississippi to win the Connie Mack title.

But Tordena, the champion in 1964 at Springfield, sneaked into the finals from the losers' bracket, winning two games by one run. Gary Ryerson, a polo victim who has to wear a brace on one leg, struck out 24 batters in a 13-inning 4-3



VISITING PLAYERS WERE PARADED UNDER

victory over Des Moines. First baseman Jeff Osborn, who will room with Ryerson at Arizona State this fall, knocked in the winning run. Tordena was used to coming back. It had not even won its own league title in California, but had fought back to gain the Pacific Southwest regional title.

Since Toledo was unbeaten, Tordena had to beat it twice in a row for the championship. The first game, Wednesday night, was a ridiculous seesaw. Tordena took and lost the lead three times and trailed 12-11 in the bottom of the seventh (Connie Mackers play only seven innings). The first two batters went out, but then two singles and a hit batter loaded the bases and Jeff Osborn doubled in two runs to win the game. The blooper fell just between the right fielder and second baseman. Thursday night's game was a 10-0 rout, with Tordena's Dave McCormack throwing a no-hitter, and the East was thwarted again.

Following the tears and the cheers, Tordena got the big trophy in ceremonies at home plate, but the sad Toledo delegation in the stands bravely contained its postgame custom of singing a chauvinistic song, *We're Strong for Toledo*. The song was listened to sympathetically by the polite people of Farmington—Oil Capital of the San Juan Basin, Energy Capital of the Southwest, headquarters for amateur baseball and hospitality capital of the world.

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Vindication in the Mallory

A brilliant failure in the America's Cup racing, Bill Cox at last wins the sailing trophy that marks him the best skipper on this continent

Eight champion skippers from eight separate sections of the North American continent were in Riverside, Conn., last week to contest the biggest championship of all the Mallory Cup. But from the beginning it was obvious to almost everyone present that the eight-hoat, eight-race series for the North American championship was in reality a duel between two famed East Coast match racers, William S. (Bill) Cox of Connecticut's Noroton Yacht Club, former skipper of the America's Cup contender *American Eagle*, and John J. (Don) McNamara of the Boston Yacht Club, onetime *enfant terrible* of East Coast yachting and a former commander of that perennial bridesmaid of America's Cup racing, *Nerjettis*.

The trials to pick a cup defender presumably had left some scars on the psyches of both these sailors. Bill Cox's may have been the deeper, since he had seen the neatly lettered transom of Skip-

per Bob Bavier's *Constellation* sail away from him after a start in which his *American Eagle* had seemed almost certain to become the defender. But Don McNamara also had some unhealed contusions, one of them suffered in Japan's Sagami Bay when he failed to take the Olympic gold medal in the 5.5-meter class.

In any case, both skippers went to Riverside determined to make up for the recent past in a big way. Being of like temperament, they seemed about as willing to give an inch to each other as they would an arm.

Neither could claim an advantage in variety of experience. McNamara campaigns his own ocean racer, *Tuna*, and was one of the first skippers in the U.S. to sail the 5.5s, the temperamental Thoroughbreds of sailboat racing. In last year's Mallory Cup he was runner-up to Winner Cornelius Shields Jr. Cox, who won the Sears Cup as North America's



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A
CHESTNUT

BOATING

Skipper Cox did not elaborate on the effect this ploy had on him. But he did say, "I took the start." Unfortunately, he wound up in sixth place at the finish. But McNamara was in seventh.

It was in the next race that, according to Cox, "the series broke wide open." Beating McNamara at the start, Cox kept him in his backwind all the way up the first leg. Both boats rounded the mark and set spinnakers, but while Cox went one way, McNamara struck out on a tangent. When the boats converged, Cox discovered that McNamara was well in front. Cox had to do something, and quickly, to counter this advantage. He did—in one of those maneuvers that delight the knowing and make landlubbers think that racing is about as scientific as phrenology. Cox jibed his boat and moved her to a point directly behind McNamara, where he could steal most of the Bostonian's wind. McNamara covered this sally with a jibe of his own, thus keeping a clear wind. But Cox inflated up just enough to ride down on his rival, then at the last moment bore off across McNamara's stern and coasted ahead to establish an overlap, his boom thrusting out to windward in the risky position known as "sailing by the lee."

For once choosing the conservative tactic, McNamara held his safer, higher course, and in so doing he let Cox sneak through to put himself next to the mark and reverse their positions. Cox finished the race in second place, putting two boats between himself and McNamara, who was now one and a half points behind in the series.

McNamara might well have made this up in the last race if Cox had not prepared another surprise for him. It was simple enough. Rounding the first mark well behind McNamara, Cox decided to hold on past the mark with his jib set while the other boats were hoisting their spinnakers. Unaffected by the temporary slowing down that is always a part of getting a spinnaker up, Cox maintained speed just long enough to sail clean past McNamara and the boats ahead of him. Only then did he get around to setting his spinnaker.

With the lead his, Cox never relinquished it and the series was won. "That delay gave us the whole half game. Right, Lubby?" said the proud skipper afterwards to his wife, And Lubby Cox, being a dutiful wife, dutifully nodded. **END**



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TITLETOWN ENTERPRISES



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A good way to show finesse

From the point of view of the stamina required, if for no other reason, the European Championships may be the world's toughest bridge competition. The event is now being played in Warsaw, with teams from some 20 countries stringing through a round robin requiring two 32-deal matches daily, with only one rest day scheduled in the two weeks of competition.

The prize for the winner at Warsaw is the right to play in the World Contract Team Championship at Miami Beach next May. As in 1965, a berth could go to one of the countries other than Europe's top three, Great Britain, France and Italy. One reason is that Italy, as defending World Champion, is already assured of a trip to Miami. If Italy wins the European title the second-place finisher qualifies for the world event.

Britain is in trouble because its younger players have been surprisingly slow to develop, and France has not fielded anything like her best since 1962, when Pierre Jais and Roger Trezel considered by many to be the best pair in the world, took the position that they should be appointed to the French team without having to go through time-consuming team trials. Nevertheless, France should do well because it still has three experienced pairs, including Jean-Michel Boulenger and Henri Svarc, who showed some of their aggressive bidding style and sound technique in the hand at right from the recent French trials.

North's bid of three diamonds was one of those "fourth-suit-forcing" affairs giving no information at all as regards the diamond suit but merely asking South to further clarify the nature of his holding.

After South's three-no-trump bid, which apparently promised a diamond stopper, North showed his distributional strength with a leap to five hearts, and South went on to the slam.

Other North-South pairs also got to the slam, and all received the diamond opening lead, but Boulenger was the only one to make 12 tricks. The other declarers decided that they had to take

the club finesse. They won the opening lead, drew three rounds of trumps ending in dummy and led the club jack for a finesse. When this lost, the contract was defeated, for South had a spade loser.

The contract apparently was a 50-50 chance, good enough to justify the slam bid but not good enough to suit Boulenger, who saw a simple way to add an excellent extra chance. He won the diamond lead in his hand and drew only two rounds of trumps, ending on the table. Next he played a low spade toward his queen, hoping to find East with the king. However, West won the trick with that card and returned a diamond, forcing dummy to ruff. The spade ace was

South dealer
North-South vulnerable

NORTH		EAST	
♠	A 10 8 5 3 2	♠	7 6
♥	A 2 6 3	♥	10 7 5
♦	9	♦	K J 8 7 6
♣	2 5	♣	8 7 1

WEST		EAST	
♠	K 5 4	♠	7 6
♥	8 2	♥	10 7 5
♦	Q 10 5 1 2	♦	K J 8 7 6
♣	K 6 3	♣	8 7 1

NORTH		EAST	
♠	Q 7	♠	7 6
♥	K Q 9 1	♥	10 7 5
♦	A 3	♦	K J 8 7 6
♣	A Q 10 9 2	♣	8 7 1

NORTH		EAST	
1 ♠	PASS	1 ♠	PASS
2 ♥	PASS	2 ♥	PASS
3 N 3	PASS	3 ♥	PASS
4 ♦	PASS	4 ♥	PASS

Opening lead: 4 of diamonds

cash and when the spade jack dropped, declarer did not need the club finesse. Dummy's high heart drew the last trump and the four remaining spade winners provided discards for four of declarer's clubs. If the spade jack had not fallen, Boulenger could still have tried the club finesse.

There is a simple principle displayed in this hand, but it is one that is often forgotten. The first trick-making play learned by a beginner is the finesse. The rest of his life, the novice expert becomes the more he looks for some way to avoid taking a finesse.

END

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76
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GOLF / Alfred Wright

Beaten by a quarry quandary

When Deane Beman floundered on Merion's famed last holes, Canada's Gary Cowan became the first foreigner to win the Amateur in 34 years

Daddy, what is an amateur?

An amateur, son, is a man of 25 or more who plays tournament golf for fun.

Well, Daddy, if he wants to play tournament golf, why isn't he a pro?

Because, son, he has \$8,000 to \$10,000 a year to spend on his golf.

What about all those young college boys, Daddy? Do they have that much money to spend on golf?

Watch the man hit the ball, son. I haven't got time for any more questions.

Last week, at the renowned Merion Golf Club outside Philadelphia, the U.S. Amateur Championship was played for the 66th time, the oldest golf championship anywhere in this country. No course in America has more tradition or golf history associated with it, so it was completely fitting that the 1966 Amateur should turn out to be not only exciting, but a tournament that showed the pattern of amateurs for years to come. There can be no doubt about it. Now that the old knockout match play is a thing of the past and the championship is decided by 72 holes of stroke play, it will henceforth become a contest of the old and the wise against the young and the strong. The middle ground of amateur golf is now clearly gone—they are all pros.

When you put the young ones on a big, wide-open course, such as Southern Hills in Tulsa last year, they can crash their drives out into the wild blue yonder, and there is no way for the old folks to keep up. But Merion is something else again. The winner at Merion must triumph through seasoned cunning or precocious guile. Power is not the answer. This course, which was so painstakingly and artfully created before World War I that it is almost the same today as it was then, will not allow you to take any youthful liberties. It is short by today's standards, but position is everything. It also has what Joseph C. Dey Jr. of the USGA calls the most difficult finishing holes on any championship course. The last three of these holes must be played across an abandoned quarry, and just

the thought of them is enough to bring spastic jerks into the swing of the coolest golfer. Ask Deane Beman.

Beman is only 28, but he rates with the old folks because he is wise in the ways of the game. After all, he won his first major championship, the British Amateur, back in 1959, and he has won the U.S. Amateur twice since then.

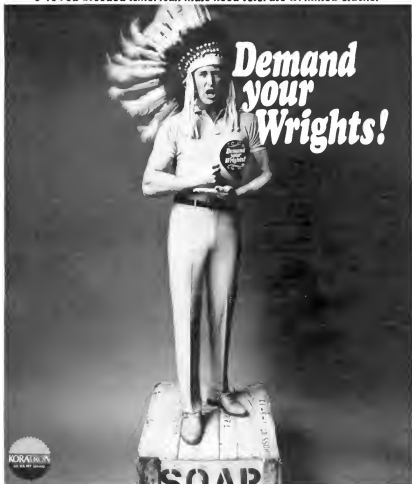
Merion's closing holes, however, made Beman even older last week. He had played wonderfully consistent golf the first two days with an opening 71 on Wednesday followed by a fine 67 on Thursday. On Friday he was only one stroke over par playing through the 14th and sailing along so serenely that his four-stroke lead over 42-year-old Roger McManes, his nearest challenger, looked as safe as Philadelphia scrapple at a gourmet dinner.

Merion's 15th is a 378-yard dogleg. The drive from an elevated tee must carry 220 yards to clear a large bunker protecting the elbow of the dogleg on the right. Straight ahead and to the left is a road that borders the course at this point. Beman aimed left, never thinking he could reach the road, a full 270 yards against the wind from where he stood. But he hit an abnormally huge drive. The ball went just where he had aimed it, took a couple of bounces and rolled into the road. It cost him a triple-bogey 7. At the 16th hole, where the second shot is played over the quarry to an elevated and almost invisible green, Beman three-putted for a bogey 5. He also bogeyed 18. So, in just four holes, his safe lead had disappeared.

On the final round Beman played 14 faultless holes as golfer after golfer challenged and then dropped back. At 15 he again mis-hit his drive, but by the time he got to 17 he was an insurmountable three strokes ahead once more. Canada's Gary Cowan, 27, another member of the savvy set—he has been playing in major U.S. tournaments since 1958—was in the clubhouse but seemingly out of the running in spite of a superb 67.

Continued

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GOLF (continued)

Ron Cerrudo, a 21-year-old recently from San Jose State and the last youngster with a chance, had just bogeyed two holes and looked through. But now, after being by far the best golfer in the tournament for 70 holes, Beman came apart. He pushed his tee shot on 17 into a trap and then skulled the sand shot across the green beneath some pine trees and only a yard or two from the out-of-bounds markers. Thanks to a fine putt, he got down in two for his bogey 4 and took a two-stroke lead to the 18th.

At that point, Beman was thinking only of Cerrudo, not realizing that Ron had taken a bogey 5 at the 18th by carelessly one-handing a short putt that failed to drop. Cowan, meanwhile, was in the locker room watching the action on television. He saw Beman hit a fine drive over the quarry and down the middle. When the announcer said Beman was taking out an iron for his second shot, Cowan headed for his car in the parking lot to get his jacket for the presentation ceremonies. "When I heard he was hitting an iron," Cowan said later, "I figured he was going to play it smart, lay the ball up short, chop on, take two putts for his bogey and win it."

On the contrary, Beman hit a three-iron into a trap short of the green. Again he failed to get through the sand properly, and the ball flew over the green, stopping in the thick rough just short of a TV tower. A weak wedge shot left him on the fringe of the green, and he did well to get down in two and tie the surprised and grateful Cowan at 285.

It hurt terribly after his disastrous finish, but a short time later Beman bravely faced the grilling of the press without flinching. In fact, he was philosophical. "I figure I'm in fairly good company," he said. "Didn't somebody do about the same thing in the Open?"

Somebody named Palmer, to be sure, and in Sunday's playoff Deane followed the Palmer pattern once more. Both Beman and Cowan played erratically but evenly until the quarry caught Deane for the last time. One of the best putters in golf, he missed a birdie try on 17, and then saw his short par putt hit the cup and spun out. Cowan, meanwhile, saved his par from the fringe, and did the same on 18 to finish with a 75 and win the U.S. Amateur by a stroke. Moments later Cowan was off to get his coat again. Wise old golfers always dress well for presentation ceremonies.

END

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FRANCIS COLON

This is the end of backswing, with the body turned and weight on right side.



The forward swing starts at once, even though club remains in square position.

There is no pause that refreshes

You often hear golfers talk about "the pause at the top of the backswing," but this is a very misleading phrase. If you start thinking that there is literally a pause at the top of your swing—and try to make sure that you do pause—you are going to ruin your game, for there is no single point in the backswing where every thing comes to a grand halt, as if you were posing for a photograph. The reason is that the

instant your hips have moved as far back as they should, they must immediately start forward. The two illustrations above show clearly what happens. At the left I have reached the end of my backswing, my weight is on my right side and my hips have turned well to the right. Note the angle of the club to the ground. In the drawing at right I have started the downswing. My weight has shifted and my hips are turning forward but, as you can see, the club has not yet moved. The club has stopped—paused, if you will—because my arms must wait for my body turn to generate power, but in no sense has there been a pause in the swing as a whole. If you do literally stop your swing, you usually will end up taking a powerless swipe at the ball with just your arms



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Photo by KAT LINDEN

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away and maintain that women cannot play excellent golf because they are not strong enough.

After the pros had completed the first hole of the World Series many men in the gallery had to be wondering if there was something, after all, in what their wives had said. In their nervousness the golfers had sprayed shots into the rough, skulled them still deeper into trouble and finally been fortunate to end up with three bogeys and three pars.

"I watched them stagger down the first fairway," said Wirtz, "and I wondered what time night fell." But the first hole broke the tension, and for the rest of the tournament grin combativeness replaced the jumps. Wright and Mann birdied the 2nd hole and Haynie eagled it, and even though the 6,300-yard course was playing long, it took subpar golf to stay in contention after that.

At the end of the first day Carol came in with a 68, and both Mickey and Sandra sank long birdie putts on 18 for 69s. "If I can get the lead," Carol had said the night before, "I think the pressure will be off me. I think I have enough pride to maintain my game." Now she had her lead. On her way to the parking lot she passed two children trying to sell early editions of the *Springfield Daily News*. She happily bought all 38 copies so the kids could go home.

In the meantime, Mickey Wright was telling the press, "Carol is in the tight spot, having the lead." Mickey had long ago found that the only time she felt pressure in a tournament was when she was leading. "If you are in front, it's miserable, it's a horrible feeling," she said, "but if you are in contention, say a shot back going into the final round, you feel real joy. Then it's all aggression."

And by dinner Carol was getting uneasy. "Did you know Mickey used a six-iron into the 18th?" Wirtz asked across the beef. "Oh, Lemme, I don't want to know what she used," Carol snapped.

By 9 p.m. the players were in their motel rooms. Wirtz looked down the line of doors and said, "This is the hard time for them. When they are in those rooms. If they go out during the evening and they play badly the next day they blame it on going out, and if they stay in they blame it on staying in."

At 6:30 next morning Mickey was already up eating breakfast. By 7 o'clock she had decided to wash and set her hair to give herself something to do, and

she must have done some aggressive thinking under the dryer.

When play began in the afternoon Carol lost her lead with a bogey on 3. A three-way tie held until the 7th, but there Mickey sank a five-foot putt for a birdie and took the lead that she never relinquished. Putting on an unbeatable surge, she birdied 10, 11 and 12 with putts of 12, 15 and eight feet. Now she was smiling and chatting with the crowd that walked along with her. "When you sink putts the way I was sinking them," she said later, "you figure that even if you make a mistake you can make it up." Which is what she did at 17, a 538-yard par-5 on which she clinched the tournament. After a good drive she topped her second shot. It went only about 100 yards. A "worn killer," said a member of the gallery. But her third shot reached the fringe, and from there she hit a spectacular chip into the hole for a birdie 4. With a par on 18, Mickey finished four strokes ahead of Sandra Haynie, who had to sink a 12-foot putt to win the second money of \$7,500 and beat Carol by a stroke. Kathy Whitworth finished a stroke behind in fourth, at two under par.

As Mickey Wright sank her putt the gallery whistled and shouted and clapped. Programs were passed onto the green for autographs and the players gave away their golf balls. A mother asked Carol for hers. "I'm sorry," the tall blonde pro said. "I'm afraid I've promised it. Some little children made arrangements for it on the first tee."

When the 13 sponsors filed out for the formal presentation ceremonies they were \$20,000 poorer, but they looked immensely pleased. And well they might have been. The gallery on the second day—much larger than the first—had been the warmest and most enthusiastic the women had ever played before. Carol kissed every one of the sponsors, to the delight of the crowd, and Mickey held up her immense trophy and smiled richly.

When she finally got inside the clubhouse Mickey turned to Carol Mann and said, "I just can't imagine that I have \$10,000 right here in my pocket." "You don't," said Carol, who must have had her eyes on the check. Mickey pulled it out, and across the back of that glorious two-foot piece of paper was written "non-negotiable." But there was no reason to worry. The Trembling Thirteen soon delivered the real one.

END



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He attended steadily for the one reward who believes in him. Norbert Schemmsky marks one triumphfully in a sleazy underground gym and pounds his veins as the world's greatest weight lifter, an achievement that wins him neither glory nor a job to help support his family.

LOOKING FOR A LIFT

BY MARK KRAM

The business card that Jack Katchmar lays on everyone, within arm's length, features a drawing of a man, his muscles prominent, holding a caduceus and standing on a universe. On one side of the card there is a quote from Friedrich Schopenhauer: "Man's main task in life is to give birth to himself, to become what he potentially is." Plato also gets a call at the bottom: "What is honored in a country will be cultivated there." The legend on the card reads "American Scientific Technical Research Organization, Inc." Jack says the card tells the story of Norbert Schemmsky, who has never heard of Friedrich Schopenhauer.

Norbert Schemmsky is a weight lifter the strongest man this country has ever produced. He is the only American to win medals in four different Olympics, one gold, one silver and two bronze. He has been U.S. champion nine times and the heavyweight champion of the world three times. In 1954, in an international poll, he was

continued





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LOOKING FOR A LIFT

ranked the fifth greatest athlete in the world. Schemansky is 42 now, married, and has four children. He also has not earned \$3,000 in the last eight years. Nobody knows why or asks why. Nobody knows his name. Nobody, that is, except Jack Katchmar, who is an authority on poverty, and is not known to many people, either.

Jack is president and research director of the organization named on the card, but he holds all the other titles, too. He is the organization. Everyone who has ever received a card eventually learns this, but no one worries about Jack's health. Jack does, but that is only because he does not really believe he is a treasurer without a treasury, a secretary without a phone and a field representative who does not have gas to put in his car. He also does not have any clients except Norbert Schemansky, who is really a friend and a peg on which Jack can hang his indignation at all the injustices ever committed, all of his dreams that were slaughtered in personnel offices. "I just never seem to fit in," says Jack. If one speaks, then, of Norbert Schemansky, one must also speak of Jack Katchmar.

"Honey," Jack says to his girl, Lois, "you got a dollar for gas?"

"Again, Jack?" says Lois, as Jack's eyes and head roll nervously.

"I know, but I left my wallet home."

"That's what you said the other day," says Lois. "And before that you said you had to get your teeth worked over. Six months it's been and you been dollarin' me to pieces."

"I don't want charity," says Jack, unconvincedly.

"No-o-o, not much. So why don't you get a job? You're 40 years old, Jack! You don't need a work permit. You got a fancy degree from Michigan State in—"

"Sociology," interrupts Jack. "And, besides, I got a job."

Lois says that she's heard all about Norbert and then turns to a visitor and says, while slipping Jack a dollar, "I think he's just beautiful." The two then leave for Lois' apartment, where she and Jack will argue over why she will

not circulate his cards and documents at her office. Jack will also have dinner there: hamburgers and an after-dinner drink of Thunderbird wine.

The scene and the cuisine seldom vary, nor does the work following dinner. While Lois plays solitaire and listens to country music ("Never ever have a nickel in my jeans") Jack furiously scribbles his notes. He is, you see, the greatest note writer since Joe Gould, the late Greenwich Village wraith who spent a year measuring the heads of Indians in North Dakota and during his life filled hundreds of notebooks with a delusion called *An Oral History of Our Time*. Jack, who has been scribbling for a dozen years, does not wish to be compared with Joe Gould. "I have all my teeth," he says.

If an analogy must be made, Jack prefers his relationship with Norbert to be set beside that of Zola and Dreyfus, Darrow and Scopes. Put in other ways, he expresses his task as Katchmar: defending the values of Greek civilization, Katchmar attacking the diminishment of real excellence and the human spirit. "Hell, Jack," says Lois, "nobody's listenin'!" Lois places another card on the table, and Jack says she is the dumbest broad he has ever seen. He has his dollar.

Still, Jack is not totally dependent on Lois' subsidy. He receives a disability pension from the Government, and Norbert often says that Jack could not even get shot right, he was wounded in the back in the Battle of the Bulge. Jack uses his pension to pay the rent on the "gym" in Detroit where Norbert trains, and the rest of the money goes for pencils, paper, magazines and a meal when Lois suddenly decides she is not so dumb. But it is Lois' dollars that put Jack in motion and enable him to circulate his treatise against a society of thin values that he feels has stomped all over Norbert and Jack Katchmar.

The lobby of a hotel in Detroit. Sargent Shriver has just finished speaking and is walking with his aides toward the door. Suddenly Jack is by Shriver's side, and nobody knows who he is. But he looks, maybe, like he belongs there. He does appear a bit sooty, but you can

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never tell about these eccentric scholars. Jack *(clearing his throat, and then in an official voice)*: Do you, Mr. Shriver, believe in excellence? *(Shriver appears stunned, looks at Jack.)*

Shriver *(thinking Jack is a dumb reporter)*: Why, of course.

Jack *(in D.A. style)*: Do you believe that excellence, the kind of excellence that makes the world know we are, well, made up of more than just Elvis Presleys, should be rewarded? *(The procession through the lobby stops.)*

Aide *(nervously)*: May I ask what paper you represent?

Jack *(ignoring aide, who's now playing elaborate presentation to Shriver)*: Have you ever heard of Norbert Schemansky?

Shriver: Who? *(Starts reading section of presentation.)*

Aide: What paper did you say?

Jack: No paper. I'm president of the American Scientific Technical Research Organization, Inc.

Aide *(leather slipped or confused)*: Ohhh, I see.

Shriver: Do you mean to tell me that this fellow here has done all of this and—

Jack *(nodding head rapidly)*: Oh, yes. Oh, yes.

Shriver: And he lives in poverty, hasn't made \$3,000 in the last eight years? *(Tensely.)* Well, something should be done about that. *(Procession leaves lobby, and Jack, holding his frayed attache case, watches. He is Stan Laurel with pie dripping down his face.)*

A few days later Jack is in a reception line waiting to meet Mrs. Jeanne Dixon, Washington spiritualist and prophetess. He finally arrives at the front of the line and extends his hand. He does this purposely and with persistence because, he says, Mrs. Dixon receives dramatic vibrations and information when her hand touches someone. She does not go for his hand, so he slips her a note.

"Norbert Schemansky," the note reads, "has served America for 20 years. He is more of a world-respected champion than Joe Louis, who made \$4 million, and Floyd Patterson, who made \$11 million, and Cassius Clay, all com-

bined. Yet today he lives in unknown poverty. Why? Will God reward him or use him? How?"

Jack: Please answer this. It's important. *(He goes for her hand again.)*

Mrs. Dixon *(pulling her hand away)*: Certainly, Mr. Katcher. You will hear from me.

Jack: Katchmar, Jack Katchmar. I'm head of the American Scene.

Mrs. Dixon: You'll hear from me, Mr. Katchman.

Later Jack receives his reply. It reads: "God wants you where He can USE you—but we are so self-centered that we want to be placed where WE want, and not where God wants us. It is HIS WILL, not OUR will—that must be done. Continue to use your talents, which you use everyday, for good; this is performing God's will in your life. Bless you, Mr. Katcher."

Jack is quite distraught over Mrs. Dixon's answer, but not for long. He returns to the gym, where he also sleeps, and begins scribbling. He also scribbles well in hotel lobbies and on street corners, but he is at his best in the gym. There, writing in the margins of books and magazines, on brown paper bags and backs of envelopes, his sadness, his protest explode.

"Schemansky, as a real hero, is important to America, because America was founded on ideals. An ideal is a standard of perfection for all men, a model of excellence. An image is an illusion, pseudo ideal. The hero reflects ideals. A hero is a human figure who has shown greatness in some achievements. He is a man of great deeds. A celebrity or punk hero reflects illusions. The hero created himself. The punk hero is created by publicity and mass media. The celebrity is a hog name, the hero a big man.

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Jack tries to go to sleep. It is 5 a.m., and the sun is coming up. It will not

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LOOKING FOR A LIFT

bother him. The gym is underground. The last enemy chased from his thoughts, Jack falls into sleep, at about the same time Norbert Schemansky always awakens in Dearborn, Mich.

Schemansky lives in a section of factory workers, of people still tied to the same roots that their fathers were. The houses have a synthetic pastoral charm, a tiny patch of neatly trimmed lawn, a new car every two years and, now, a color television set. But that Schemansky house in the middle of the block? That car, that lawn?

Schemansky sees this, too: his own meager possessions compared to those that belong to his neighbors—and in the morning the picture, spinning at last, is enlarged by the sense of what he has to do and what he has become.

The small rooms are gray and quiet in the morning. Hundreds of medals and trophies and cups, scratched and dusty, are scattered throughout the rooms. A bottle of wine that Norbert brought back from Paris 10 years ago stands on a television set. The wine, he says, is the only thing that seems real to him now. Moving his mountainous body through the rooms, he straightens a row of trophies that were knocked over and then from a corner retrieves a large and beautiful cup containing a

pair of kid's tennis shoes. The evenings are dark and good, but Norbert's mornings bring a train of hundreds of forgotten faces and memories of 10,000 old indignities. They keep coming until all that he is, all that the night seems to hide, is exposed, until his whole life seems as strange and gossamer as a dream.

Well, I could have made something of myself, could have been somebody.

The dream flows through him like a violent river, and then the children awaken upstairs, there are four of them, and they are real. Norbert whispers up the stairs and tells the children to be quiet, because their mother is still sleeping. Then he goes to the kitchen, his massive hands and arms moving gently in and out of the china closet, and he begins to prepare breakfast for the kids. He will also pack their school lunches, and in the evening he will prepare dinner. Yuri Vlasov, Russia's champion weight lifter, once said: "Norbert Schemansky is the greatest and strongest athlete I have ever seen."

Sometime during the day, after the dusting, Norbert will go into Detroit, where he is offered such jobs as fishing kids out of an indoor swimming pool (\$1 an hour), cleaning latrines (\$1 an hour) and the kind recently described by

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ART SHAW



Jack and Lois on the way to an evening of softball, country music and some scotch/ginger.

a brewery spokesman. "Sure, we can fit you into our public-relations program. What would you think of going around to bars with one of our salesmen? When you enter all you have to do is hit a keg or two over your head. Sort of entertainment for the customers." In May of 1962, Tass reported "The story of Schemansky, who just recently established a new world record in the snatch with 362 pounds, a full kilogram over the Soviet bogarus, Yuri Vlasov, reflects the attitude toward man in a capitalistic world."

The Tass report irritated Schemansky. Sure, it was just propaganda, he felt, but why should he be special? This country doesn't owe a weight lifter anything! "I've never wanted anything for nothing," he says now. "Just a decent job that will allow me to compete at the same time." But the jobs have never been decent—a champion always has to feel like a champion—and making it possible to go on competing has been an unending struggle. Yet he does compete, and exact, but only because of a few people. A neighborhood druggist will not take his money for prescriptions. The family doctor doesn't want his money either. And there is Jack Jack takes the dues he collects from the 10 other weight lifters who train at

the gym and slips the money to Norbert.

How can it be that a man who has won respect for himself and prestige for his country clings to the shadowy periphery of life, is a nonperson without status or function and one whose wife for most of the last 20 years has, in effect, supported his participation for the U.S. with an \$80-a-week job? Is it because of those who, with outraged rhetoric and instant chauvinism, are always alert and yacking when America is embarrassed in world competition but are never to be found when the time comes to hack up their cocktail-party passion for American excellence? Is it because of Norbert's long and bitter feud with the AAL? Is it because of the obscurity of weight lifting? Or is it because of Norbert Schemansky himself?

Immensely popular in Europe and the Near East—the Egyptian pyramid builders were probably the first lifters—weight lifting occupies an inferior position in this country, the national championships draw little more than a paragraph in most big-city papers. The public relations of the weight-lifting division of the AAL, possibly devoted to the aggrandizement of officialdom, is in part responsible. But, mainly, lifting offers no glamour, no color or escape to those who share the popular misconception about the sport. The fact is that for years the weight lifter has been associated in the public consciousness with the body-builder, that curious creature who can stare trance-like at his own pectoral muscles and become emotionally moved by just measuring his calf. Weight lifters are not fond of body-builders; they often call them "sweethearts." Body-builders refer to lifters as "elods" who cannot comprehend anything beyond a dumbbell.

But weight lifters are not easily categorized. Vlasov, for instance, is an intellectual, and his comrade, Leonid Zhabotinski, is a bumpkin and a slob who always makes certain he accompanies lighter lifters to dinner because they have to watch their weight, when they leave he stays behind and mops up all of their potatoes. Schemansky has a 132 IQ and a fine sense of humor, and Light Heavyweight Champion Joe Pulso

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LOOKING FOR A LIFT *continued*

of Detroit spends most of his time trying to solve the mysteries of Zen. There is one U.S. lifter who wants to be a history professor. "I'm great on dates of events," he says. All lifters, however, are similar in this respect: they have misshapen, even grotesque, bodies, and they derive the same satisfactions from the sport.

What drives a man to compete seriously in weight lifting? Obviously, the act of lifting weight cannot spring a man from public anonymity, which is what spurs so many athletes early in their careers. Nor, as many theorize, can a ease he made that lifters are psychologically disoriented. They do not worship strength and do not think they are superior human beings because they are among the physical elite. Rather, what motivates them, fulfills them, is the act itself. It is, to them, a beautiful assertion, simple and direct, of the human spirit. The lifter temporarily defeats that which is ultimately superior to him, the physical universe; the weight always remains the same, but the man does not. A guy can get hooked on lifting. Norbert Schemansky is hooked.

"If you quit lifting," says one who did, "you have to have something to take its place. That's why Norbert will never quit." The truth is that Norbert could not have found anything to replace lifting 25 years ago, even if he had wanted to.

The puniest of four brothers, Norbert had no future except the production line of an automobile plant. It was not enough for him, not enough just to make money, but he did not know what he could do about it. People do escape from their environments, but Norbert lacked the type of mind for such a solution. One has to know who he is, what he wants, before he can break away. Quite simply, Norbert had not given birth to himself until one day in a garage when he picked up an old barbell and found in it a beginning. He could break away now, he could become somebody, if only to himself.

"Thisweight lifting, it is hard?" asked his father, who could not understand why Norbert spent so much time in the gym.



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LOOKING FOR A HIT?

"Yes, Pop, it's hard," said Norbert.
 "Harder than work?"
 "Yes, Pop, harder than work."
 "Can you get paid for this thing?"
 "No, I don't think so, Pop."
 "You get paid for work, eh, and it isn't as hard?"
 "Yes, Pop."
 "So, why not work instead of doing this thing?"
 "I don't know, Pop."
 "Mamma! Mamma!" his father called.
 "Come and talk to this boy, this . . ."

Norbert did work, of course, and he kept working when he got married, and he kept lifting. At night he would come home, have dinner and leave for the gym across town. Clutching dirty tennis shoes in a brown bag under his arm, he took three streetcars before reaching his destination. In 1948, while working in a factory owned by a celebrated sportsman, he needed time off to compete for the U.S. in the Olympics in London. He got the time off—without pay—and won a silver medal. In 1952, while working at the same factory, he requested time to compete in the Olympics at Helsinki. The word went upstairs, and the word came down: "Sure, he can have all the time he wants. I fire him." Schemansky went anyway, and beat the undefeated Russian world champion, Gregori Novak. He came home with a gold medal, caught a bus from the airport to downtown Dearborn and took a streetcar home. Only a porter at the airport greeted him: "Nice going, Mr. Schemansky," the porter said.

A month after the Olympics Norbert was interviewed on a local sports show. "Can the people of Detroit do anything for you?" the announcer asked. "Yeah," said Norbert. "I need a job." The announcer blushed.

The jobs, mainly menial labor, grew fewer and the family grew larger, but he could not let go of weight lifting. In 1954 he won the heavy weight championship of the world, but he spent most of the following two years in bed and in a brace. He had undergone two major back operations for ruptured discs, and doctors said he would never lift again. In 1960 he won a bronze medal in Rome,

continued



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LOOKING FOR A LIFT *continued*

the Russians called it the greatest comeback in sports history. In 1962, 8,000 people watched Schemansky, 38, and Vlasov, 26, head to head in the "heavy-weight match of the century" in Budapest. Schemansky beat Vlasov in the press and the snatch, but in the clean and jerk, the final lift, Schemansky's ankle collapsed. The Russian won 1,191-1,184. The crowd, standing and roaring for five minutes, would not allow Norbert to leave center stage.

In the 1964 Olympics at Tokyo, Schemansky became the first man to lift a total of 1,200 pounds. He also won a bronze medal. The following year, at 41, he captured another national championship, but it was apparent to him, finally, that an AAU official was right when he had told Norbert, "You could set four world records, and nobody would care. You wouldn't get the Sullivan Award. You talk too much." Through the years Schemansky could have played the game, kept his mouth shut, become a "Deltoid warmer" ("That's the muscle around the neck on which they always put their arms when you're going good"), and maybe now he would be known as a man of substance. But he flailed and grinded the AAU constantly.

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"Right before I went to Rome an *continued*



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LOOKING FOR A LIFT *(continued)*

Italian restaurant wanted to throw a little party for me to raise, say, maybe only \$200 to help my family while I was gone. The AAU heard about it, and said, 'Well, we can't allow this.' No party. Well, when I was going to Tokyo, a popular bar in Detroit, frequented by judges and politicians, decided they would like to throw a benefit for me. They did and raised \$600. The AAU knew about it but didn't say anything. They don't like to mess with big shots."

The years of bitterness and economic struggle seemed to overwhelm Norbert recently in the national championships at York, Pa., the muscle capital of this country, where a man's forearm and neck can make heads turn in a bar or

restaurant. "I don't know," said Joe Pulio. "This year, it seems, we look at Norbert and suddenly it all seems so hopeless. Here is a guy who is as big as Ted Williams or Joe DiMaggio in his sport, and he can't even put bread on his table. Somebody should have done something, should have gone to bat for him. He gave, but they never gave back. Compete for whom? For what? For them?" He pointed to a large circle of officials who, with badges and ribbons festooning their coats, were standing and talking. "Those guys constitute one of the most inept and ridiculous institutions known to man."

Nevertheless, at York, despite his visible depression and the disillusion in his

continued




With some of the trophies of a lifetime of lifting—those still shiny and unscarred—Norbert stands proudly, flanked by his wife and children: Pam, Laura, Larry, Paula.



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conversation with fans and other lifters, Schemansky was the attraction. Even though he was 42, they could not believe that he was through. Obviously, the officials of the AAL wanted desperately to believe that he was through. The official who was announcing kept referring to Norbert's age and to the fact that here was a champion who had had it, he was not being taken seriously anymore, not even as a critic. The day before, Schemansky had rapped the AAL in the press, and one official, laughing, said to him, "I don't care what you say as long as they spell my name right." Norbert finished third at York, but he was not disappointed. He knew he would not do well. The weight had not changed, but the man was changing—slowly and painfully.

The trip from York ended in Jack's gym early that evening. It is a dank, cluttered dungeon located on a sad-sock street, next door to a hotel that exists only because it offers drunks a 50¢ ride into a night of bad dreams. Some nights, when the drunks are restless, they stumble next door and down the steps to the door of the gym and, hanging on the door, they shout, "Hey, Jack, we wanna lift some weights." Jack does not like this, because it disturbs his scribbling, and on this day, a Sunday, he was clearly upset, they had come at him in waves the night before.

"Hell, I'm going to have to move my business," said Jack. "The drunks around here all think they're weight lifters."

"Where you gonna move?" asked Norbert. "Down to the Sheraton Cadillac?"

"Well, how'd you do in York?" said Jack.

"Don't you know?"

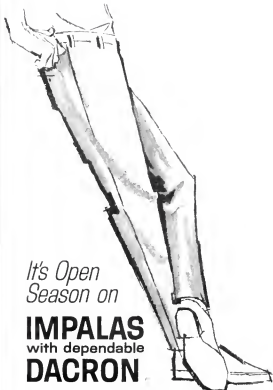
"No, they didn't have a line in the papers this morning," said Jack.

"Third," said Norbert. "That's where I told you I'd finish. I had too much on my mind, the campaign and all."

"What's your campaign budget?" a visitor asked Norbert.

"Two hundred dollars this time," said Norbert, "but the last time I ran for the Michigan legislature my budget

continued



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LOOKING FOR A LIFT *continued*

was only \$100. I only lost by 800 votes."

"Your platform?"

"Just a slogan," he said. "'Down with jerks, drunks and punks.' That covers a lot of ground. I don't do any talking. I just go around at night passing up signs. But in the morning they're torn down."

"Somebody's after us here in Michigan," said Jack.

"Sure, Jack," said Norbert.

"Well, it's true. You haven't even been nominated for the Michigan Hall of Fame."

"I'm not worried about that. I'm going to go to Mexico [the Olympics in 1968] and hook up with Vlasov again and take him this time. The AAU wants me out of the picture, but at 46 I'll still be in it."

Jack, inspired, suddenly sat down and began scribbling in the margins of a magazine. Norbert talked on, until Jack jumped up and said, "This is my first draft." Norbert read, "Dear Mr. President. Norbert Schemansky is the greatest symbol of excellence in the free world but, like Einstein in Nazi Germany, America has no use for him. We must start creating the job around the man. Mr. President, we are an independent, nonprofit social-research consultant firm. We were the first firm to create the job around the man 10 years ago. The results: We won two Olympic medals for America, and the Michigan AAU title seven years in a row. Mr. President, we are a small-business firm without funds, but we have done much for America. Furthermore..."

"Oh, forget it, Jack," said Norbert, tossing Jack's prose aside. "Nobody's listening."

They moved out of the gym and into the night. Jack, grumbling, said he was going for a walk. He was hungry, he said, and walking made him forget about it. Maybe later, he said, he would try to convince Lois that she truly was clever. Norbert said he had to get home immediately, because his wife had to go to work in the morning. Walking away, Jack waved his hands, and Norbert shook his head from side to side. The drunks in the hotel were quiet, perhaps tired from the night before. **END**



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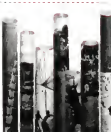
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A Conn Game that Collapsed

Light Heavyweight Billy Conn (right) had Joe Louis beaten and the championship won —for 12 rounds by FRANK GRAHAM JR.



During the early part of 1941, Heavyweight Champion Joe Louis shuffled across the country, engaging in a series of title defenses that became known as The Bom-of-the-month Tour. Whether these relatively harmless challengers bore obscure names like Tony Musto, Gus Dorazio and Red Burman or more celebrated names like Abe Simon (a giant) and Buddy Baer (a giant and Max's brother, as well), the number of rounds each remained upright varied only in relation to his own special threshold of pain.

Louis' busy campaign ended on June 18 in New York. His opponent there was Billy Conn, his seventh challenger in seven months, although no one really considered this light an appendage to Joe's dubious tour.

Conn, while considerably outweighed and outgunned by Louis, was one of the finest middleweights and light heavyweights of all time. He was also the most popular challenger Louis ever had. His ruggedly handsome profile, deep-set blue eyes and dark curly hair masked the soul of a street fighter. His swift, crafty movements in the ring were sometimes augmented, sometimes nullified, by brash aggressiveness. A storybook Irishman, Conn breathed fire and oozed sentimentality. He appreciated these qualities in others, too, and when Bummy Davis, a Brooklyn welterweight, was shot dead while trying to slug a stackup man, Billy was deeply affected.

"I never met Bummy, but he was a tough kid and I admired him," Conn said. "I couldn't send any flowers to the funeral because it was Jewish, but I sent the biggest box of candy they could find."

Brooklyn's Brownsville, which nurtured Bummy Davis, would have impressed Conn as homelike. He was born amid similar bleak surroundings in the East Liberty section of Pittsburgh in 1917. There he grew up fighting the other kids in the streets and, when nobody else was around, fighting his brother at home. He had the features, if not the disposition, of an altar boy.

"The first time I saw Billy his head was only this big," Johnny Ray, who was later his manager, said as he clenched a small fist. "He had a baby face, and when you looked at him you just wanted to pick him up and hug him."

This was about the time that the 14-year-old Billy appeared at Ray's East Liberty gymnasium. Billy ran errands for the older men, bringing back sandwiches and spoonshine from a shabby sore across the street and, in the intervals, learned something about boxing from Ray.

School was a different matter. The otherwise graceful youngster plodded through Sacred Heart grammar school like a drunk trying to push his car out of a ditch—one step forward and two steps back. When he had laboriously

reached the eighth grade an exasperated nun finally turned her wrath on Billy and the other aging youths in the back of the classroom. "Why don't some of you big boys get out of here and go to trade school?" she asked. "All you do is keep the smaller children out."

Billy took the suggestion seriously, he sampled trade school briefly but found Johnny Ray's gym more instructive. At 17, in 1935, he began to get paid for punching people. He lost his first professional fight, then quickly fought his way to prominence and in 1937 defeated four former welterweight and middleweight champions. Coming to New York at the beginning of 1939, he walloped another ex-champion, Fred Apostoli.

New York's boxing fans welcomed this handsome, cocky young Irishman. Managers and hangers-on, lounging in groups along that arched stretch of sidewalk on 49th Street called Jacobs Beach, predicted that one day Conn would grow up to challenge Joe Louis for the heavyweight championship.

In the meantime there was a rematch with the dangerous Apostoli. Scheduled for 15 rounds, it was a test of Conn's stamina against an experienced opponent. A noisy trainload of Conn's Pittsburgh friends, wearing green paper-mâché hats, came to New York for the fight. It erupted into one of the wildest brawls the Garden fans had witnessed in years, and they loved it.

"Apostoli started roughing me up un-

continued

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A Conn game

side," Conn recalls. "I called him a name, and I said I was going to kill him. 'Stop talking, you Irish so-and-so, and come on and fight,' Apostoli said. 'I'm coming,' I said, and we had a hell of a fight. But the microphone was lowered over the ring, and the crowd caught everything we said. Later General Phelan, the boxing commissioner, called me into his office because he'd heard the bad language. 'Why, general?' I said, 'you know I'm an old altar boy. It was that dago doing all the talking.' 'That's right,' the general said. And he forgot about it."

The close decision Conn received in that fight propelled him toward a shot at the light-heavyweight championship. He outpointed Melio Bettina to win the title, defended it a couple of times and in 1940 went to campaign as a heavyweight. Light on his feet, fast of hand and mind, he found most heavyweights perfect foils for his style. Conn seemed to have added a punch with his extra weight and scored his most impressive victory by knocking out heavyweight contender Bob Pastor with a merciless body attack.

Yet Conn's weight did not rise much above the light-heavyweight limit of 175 pounds, and there were many boxing men who believed he was being pushed too fast toward a bout with Louis. Only Conn himself and Promoter Mike Jacobs really believed in the match. In

November 1940 Conn fought Lee Savold, a strong, young heavyweight who was the division's heaviest puncher aside from Louis.

"Conn will take a lot of punishment," Pinky George, Savold's manager, promised before the fight. "If he can take it from Savold and then beat him you'll have a pretty good line on whether or not he can take it from Joe Louis."

Conn, who won on points, later admitted that he had never taken such severe punishment. "I'm outboxing Savold all right, and then the crowd in the gallery begins to clap. You know, like this," Conn said, beating the palms of his hands together in a derisive rhythm. "This is very embarrassing for me, so I decide to mix it up a little. I walk in, and I get hit with three punches. The first one on top of the head. I think my skull is fractured. The next one cuts my eye. The next one breaks my nose. I step back and thumb my nose at the crowd, and then I go back to boxing and I win easy."

Here Conn ruefully reflected for a moment and touched again on an unpleasant memory. "He had no business hitting me at all, but he hit me three punches and damned near killed me. The reason I got hit with those punches was on account of I got careless."

Apparently the lesson was not as lingering as the pain. Seven months later Billy got careless again.

The Conn-Louis match was made with



CONN PILED UP POINTS WITH RINGMANSHIP THAT BEFUDDLED THE SLOWER LOUIS

startling suddenness, Louis had disposed of Buddy Baer to wind up his Bum-of-the-month Tour in May. At the beginning of June, Mike Jacobs signed Conn as the champion's next opponent setting June 18 as the date.

Boxing fans quickly responded and 54,487 tickets were sold in less than three weeks for what was to be one of the last big fights before Pearl Harbor. New York's Irish, having lapsed into unaccustomed silence after Louis had knocked James J. Braddock off the heavy-weight throne, emerged to identify with the confident Billy. But Conn had even wider support. Thousands came to the Polo Grounds proclaiming that he would tumble before Louis' early attack but secretly rooting for the smaller man (Billy weighed 174 pounds, still under the light-heavyweight limit). Perhaps Johnny Ray best summed up his fighter's national appeal.

"No matter who he is fighting," Ray said, "Billy lets everybody know he is boss of the ring, even before the fight starts. Just the way he walks out there to get his instructions from the referee lets you know he isn't afraid of anybody."

Certainly no challenger ever entered the ring against Louis with more confidence. Billy started slowly that evening but this was his habit. Louis hurt him with a right hand in the third round but Conn fought back, peppering Louis with short lefts and rights. He walked evasively to his corner at the bell, the crowd's delighted cheers ringing dangerously loud in his ears.

Having taken Louis' best punch and come back to win the round, Conn felt he was now the boss. He stood up under more punishment in the fifth and sixth rounds, holding or circling Louis until he had recovered from the champion's heavy body punches. Now Conn began to set his own pace. He boxed out of range of Louis' long punches to the head and kept his swift left hand to Louis' face.

"Box him, Billy," Johnny Ray and his handlers, Manny Seamon and Freddy Harbo, cautioned him between rounds. "Box him!"

Louis was stung repeatedly by Conn's combinations. For the first time in his career he appeared clumsy, aiming punches at his moving, dancing opponent and missing badly. Conn piled up points. His best round was the 12th

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A Conn Game continues

when he befuddled Louis with his speed, then hammered him into the ropes. Fans and reporters both felt Conn had only to stay out of danger during the next three rounds to win the championship on a decision.

Conn moved out briskly for the 13th round, the crowd's wild roar of anticipation drowning out his cautious handlers' advice. He jabbed Louis and hooked him. For a moment the champion appeared dazed. Then, as Conn moved again to the attack, Louis threw a right uppercut, which landed on Conn's chin.

"Move, Billy, move!" Ray and Fierro screamed from the corner, while Billy wobbled on his suddenly unmanageable legs.

But Conn no longer heard Louis' smashed him across the ring, throwing punches with all his old speed into a defenseless target. Billy sagged into the ropes, and a right cross finished him. He fell on his side in Louis' corner, his face in the ring. Referee Eddie Joseph completed the count only a moment before the stricken Conn struggled to his feet and only two seconds before the bell would have ended the round and given him a full minute's rest.

The time was 2:58 of the 13th round. The limp crowd tumbled into the aisles, groaning at Conn's foolish gamble while marveling at his fearlessness before Louis. Even veteran reporters habited Hype Igoe, the dean of boxing writers, was beside himself. "Gorgeous audacity!" he exclaimed in the *New York Journal-American*. "Cruel overconfidence!"

The Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor at the end of that year canceled a rematch planned for the following summer, and it was five years before a puffed-up Conn, his reflexes gone, climbed through the ropes for his second shot at Louis. After seven listless rounds, Louis ended the fiasco with three thunderous punches to Billy's chin.

But that wasn't the real Conn. Louis in 1941 had beaten a great, if smaller, fighter. At a boxing dinner some years later Conn needed Louis, who was seated next to him on the dais.

"Why didn't you let me win that one, Joe?" he asked. "You could have sort of loaned me the title for six months."

Just the glimmer of a smile relieved Louis' solemn face. "Billy," he said, "you had that title for 12 rounds."

END

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AMERICAN LEAGUE

"We took him apart piece by piece until we found out what the trouble was," said CLEVELAND (2-5) Pitching Coach Early Wynn in describing a reclamation project which restored Reliever Dick Radatz to some of his former usefulness. In late August the rebuilt Radatz struck out 11 men in one five-inning span. But last week a couple of bolts apparently were out of place again, and Radatz, winless all year, was ineffective twice and lost for the fifth time. Sam McDowell was also back in the repair shop. He went into the eighth inning with a 1-0 lead over the Orioles, then complained of arm trouble. Luis Tiant took over, and Frank Robinson hit his first pitch for a two-run homer to give sagging BALTIMORE (2-4) a much-needed win. The Orioles, losers in 10 of 15 games, had only three robust starters, and two of them—Dave McNally and Jim Palmer—were racked for 23 hits and a dozen runs in 13¹/₂ innings. Even the usually reliable bullpen failed. Stu Miller hit two batters in a row in the 11th to force across a run and give CHICAGO (4-3) a 9-8 victory. Tommie Agee (.346) had five RBIs in that game and also was responsible for three other wins. His two-run homer made Tommy John a 2-0 winner. In a doubleheader sweep against the Tigers, Agee had seven hits. He scored the winning run in the 12th inning of the first game when he singled and then came all the way around after a throwing error on a sacrifice bunt. John (Blue Moon) Odum of KANSAS CITY (3-3), who earlier in the season had not lasted two innings against the Yankees, this time pitched a one-hitter against them. Mike McCormick of WASHINGTON (1-5) held the A's to four singles as he pitched his second straight shutout. ORLANDO (16-2) kept its slim pennant hopes alive by hitting 18 home runs, four of them by

Willie Horton, who also drove in 11 runs. Denny McLain won twice, though he needed 229 pitches to stop the Orioles 6-3 in one game. The intentional walk is supposed to be a defensive move, but MINNESOTA (5-1) built its offense around four of them. Four intentional walks to Twin batters in two games were followed by a three-run homer by Bernie Allen, a single by Rich Rollins, a three-run double by Earl Batley and a game-winning single by Ted Uhlander. Joe Adcock's pair of two-run homers gave CALIFORNIA (3-3) two victories. What little comfort NEW YORK (3-4) had came from rookie Dooley Womack, who stretched his string of scoreless innings to 26 in 13 relief jobs. Both New York and western (3-2) players were victims of California night games on getaway days. After arriving in Minnesota from California at 9 a.m., the Yankees stumbled through an 8-5 loss to the Twins. The Red Sox, after their night game in Anaheim, caught a 5 a.m. flight. They got to Minnesota at 3 p.m. and went right to the clubhouse to sleep on stacks of towels. Bleary-eyed, they lost 11-2 and were rewarded with a midnight flight on to Kansas City. Fine schedule.

Standings: BAL 14-51, DET 15-62, MIN 17-62, CH 12-57, CLE 17-59, LA 48-52, NY 42-54, WASH 62-31, BOS 41-39, KC 50-38

NATIONAL LEAGUE

The doublet Mets of NEW YORK (3-3), knowing they were to face the league's three top winners on successive days, didn't flinch. They took care of Sandy Koufax 10-4 and, after a 2-1 loss to Juan Marchal, came back behind Pitcher Dennis Rasmussen to win 2-1 over Gaylord Perry of SAN FRANCISCO (2-4). That was the first of three straight one-run losses for the Giants, who dropped out of a tie for first place with PITTSBURGH (4-2).

Roberto Clemente had nine RBIs, giving him 103 this year, and also picked up the 2,000th hit of his career. To opposing pitchers it seemed that the Pirates got almost that many hits daily as they alternately beat out infield boppers and blasted extra-base hits. The Pirates had 16 hits in one game, 14 in two others. Clay Carroll didn't allow a run in 8¹/₂ innings of relief as he won twice for ATLANTA (5-3). Eddie Mathews (.476, 3 HRs) and Felipe Alou (.460) produced runs en masse. Mike Cuellar's 2-0 shutout of the Pirates was the sixth win in a row for HOUSTON (1-7), which then dropped seven straight. ST. LOUIS (3-3) followed a four-game losing streak with three victories. Sharon Johnson broke up Joe Nuxhall's shutout pitching with two homers one day. Pete Rose (.444) added two to the next and the day after that both Art Shamsky and Gordy Coleman had three-run homers as CINCINNATI (3-3) rounded out an eight-game winning streak. Then the home runs gave out, and so did the Reds. There seemed to be no end to Richie Allen's productivity, and his four homers and .464 batting kept PHILADELPHIA (5-1) in pennant contention. In May, Don Kessinger of CHICAGO (3-3) was hitting barely .200. Willing to try anything, Kessinger, who normally bats from the right side, became a switch hitter. Since then he has batted .280 and lost just .346. LOS ANGELES (3-3) had to get along without Shortstop Maury Wills, who aggravated a leg injury by simply bending down. A fan wrote to Sandy Koufax, advising him that the best way to cure his ailing arm was to rub brake fluid on it. Koufax stuck to ice water and liniment and recovered from his loss to the Mets by defeating the Reds 7-3.

Standings: PIT 10-56, LA 17-57, SF 17-58, PHIL 14-58, SD 30-56, CLE 62-34, ATL 47-53, BOS 41-39, NY 42-54, CH 47-58

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

"Lots of times I talk to myself when I go up to bat," says Oriole Outfielder Frank Robinson. "I tell myself, 'Make sure it's a good pitch,' and things like that. Nothing fancy." It is opposing pitchers who really have been talking to themselves. They've been ruminating all season long that Robinson, who leads the American League in hitting and home runs and has been flitting with the lead in RBIs, can't possibly keep up the pace. Last week, 142 days after the season began, Frank was well out there, driving for the Triple Crown. The pitchers were tense, but Robinson was relaxed. He ranks among the league leaders in clubhouse towel throwing and in giving hotfoots.

When Multivitaminarian Jerry Hoffberger, the owner of the Baltimore Orioles, complained that his shoes had become scuffed, Robinson flipped him a quarter and said, "Here, get yourself a shoe." He calls his massive teammate, 240-pound First Baseman Regis Powell, "Cresco" and in return is called "Pencil," a salute to the thin sticks that hold up his sinewy torso. In explaining the reasons for his success this season, Robinson principally credits his ability to stay loose. "I don't try to be relaxed," he says. "I just am." About the only thing that makes him uneasy, he adds, is his Baltimore radio show, a five-minute analysis of the day's game. "It's odd being the hero and to have to talk about yourself," he explains. "Sometimes I just leave myself out."



ORIOLE: RELAXED FRANK ROBINSON

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

KING ARTHUR'S COURT

Sirs:

As one who has followed tennis rather closely, I watched with interest the career of the first Negro to attain topflight ability, Althea Gibson, two-time winner at both Wimbledon and Forest Hills, and I cannot say which impressed me more, her brilliant game or her exemplary demeanor. And now I see those same qualities being displayed by Arthur Ashe, the first Negro to gain high ranking in the men's division. Frank DeFord's article, *Servant, but First a Slave* (Aug. 29), reinforces my favorable impression of Ashe. May his career carry forward.

G M W Kouri

New York City

Sirs:

I'm glad you put Arthur Ashe where he belongs—on the cover!

PATRICIA STOCKER

Fair Haven, N.J.

INFLATION

Sirs:

While I found Edwin Shraike's article, *The Fabulous Brodie Caper* (Aug. 29), very informative, I cannot help but object to his seeming attempt to glorify the financial escapades of just another pro football player who is John Riley Brodie? Surely not another Johnny Unitas or even a Y. A. Tittle! In spite of his statistical accomplishments in 1965 can he be compared to Frank Ryan or Bart Starr? Or Sid Luckman or Sammy Baugh? He is, in short, just a football player who, through legal maneuvering which probably outdoes his field generalship, has managed to gain an inordinate amount of remuneration for his services.

CLEMENT M. BOVIO

North Plainfield, N.J.

Sirs:

If John Brodie can get \$921,000 on the basis of his past record, there is not enough money in all the world to pay Sandy Koufax, Willie Mays, Bill Russell or Wilt Chamberlain.

CHARLES ZWILLING

North Bergen, N.J.

Sirs:

The Fabulous Brodie Caper is probably the biggest sports story, pro football or otherwise, I've read in six years. But Edwin Shraike's lead was all wrong. It should have gone something like this: "Long, long ago, Columbus set sail to discover a land where tiny young lad may grow up to be President or a millionaire—with a few bucks."

BOB PAPE

Monroe, N.Y.

MOLDY MACKINAW

Sirs:

I am the mayor of what Mr. Dan Jenkins referred to as "moldy Peekskill" (*Looks Is Boom Boom*, Aug. 22) and I am convinced that Mr. Jenkins' brain is moldy. Some people regard sports as moldy. Others use the words tradition, time-honored and the like. Mr. Jenkins probably never heard of those words, since they involve more than two syllables and a man of his obvious powers of observation and perspicacity would not come up to that level.

Please be kind enough to tell your man that moldy Peekskill has provided the Jets with a great measure of cordiality and warmth of welcome, without going into the fact that Peekskill is one of our older communities in American history and is steeped in American historical traditions. Mr. Jenkins should be so steeped.

WILLIAM J. MURDEN

Peekskill, N.Y.

Sirs:

While Dan Jenkins' story on our million-dollar rookies was quite good, his references to Green Bay were very slanderous. First of all, Green Bay, visited in 1634 by Jean Nicolet, is a world port city lying by the banks of Green Bay, not Holzer's Drug Store—wherever that is. Second, Green Bay is not the last stop to the Arctic and no one wears a mackinaw. Third, there are no colorful native costumes; Green Bay people dress no differently from the people of the rest of the country.

And so, Dan Jenkins, just because you're not lucky enough to live here, don't knock it.

BRIAN SCHULTZ

Green Bay, Wis.

Sirs:

I was very hurt! As a lifetime resident of Green Bay I have been in Holzer's Drug Store only once. I do not own a mackinaw, and I don't know anyone who does.

FRED MORRIS

Green Bay, Wis.

BEAR (cont.)

Sirs:

Congratulations to John Underwood and SI for the Bear Bryant series (Aug. 15, et seq.). I hope many young people will have an opportunity to read and profit from it.

In my opinion a coach like Bryant who can instill in a boy the desire to win a football game and have pride in himself, can also help him become a better man in the all-important game of life. Not only has he molded winners on the field but many fine men in our society as well.

Football is more than a game of running, blocking and tackling. Discipline can be commanded but respect must be earned. Much depends on the understanding between player and coach, and it takes more than teaching amateur psychology to create what Bear Bryant has. He is truly a master of the art of getting 110% from his players and not letting that quality called desire. We need more men like him.

HAYWARD HARGROVE JR.

Dean of Men

Louisiana Polytechnic Institute
Ruston, La.

Sirs:

Gave me the old-fashioned kind of honesty that made a man's word as good as his bond. This brand of honesty was discounted when Bryant stated that signing his name to a contract didn't mean a thing, except as a "protection" for the college president against alumni who "might not like it when the coach doesn't win the championship that first year." A contract is a man's word and it should mean everything. There are still many men around, and I do not exclude coaches or college presidents, who hold such words to be sacred.

Bryant further condones his action by implying that any man would break a contract in order to advance his career. Not true, Mr. Bear, not by a long shot.

SEYMOUR SOLOMON, D.D.S.

Monroe, La.

Sirs:

Bear Bryant's homespun philosophy is sound, honest, realistic and uniquely successful. With more Bear Bryants teaching, not only on the gridiron but in classrooms and in today's homes, we should be able to distinguish a boy from a girl by the cut of the hair, and have fewer beatniks clustering up the nation's college campuses. Congratulations on this great story of a great man in a time of great need for a realignment of values.

BART FULTON

Cottondale, Ala.

Sirs:

In answer to Rudi Brutoccio's letter (19th Hole, Aug. 29) concerning the lack of football in the first of the Bear Bryant articles, I suggest that Mr. Brutoccio is either a non-athlete or Superman.

As an athlete, I am thankful that someone has finally revealed to the average fan that athletics goes much deeper than a set of muscles. Believe it or not, Mr. Brutoccio, the Bear is telling you about football!

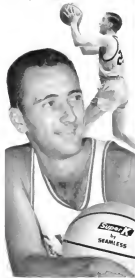
JOHN BLACK

Waynesboro, Va.

continued

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19TH HOLE *continues from*

TALK STORY

Says:

Last December 30 you published a non-essay on sport by John Steinbeck (*Then My Arm Glowed Up*). In it, if you will recall, Steinbeck described two new sports of his own invention: the first was vine-racing ("Each contestant plants a seed beside a pole of specified height, and the first vine to reach the top wins"). The second and "even more sedate and healthful contest" was oak-tree racing, a competition that, "depending on the agreed handling height" may go on for generations." Well, I was motivated by all this to take up oak-tree racing, and now I wish to report.

My opponent, a tall, muscular type who has proved to be a very challenging adversary, politely agreed to call it a completed contest when the first acorn develops into a tree 3 feet, 5.13 inches tall. We chose our ground, held our trunks in readiness and waited for the starting gun. Dart flies. The crowd (three small boys and a stray cat) was on its feet, and what is proving to be an exhilarating contest was under way.

My plan was to start with a strong defense. Under cover of the first night I excavated a slight ditch leading from my opponent's planting, thus directing the life-giving water away from the center of his action. This play prompted an outburst of unintelligible language. Nevertheless, I set about to ready my offense. A few nights later, as the bright light of the full moon was obscured by a cloud cover, I crept out again and sagaciously began to apply the contents of a small canvas bag to the area surrounding my acorn, a ploy instigated by a friend of mine, a nurseryman. The strategy was to infertile my foe and thereby gain that all important first inch.

As you might suspect, I felt rather complacent after this maneuver and was content to hold the ball, so to speak. Some would call it overconfidence. At any rate, about a fortnight later the tide turned when I observed my adversary applying a colorless liquid to my field of play. Weed killer. So now, rather than bork up the wrong tree, I am attempting to locate a rule book. After all, I want my stand to be on a solid plank. Besides, my opponent's son (a sophomore in college) has changed his major from humanities to horticulture.

Needless to say, the outcome of this contest cannot be projected with any degree of accuracy at this time. But we plan to stay with it and do our best.

In the meantime I wish to offer a word or two of caution to the novice who may be contemplating this courageous and burning sport. Watch for slivers. And remember it's the sportsman, not the sport, that determines the aspect of the game.

HENRY SCHMIDT

Milford, Mich.

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British tradition or American ingenuity. Which belongs in your martini?



Yes, there's an element of security in making a martini with British gin.

(After all, who would fault a gin with 200 years of history in it?)

But we weren't willing to settle for security (that feeble refuge of the uninspired).

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Yet no matter what we do or say, there will still be some who cling to the sanctuary of British gin.

How sad.

